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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XII.—NOVEMBER, 1876.—No. 67.

FROM THE CENTENNIAL TO SAMBRO.

UNTIL within a few years past the British provinces were popularly regarded as a sort of outpost of the Arctic regions—a land of snow and fog, where the inhabitants went about most of the year clad in furs like the Esquimaux. The stream of summer travel has, however, lately taken a turn in that direction, and thousands of American tourists, equipped with Osgood & Co.'s handbooks for the Canadas and the Maritime Provinces, now yearly cross the great lakes, and drift down the St. Lawrence and the coasts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. An adventurous clergyman on a cruise, like the Rev. George H. Hepworth, whose *Starboard and Port* has lately been published by the Harpers, will sometimes even make his way along the coast as far north as Labrador, where the shortness of the summer is compensated for by the wild and unusual scenery.

The Canadian section of the Great Exhibition made the Provinces better known than formerly to Philadelphians, and the international boat races on the Schuylkill brought out the merits of the hardy fishermen who toil along the rocky coast of Nova Scotia.

Last July, when the thermometer made its great leap up above 100°, and everybody was casting about for a refuge from old Sol's scorching beams, business affairs gave me the opportunity of a trip down the coast of Maine and Nova Scotia as far as Halifax, which I gladly availed myself of. The excitement of the Centennial Fourth was over. Even the Washington Marine Band could scarce attract people to the Lansdowne Ravine, and Constable's cool tints in the gallery of the British masters in Memorial Hall set people longing for the country and the shade of old poplars and elms.

I caught the last glimpse of the wide-spreading Quaker City from the connecting railroad bridge over the Schuylkill, with Girard Avenue bridge spanning the river below us, at midday of the 19th July. At five P.M. I was walking down West Street, New York, from the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry to Pier 28. My baggage was checked through to Boston, and I had nothing to do but saunter

down to the Fall River boat. Steam whistles were blowing, crowds rushing across to the ferries; hacks, horse-cars, drays, and express teams, blocking up every inch of way. The dialogue between the drivers at that hour is powerful and impressive. The scene is too familiar to New Yorkers to make them stop for a moment; but strangers must get even a better idea of the rush of an American city, from a view of West Street, at five o'clock in the afternoon, than even from Broadway at the same hour.

The steamship Providence was packed from stem to stern. The band was playing in the grand saloon, while the crowds, hurrying north to the mountains, or Newport, or the Maine watering-places, were promenading the decks. As we steamed slowly down the North River and swung around the Battery in full view of the Bay in the broad blaze of the evening sun, the scene was one which nature and the genius of commerce combined to make grand and inspiring.

There is nothing more glorious than a sail down the Sound in one of those palace steamboats on a fine July night, with a fresh breeze blowing and a brilliant sunset; nothing, unless it is the sail down Narragansett Bay on the return trip to New York on a supernal night in late September, with a full moon overhead and not a breath of wind stirring. The New Yorker, to whom the Fall River or Stonington boat is only the ferry to Boston, will talk to you of the Bay of Naples, but the sky and water around him would be enough to satisfy Ruskin.

Nature is doubtless best enjoyed in a solitary mood. Rousseau and Jean Paul Richter immerse themselves in its endless variety. But common man is gregarious, and a sense of companionship sometimes adds new emotions to a sunset at sea. Our reverie is tinged with the individualisms around us, and we float away with the curly colored clouds into vanishing possibilities for ourselves and others. One lights a cigarette after tea, and sauntering out on the upper saloon deck, pulls one of the small carpet stools towards him, and sits down with his arms over the rail of the ship, his face turned to the hazy descending sun glittering over the water. He is almost loath to think of ever quitting hold of life, everything seems so full of perfect harmony and beauty around him. The indistinct hum of voices behind him and around him chimes in with the feelings aroused by the gathering dusk. Family groups talk of Newport and the White Mountains. Some young fellows from the University of Pennsylvania are discussing the relative merits of the New Brunswick salmon rivers. All are full of the pleasures of expectancy.

Yet, were I to choose the time when the Sound travel is most enjoyable by association, it would be not in July, but on a rare night in the middle week of October, when the air is filled with a balmy haze, and the late harvest moon of the North steeps the whole scene in a bath of silver. People say to each other then: "This must be the Indian summer." Ah, white-veiled, soft-voiced wraith of the departed season! The true summer is gone. Tourists are flying south, homeward bound to New York or Philadelphia or Baltimore from New England and the Canadas. The boats are thronged with crowds brimful of sunburnt health and laughter. The pine-topped granite hills are behind them. The hum of the bees in the meadow-sweet behind the New Hampshire farmhouse in the hot summer mornings, is only a recollection. Friendships have been formed; the turn of a life perhaps decided. If a girl shivers in the cool night-air on deck, and draws her fall wrappings closer round her, has she any premonition of the icy breath of desertion? Partings are sad, even the parting with summer.

And with summer friends—what of them? But, then, there is the opera!

Return we to the scene on the Sound. It was July. But July on the Sound and July at the Centennial were wonderfully different. The air was cool enough to make me button up my linen duster over my coat as I walked on deck. We had passed Hell Gate an hour before—past Hallett's Point, where General Newton was still at work preparing for the great blast—and were now in the wide waters of the Sound. The sun was sinking behind the western shore. The clouds retained their vivid colors for a long time. From a central sea of fire rose castles, minarets, and broken arches of that rarest color of the ruby which jewellers call "pigeon's blood." Miles away the clouds toned down into purples and grays. Just above, where the sun had sunk, a lake of myrtle green receded into space with spectral mountains on its farthest shore. "O hyacinthine sea," I said, "might I float on forever amid scenes like these!" The senses are more acute with the falling night. Nature sinks into sleep, leaving man a solitary watcher.

Later; a thin scud was slowly drifting over the Sound at a lower elevation than the stationary clouds. As the last rays were reflected from the horizon and reached the level of the scud, they turned it into billows of fire rolling in immense volumes under the dark clouds above. It was a tremendous conflagration of the heavens. It was awe-inspiring, and involuntarily one recalled the imagery of that sublime hymn:

> Dies iræ, dies illa!
> Solvet sæclum in favillâ
> Teste David cum Sibylla.
>
> "O day of wrath, O fearful day!
> When the world in ashes shall burn away,
> As David witnessed and the Sibyls say."

I sat on deck until dark, watching the fading out of the last rays of color into the Indian-ink tints of night. One by one the lights appeared in the lighthouses along the shore—red, yellow, and green—fixed, revolving, and flash lights. One by one we passed them, and others came in sight. There was no moon. The groups on deck thinned out by degrees, and retired to their staterooms.

In the morning the shouting and tramping on deck and the silence of the great engines told us that we were at Newport. A hasty breakfast and we were off by the boat train for Boston. A marked change was visible in the landscape. My eyes had got accustomed to the broad, level fields around Philadelphia, the hardwood trees and luxuriant crops. Here I recognized once more the dark scrubby hills of the North; the twisted spruce and granite boulders; Indian corn scarcely two feet high in the fields; the grass everywhere virident instead of withered and brown.

Four hours in the "Hub," with its familiar streets, which seemed more crooked than ever, and its "burnt district," grand and new, and then we found ourselves in Haymarket Square at the Boston and Maine depot, checking our baggage through to Halifax via the steamship Falmouth from Portland.

The day was fine and the four hours ride to Portland by rail was as pleasant as railroad travelling can ever be, which is not saying a great deal. All the watering-places we passed along the coast of Maine were full. At Wells Beach I caught the first glimpse of the ocean, not having seen it for two years. I sniffed at the breeze to catch the well-remembered saline odor. The long blue line of the horizon, with the white sails painted against it, renewed youthful emotions. The sea is familiar, but never so friendly as the sky. It is cold and enigmatical. Its depths are azure like those of the atmosphere, but they are frightful, not full of peace. Yet it never ceases to attract us to watch and wonder at its waves. They

have a rhythm which is like an echo of eternity.

At Ocean Bluff and at Old Orchard Beach, several of our passengers left us to enjoy their summer holiday. At five o'clock we ran into the depot at Portland, having half an hour to spare for the Falmouth, which was lying at the long wharf with all steam up, waiting for the noon trains over the Boston and Maine and Eastern Railroads from Boston. The Falmouth was a little disappointing after the Sound boats. But on her own merits she is a fine ship: 1300 tons burden, 900 horse-power, a large and handsomely-upholstered saloon, and comfortable and well-ventilated staterooms. Her commander, Captain Colby, is an experienced and competent officer, the first of qualifications on this foggy coast, and is attentive to the comfort of his passengers. I feel bound to say so much in praise of the Falmouth, as our run of thirty-one hours from wharf to wharf—the distance between Portland and Halifax being three hundred and fifty miles—was one of the pleasantest salt-water trips in my recollection. I have never been seasick since my first voyage across the "big pond" in one of the Cunard mailers a good many years ago, and I rather enjoy a little tumbling about and a pipe under the lee guard at night. But the sea was calm as a clock, and the sky without a cloud. The Bay of Fundy for once forgot its rough ways and fogs. Nobody was seasick out of our one hundred and fifty passengers, except two or three women who came on board with their minds made up to be sick, and who would have been so had they been floated unawares into a drydock.

Among those victims to the novelty of seagoing were two tall, large but well-formed girls, the smaller of whom must have turned the scale at 160 pounds. At the wharf at Portland they had cheeks as red as roses, but when they appeared on deck for a few moments the next afternoon at sea, they were as pale as ashes; and I don't believe the color was washed off. I had first observed them on the deck of the steamer while we were getting under way at Portland. They were evidently girls in humble life, but their manner was not vulgar. They were probably working-girls returning to the Provinces. My attention had been directed to the younger of the two by an exclamation on her part, that if she "had the money for her ticket back again, she would not go." She was half laughing, but equally inclined to cry. The elder laughed at her hesitation. The younger said, "I'll not stay there if I don't like it." Her companion asked her where she would get the money to come back. She said, with emphasis, "I will find a way to get it if I want it." The conversation was carried on unrestrainedly, with that disregard of the bystanders common among people in humble life. Presently two young men came on deck from the wharf to bid them good-by. They were working men, and apparently compatriots of the girls. They separated into couples and sat down at a little distance from each other on the benches on deck. Only a few other passengers were present. Everything was in the bustle of departure. The younger one, sitting with her young man, burst into tears. "See," said the elder, "—— (calling her by her Christian name) is crying." Thus noticed, she put on a braver air, laughed a little, and brushed away her tears, her young man appearing to encourage her. I hate to see a young and handsome woman crying, and so I turned away and went forward. I afterwards saw them at the gangway bidding their two friends a last farewell, the young men jumping ashore as the planks were pulled on board.

There was certainly nothing fashionable about this leavetaking. Nothing of that "repose" that stamps the

caste of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Men being vain and pervious to ridicule, prefer demonstrations of affection to be in private, even at the cost of a cool parting. It is only the very great—queens or empresses—or the very humble to whom a public embrace is permitted, according to English or American standards. The great middle classes dread nothing so much as being ridiculous. A hand kept lingering in another, a quivering mouth, and eyes that would gaze forever into other eyes—these are their tokens of affection. Working-girls are more independent of criticism. They earn their own living, generally live alone, and have no friends to pinch each other and laugh at them.

In the case of this Portland Ariadne, who reversed the fable and left her Theseus behind her, other feelings were probably working besides the regret of parting. She was afraid of the sea and of the loneliness into which we were about sailing. Women are timid navigators. There is no record of a female Columbus. There have been Amazons. But the only position the most strong-minded of the sex never refers to with jealousy, is a sailor's on the lookout at the masthead, nearing land on a winter's night, or hanging on to the bowsprit furling the jib in a howling gale in mid-ocean. This poor girl on the deck of the Portland steamer, looking at the wide, watery expanse before her, and feeling that she was about to plunge into the unknown, clung to her young man as a sort of cable that still held her to the shore.

The night was glorious, but cool enough for a thick overcoat. We ran down the coast of Maine with the open sea on our right hand. The ship rose and fell with the long swell sliding under her bows, but hardly rolled a foot from side to side. A fleet of schooners, loaded with ice, coming out of the Kennebec River, crossed our bows two or three miles ahead. They were all bound for Philadelphia, Captain Colby told us. What a crop of the gelid luxury the poor sweltering souls at the Centennial must have consumed during the season!

The tones of sunset on the open sea in northern temperate latitudes have more umber in them, are colder and more subdued than in inland waters. The distances appear greater. The horizon is boundless to the east, and has not the refracting and radiating powers of mountains or a coast-line. A haze from the land precedes the setting sun and accompanies the descent of the fiery orb into the west. The prismatic colors are fewer in number and less brilliant. Reds and yellows predominate. They shade off into lead color. The delicate tints of emerald, pale orange, and violet are more vague, and disappear quickly. But, to compensate for this atmospheric simplicity, the color of the water is more profound, and the mingling of sea and sky is inexhaustible in interest and beauty.

The night was dark but starlit. The captain pointed out the lights on the Maine shore to the few passengers clustered on the foredeck. Most of the men smoked a pipe or cigar, and then turned in. The next morning (Sunday) rose with an equally fair sky and smooth sea. We were crossing the Bay of Fundy and soon sighted Seal Island, at the extreme southern coast of Nova Scotia. It is a rocky and dangerous island, and navigators generally give it a wide berth. But it looked peaceful enough covered with green on that bright July Sunday morning. Some cables' length from the shore, between us and it, and about three miles off, we could see the waves breaking over Seal Rock. Here the steamship Chase, from Portland for Halifax, was lost in a fog about three years ago, but fortunately all hands saved.

After breakfast the ladies got out their new novels and magazines, sat down in the sun on deck with their

shawls around them. We had no clergymen on board, and the captain did not pipe to prayers. The men passengers gathered about the forecastle deck, smoking and watching the passing sails. About eleven o'clock the breeze freshened a little, and the captain set his square foresail to gain half a knot if he could in his reckoning. The sails flapped, bellied out, shivered, and drew a little. But the wind was almost dead aft, and the ship was steaming along at a rate almost equal to its velocity; so we did not gain much by this manœuvre. The sea was still smooth and the sky fair. The crisp waves sparkled in the sun. Far off the blue sky descended sheer into the water. Suddenly we were all electrified by a cry from the man at the wheel, "There she spouts!" All hands jumped from their seats and rushed to the rail. Crossing our bows, a quarter of a mile away, a whale had broken water and spouted. Presently he came to the surface again on our starboard quarter and spouted. A round, thin column of blue water rose in the air about eight or ten feet and then feathered off into spray. Another shout from the other side of the deck. Another whale had spouted on our port beam. We were in the midst of a school of those huge dwellers of the deep. In a few minutes one rose a little distance astern, spouted, flung his enormous head out of the water, then dived, raising a tail-fin like the sail of a windmill, clear above the surface as he plunged under. He was a monster, thirty or forty feet long.

After this little excitement the day wore away quietly on deck and in the saloon. Headlands after headlands, deep bays, and rocky islands, as the Falmouth sped swiftly along the Nova Scotia shore. Green promontories came in sight, edged abreast of us, and then sank behind us. Near Liverpool a gaunt skeleton of a large ship swung on a ledge of rocks in the bare sun, about three miles off. Her masts were still standing, and the day was so bright we could almost count her timbers. She was wrecked about three years ago. She had been got off the rocks where she had first struck, by speculators belonging to Halifax; but, the tide leaving her, she had again stuck fast before she was quite clear of the ledges. She had then been stripped and abandoned. She was coming from the eastward, and must have struck bows full on. Her empty hull rolled in regular oscillations from side to side, but the sea was peaceful enough about her now.

After dark the air got decidedly cold. There was no mistaking the fact, even in July, that we were on the Nova Scotia coast. The night was clear but dark; starlit, but no moon. There was no fog. It was one of those nights when a ship nears port with confidence, but keeps a good lookout. The Great Bear glittered almost overhead, Orion sparkled, but these and all the other stars and constellations seemed to shine out from fathomless deeps in the black vault around them. A dim line, a darker shade along the horizon, showed the land to an experienced eye. The second mate and two seamen ran from the forecastle at frequent intervals and hove the lead, then reported to the captain. "We'll sight Sambro light in an hour," he said. Sambro light is at the entrance of Halifax harbor; two hours would then bring us to the wharf. It was then after nine o'clock. A few men were on deck; we were all muffled in overcoats. The ship trembled and swung through the surrounding darkness. The stars glinted overhead. All was silent, and if there had been any wind we should have heard the breakers. We were passing Mars Head light. On such a night, dark but starlit, no fog, but a little more wind, the fated Atlantic rushed to her doom on that awful ledge. Over three hun-

dred lives were lost. We peered out in the gloom towards the light. It was about five miles distant. In imagination I could almost hear again the shrieks and groans of that multitude of shipwrecked souls floating out from the land. Captain Colby, who was then on the "Carlotta," was coming in on the same night from Portland, just as we were now. He afterwards took up some of the survivors to Halifax. The man at the lookout, it is said, saw or heard the sea breaking as the Atlantic steamed headforemost on to the land, and shouted, "Breakers or ice ahead!" There was not much sea, and it was even then time to save the ship. But the officer on deck, who was afterwards lost, instead of instantly ordering the engines to be reversed, ran forward, and, before he knew her danger or could retrieve his mistake, she was on the rocks.

A lighthouse has since been built on Mars Head; but it is scarcely needed. On the true course of the Atlantic, Sambro light ought to have been in sight. All shipmasters agree on that. We had already sighted it on board the Falmouth. It is the finest light on the coast; a powerful fixed white light, at an elevation of one hundred and fifteen feet above high water, and can be seen twenty-one miles on such a night.

Bravely and steadily the good ship Falmouth flung the waves from her bow as we neared Sambro. Soon we were abreast of the light. Here we might consider our voyage ended. Sambro light is the great objective point of all ships making Halifax harbor at night. How many thousands have gazed at it on dark and sullen nights from the deck of the Cunard, or Allan, or Anchor, or Inman steamers arriving from Liverpool and Queenstown, or the coastwise steamers from New York, Boston, or Portland! The lighthouse is built on Sambro Island. It is a white octagonal tower, sixty feet high. It stands on high ground near the middle of the island, one and three-quarter miles from the shore and Cape Sambro, and southwest four and a half miles from Chebucto Head, the western point of the entrance to Halifax harbor. It exhibits, at an elevation of one hundred and fifteen feet above high water, a fixed white light, visible in clear weather twenty-one miles. A Dobell's fog trumpet was placed south of the lighthouse a few years ago, but it was not found to work well, and the Canadian Department of Marine and Fisheries returned for a time to the use of guns in foggy weather. The Department is now putting up a new fog whistle, which will soon be in operation, when the guns will be disused.

We had now opened the light on Chebucto Head. This is a revolving white light, attaining its greatest brilliancy once every minute. The lighthouse is built on Chebucto Head, a precipitous cliff, of whitish granite, one hundred and six feet high. The water is deep close to the bluff. As we approach one of those powerful revolving lights from sea on a dark night, drawing nearer and nearer to it, and closer to the land, with nothing to break the stillness all around except the sweep of the ship's paddles, the feeling produced is intense. We experience curiosity, mingled with an expectancy which is almost awe. The night was calm, and we must have been within half a mile of the land; but when the lantern illuminated the beetling cliff it seemed hardly more than a stone's throw distant. I watched the light gradually attaining greater brilliancy as the full face of the lantern revolved towards me. Brighter and brighter grew the stream of light over the water between the lighthouse tower and the ship. Still brighter! Then while I slowly counted one, two, three, the full refulgence gleamed in a long lane of silver over the dark rippling waves, almost dazzling the eyes when they were fixed on the

light. Then slowly it faded again and so returned; faded and returned. The light had a curious effect, bringing out the cliff on which it stood in a spectral way, and flinging ghostly shadows over the ship's deck. A small schooner, with a light at her masthead, was creeping along the shore, and was sometimes revealed, and picked out as it were from the surrounding darkness, by the light from the revolving lantern.

Close by is Camperdown flagstaff, one hundred and sixty-eight feet above high water, from which arriving vessels are signalled to York Redoubt, the next signal station inwards. As we passed we could observe the lights going up in the profound darkness, signalling our arrival to the distant city. York Redoubt is an old fortification, situated on a steep granite cliff, giving it the appearance of an ancient castle at a little distance. It is named after the Duke of York, the brother of George IV. Another royal duke, the Duke of Kent, the father of the Queen, resided in Halifax at the beginning of the century, and held high revels there at what is still known as the "Prince's Lodge," on Bedford Basin. From York Redoubt arriving vessels are signalled to George's Citadel, which overtops the city, and from its lofty flagstaffs the flags or balls by day, or different colored lights at night, announcing the character and course of the incoming steamer, east or west, can be seen from every street and wharf.

It was within a few minutes of midnight. The red light on Maugher Beach opened ahead; a familiar sight from the city wharves. We entered the harbor, and passing McNab's Island and George's Island, with its Armstrong guns pointing out to sea and covering all approaches, the lights of the sleeping city came in view. We swung into the wharf a little after midnight. Some of the passengers who had friends waiting for them went ashore. The rest remained on board until morning, and then scattered to their various destinations.

THE SINS OF EUROPE.

We are far from constituting ourselves judges in this question. We are simply jurors, whose attention is called to a notorious fact,—Europe has sinned, and is actually sinning greatly and multifariously. Another equally notorious fact presents itself to our observation, which we have no difficulty in discerning as the grand and palmary effect of the former,—there is no peace in Europe. Not that the nations are in open warfare with each other; no, but because each suspects the other of foul and ambitious designs. Again, they suspect the people, and these in turn the governments. Things are in a most abnormal condition, suspended in mid-air, as it were, and nations and individuals are ever on a torturing *qui vive*. There is neither peace nor war, but a gross disorder is everywhere prevalent. Philosophers and politicians excogitate theories, as numberless as senseless, to arrive at the cause of the disorder. But the Christian common-sense explanation of the whole matter is couched in God's own words: *Non est pax impiis*—there is no peace for the wicked. This is alike applicable to governments and individuals. A writer in

a recent number of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, reasons profoundly on this question. In the spirit of Christian philosophy, and guided in particulars by his lucubrations, we will review the transgressions of Europe *summatim*, intimating *en passant*, not ours, but the eternal judgments of God upon such prevarications. Against sinning governments God has written: "He will speak to them in his wrath, and in his fury will he disturb them" (Psal. ii, 5); and the sins of people reduce them to misery and wretchedness: "Sin makes people miserable" (Prov. xiv, 34). Europe has no longer peace, because in her directive, diplomatic, legal, or, as they say, *official* capacity, she has abandoned herself to irreligion, and has drawn a great portion of the people into apostasy. In this excess, which comprehends numberless others, Christian thinkers discern the principal cause of the actual state of things. State, did we say? No, chaotic perturbation is more to the point. Nothing is written or spoken of but arms, armies, fleets, alliances, dangers, probabilities, and possibilities of wars. Every nation seems to writhe in the throes of a mysterious flagellation, administered by God. Whether we gaze from the material and human standpoint, or from the moral and divine, we behold fear and confusion. The public powers tremble, individuals tremble, liberals tremble, Catholics tremble, the wicked tremble, the good tremble. The evidences of the overflowing of the cups of Babelic Europe, the civilizing, the progressive, and the enlightened, appear on all sides. That innate sentiment that the justice of God is at work, punishing socially, for the social crimes of governments and people, is aroused in the breast of every one, be he Christian or unbeliever. Well for our peace of mind were we certain that the heaviest blow of the chastisement had already fallen. But the peculiarity of the chastisement which is actually being inflicted is, that terrible suspense, that certainty and uncertainty concerning the future—certainty that other punishments will come, uncertainty as to their nature and effects.

Without touching upon the particular perversity of some states of Europe, which seem desirous of outsinning the foul demon himself, we will restrict ourselves to the solemn and public sins of Europe. The primary transgression, and root of all the rest, is the war against the Catholic Church, either waged directly, permitted, or at least regarded with indifference. There is not a nation in Europe which can say with truth, *Innocens sum sanguinis hujus*—I am innocent of the blood of this one. In this period of an age which calls itself singularly civilized, because singularly jealous of liberty, we are the witnesses of the abominable spectacle of the most unbridled license granted to every possible monstrosity in religion, and of the most inhuman tyranny exercised towards the Catholic Church alone. Indeed, legal or arbitrary injustice towards the persons, things, and rights of the Catholic Church is regarded as the perfection of the civilization of the modern states of Europe; hence the more civilized are they the more they oppress Catholicity by their laws, vilify the hierarchy, impoverish the priesthood, throw obstacles in the way of worship, and render Catholic teaching odious. This so-called civilization simply resolves itself into *antichristianity*, which consists in separating everything which belongs to the civil order from the religious, politics from the gospel, public right from divine right, conscience from the Decalogue, the people from God, the faithful from the Church, and Christian society from Jesus Christ. All this is called *secularizing* the legislation, repristinizing, so to speak, the independence of the state and of the citizens, and restoring to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar. Different states

possess this civilization in different degrees, but all are invested, some through malice, some through political motives, some through servile fear. But they have all "conspired in one, against the Lord and his Christ;" all desire to exclude Jesus Christ from their civilization, to live separated from the Church of Jesus Christ. They want universal *secularization.* Now this sin, which includes a formal apostasy of the powers from God, is precisely that which he decreed to punish from the high heavens with his tremendous contempt and fury: *Qui habitat in cœlis irridebit eos, et Dominus subsannabit eos. Tunc loquetur ad eos in ira sua, et in furore suo conturbabit eos*—He that liveth in the heavens will laugh at them, and the Lord will mock them. Then will he speak in his wrath, and in his fury disturb them. How true every word of this prophecy is, history tells us. We refer the reader to the history of Nero and his followers, not excepting the empireless monarch who died at Chiselhurst. That these threats, so faithfully carried out, are addressed to the kings of the earth, is appositely proved in the following verses: "And now, ye kings, understand; learn ye who judge the earth. Serve the Lord in fear, and exalt him in trembling. Learn discipline, lest the Lord grow angry." As sure as the potentates of Europe have offended, so sure will they suffer. *Cœlum et terra transibunt, verba autem mea non præteribunt.* But let us glance at the alarming extent of this apostasy, which has led Europe into a series of sacrileges, iniquities, and crimes, which, in certain respects, have reduced her below the level of the most barbarous nations of Paganism. We pass over the spoliation of the Church, the robbery of things sacred to God, the demolition of his temples, or their conversion into base or profane purposes, the dispersion of the religious orders, the proscriptions, the exiles, the imprisonment of Catholic bishops and priests, every one of which cries to heaven for vengeance. Another effect of the apostasy of the nations, and the cause of many sins, is the Masonry, which is notoriously hostile to Christianity, and subversive in tendency of religious and civil peace. Freemasonry is not only tolerated in Europe, but promoted, favored, privileged, even raised to the honor of thrones, and the most powerful of these too. Hence, *anti-christian* Masonry has come into the possession of nearly all that has been taken from the Church of Christ, and people baptized in the faith, and redeemed by Christ, are abandoned to the discretion of secret powers, which deny Christ and his baptism. Upon the altar where states formerly adored the true and living God, they now adore the lying and evil-designing Moloch of the Masonic lodges. We behold the sad effects of this in the numerous socialistic and international sects which begin to prevail among the working classes, and which are the favored offspring of Masonry. Governments tremble, and with reason, at the formidable proportions assumed lately by these anarchists. But the fault lies with themselves. For Christian civilization, they have substituted Masonic barbarism.

Besides this, there is the unbridled license, either permitted by the authorities, wickedly connived at, enjoyed by the press and the theatres, of blaspheming and vilifying everything sacred and venerable in heaven and upon earth. And not only is God, with all that is suggestive of Christianity, brought into ridicule, but the very first elements of human morality are ignored with malicious intent, every virtue is derided and pronounced hypocrisy, and the foundation itself of social life and the order of nature is being uprooted. This is a most execrable license, the criminal nature of which is aggravated in this, that these same powers deny it, and punish it when it violates the dignity of their own per-

sons and the laws. Hence it is no unusual sight nowadays to behold this monstrosity,—every public outrage to the majesty of God is lawful, but woe betide the man who outrages the majesty of the ruling sovereign. For instance, in Germany, a horrible blasphemy against Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is regarded by the law as "*an innocent* witticism." But "an innocent witticism" pronounced at the expense of his Bismarckian celsitude, or his imperial majesty, is severely punished. In Italy, the man who laughs at the unity of God, is regarded as "a man of spirit," but the "man of spirit" who calls the unity of Italy into question, is imprisoned. From all this, blasphemy and profanity have become fashionable, and is to be noticed in the scientific and elegant world, among the laboring classes to an extent which excites the horror of our most ungodly Americans, and good round oaths of the most original coinage are not unfrequently heard in certain Parliaments. Add to all this the loathsome spectacle of public immorality, against which the governments of Europe not only take no measures, but they even vaunt their civilization in that they regulate it by *sanitary* laws, something unheard of in Babylon, in Nineveh, in Athens, and in Rome. And worse than all, in the country towns and villages, where immorality of this nature cannot thrive, the feasts and ceremonies of the Catholic Church are so hampered and restricted by the laws, that they may be considered as suppressed. This is done under the plea of providing for public order and decorum. In Italy, for example, the clowns of the Carnival are permitted to assemble in the public thoroughfares, but sacred processions are prohibited. The bust of the blasphemous Mazzini may be carried in procession through the streets, but not Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament—forbid it decorum, and public health! We pass over the enumeration of the crimes which are of daily and hourly commission. We would only remark that assassinations, robberies, and suicides are increasing frightfully.

Another great sin of the governments of Christian countries in Europe is the perversion of public instruction. Nearly every state has deprived the Church of her God-given liberty, and ignored her duty of educating the youth admitted within her pale by baptism. Where they have not taken this prerogative from her, they have hampered its exercise by odious laws. On the contrary, the most ample liberty is given to impious sectaries to convert the depositories of science into sinks of error and corruption. The *secularization* of instruction by the state has produced this effect, that materialism and atheism are taught publicly in the *cathedra*, and the young people are taught by teachers of government appointed, who are paid with the money of believing Christians, that God does not exist, that man differs but little from the brute, that the Gospel is only a legend, the faith of Jesus Christ superstition, that the immortality of the soul and its consequent happiness or misery in the world to come, a poetical humbug; that enjoyment here below is the end of life, and that the only divinity to which incense must be offered is the state. But God has beclouded the minds of these potentates, so that they cannot perceive that all this tends to the most absolute anarchy. We might say a great deal more about the manner in which elementary justice is doled out; about the liberty of conscience; about those abominable laws which are destructive of the domestic ties; about tributary systems and taxes which ruin patrimonies; about the taxes on *blood*, to wit, military conscriptions; about armies which reduce the people to the verge of starvation, and drink up the best blood of the nations; about articles in the civil and penal codes of laws which offend the most inviolable liberties

of man; but we pass on to the consideration of another of Europe's sins, not the least indeed, the violation and utter extinction of international law, that law which regulates the relations between one nation and another, and which our forefathers *anatonomastically* called, the Law of Nations, *Jus Gentium*. The *secularization* of politics in Christian states, and their separation from the eternal maxims of the Gospel, not only has made them lose the practical conception of the law, which, according to St. Ambrose, is founded in charity, and, according to St. Thomas, is reason existing in God, *ratio in Deo existens*, which is the mind of God, *mens Dei*, which is the supreme norma of human actions, but they have even lost the conception of the law of nature, of the essence of natural right, founded in sound reason, and which exists between man and man, between nation and nation. They have taken up another code, which they style the *new*, the supreme principle of which is interest, and the purpose is robberies, or to use the new phraseology, *annexations*, which St. Augustine calls great robberies, *latrocinia magna*, and the means of which are perfidy, deceit, betrayal, and brute force. Hence Bismarck's maxim, *la force prime le droit*, which is the juridical synthesis of modern civilization. The Viscount de la Guéronnière, one of the accomplices in the policy of Napoleon III, and who enthroned in Europe this diabolical policy, in a work written last year, a short time before his death, thus expresses his remorse at the extinction of international law, which he (falsely) says, perished in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. "The equilibrium of Europe, having left the long and patient labor of all the diplomatic traditions, has fallen under the tyrannical weight of the Treaty of Frankfort. Alsace and Lorraine, which were French for two centuries, have been detached from the nationality of which they had become integral parts. The national unity of France is wounded. The balancing power of the states is falsified. The independence of the weak is threatened. Liberty of alliance does not exist any longer. We must begin at the beginning, to do it all over again." But this famous intriguer had not the honest, common sense to perceive that the dissolution of international law had been commenced long before by his patron, Napoleon III, when he attempted to violate it against the Pope in the Congress of Paris, in 1856, and which he continued to do in the war of 1859. He forgot that the iniquities committed by the French Empire against the Roman Pontiff should, by a just judgment of heaven, be expiated in France, and by France, and that the political equilibrium of Europe was not lost in the Treaty of Frankfort, which took two provinces from France, but was destroyed in Rome, on the 20th of September, 1870, by the celebrated breach, without pretext, without provocation, which overthrew the august throne of the Pontiff, and constituted him in a state of moral imprisonment, and which the states of Europe should not have permitted. This act of the occupation of Rome, contrary to international law, was the seal which authenticated the death of public right in Europe, and was, at the same time, the title of a new debt which sinning Europe contracted with God. But she will pay even the last farthing of this debt, even as the first negotiator of it, Napoleon III, paid his quota in the humiliations of Sedan, and the exile at Chiselhurst.

That this debt shall be paid we have a pretty strong and consoling assurance in the life of Pius IX, whom Providence so visibly and wonderfully aids and protects. God, who in his infinite decrees established a temporal sovereignty of the Church, to insure the perfect independence of her chief pastor, permitted him to be

deprived of this temporality, at the very moment when the malice of the politicians of Europe was directed against the Church governed by him. And this, for the evident purpose of making the supernatural assistance accorded to his pontiff the more manifest and palpable. Truly is his prophecy fulfilled, *qui habitat in cœlis irridebit eos, et Dominus subsannabit eos.*

Any one having faith, and observing this great accumulation of sins, cannot but shudder in reflecting on the effects of the Divine indignation. And any one not having faith, but believing simply in the existence of a God who is the vindicator of natural justice, must admit, that this general contempt of public and private honesty will certainly draw upon Europe a terrible chastisement. It requires no extraordinary faith to make us comprehend that the cruelties of Russia, for instance, against the Poles, who are proscribed and outlawed, simply because they are Catholics, and desire to remain such, cry to heaven for vengeance; as do likewise the barbarities of Prussia, in utter contempt of the liberty of conscience of fourteen million German Catholics; as the beastly and cowardly violence of Switzerland, which places the glory of its civil liberty in enchaining the religious liberty of its citizens who are faithful to the Roman Catholic Church. These are iniquities which are open to the most unqualified condemnation, not only of the believers in Jesus Christ, but of any man who has not trampled his sense of what is just and fair under foot. Such crimes violate the code of the Gospel, that of nature, the right of God, and of the people.

We might speak in particular of the culpability of Catholic states; of an Italy which re-echoes the anti-christian sentiments of Prussia; of a Spain which has just inflicted a mortal blow on that religious unity, which has hitherto been her glory, and of a France, which, notwithstanding that the hand of God has been upon her for the last six years, with the view of recalling her to her duty, still permits grave disorders and crimes, an obstinacy in acknowledging that the hand of God has touched her, which excites our compassion. But we will conclude. These remarks are too theological. Not progressive enough! Reader, they are founded on the reality of those things which suffer no change, no regressions, no progressions. They were always, as they are, and will be, the revelations of God, and the laws of nature. As there cannot be two Gods, nor two Christs, nor two faiths, nor two Decalogues, nor two human natures, so there cannot be two contradictory justices, nor two contradictory virtues. Hence, it is useless for people to flatter themselves that God will bring himself to consider as just that which is unjust; as virtuous and meritorious, that which is punishable and dishonest. The *new* code will never be admitted among the codes of the Lord; the virtues of Europe in her *new* code are great sins in the eternal codes of God, and must be expiated, as he is most just.

ST. PATRICK AND OSSIAN.

'Twas thus the Fenian bard began,
"Where is thy God, thou puny man?
Thou who ne'er braved the battle's roar,
Nor ever pressed its purple floor;
Who never reaped with shearing sword
The joys sublime which wars afford.
Show me a Dun like Allen's, where
Thy boasted God hath placed his chair."

PATRICK.

See'st thou the sky, which broad and grand
O'ercanopies this evening land,
Which towers so high and spreads so far,
Beyond the sun or vesper star,
That radiant sphere, all pomp and gold,
Through which the fleecy clouds are rolled,
That boundless arch is but the floor
Of his great hall whom I adore.
The stars that burn when night prevails
Are clenchings of the golden nails.
That splendid arch, that radiant dome,
Is but the outside of his home,
Where, throned above the highest height,
His shadow beams, the solar light.

Traverse the forest, frowning high,
That climbs the hills to reach the sky;
Which solemn, silent, grim, and drear,
Is viewed with awe, and trod with fear.
My God within that forest dwells,
And every leaf his wisdom tells.
Thou hear'st him in the moaning breeze,
That stirs and sways the giant trees;
Thou hear'st him in the surgings dread,
When wild the woodland waves its head.
Thou hear'st him in the crashing roar,
When down the heavens the tempests pour;
Thou hear'st him in the voices loud
That clamor in the thundercloud;
He's clearly heard when, armed with fire,
The tempest wakes old ocean's ire;
He's likewise heard when, hoarse and hoar,
The madd'ning billows lash the shore;
And in the silence of the night,
When golden planets, calm and bright,

Are circling round the glowing pole,
He's heard within the awe-struck soul.

But, though his realm is broad and grand,
Embracing worlds of sea and land,
Though vast his reign, the tiniest mote
Thou'st ever seen in sunbeams float
Could not through his dominions fly
Unnoticed by his searching eye.

OSSIAN.

It was not so with noble Finn,
Ten thousand knights might loiter in
And revel in his palace high,
And Finn would never ask them why.
Oh! give me back the battle's roar,
That rent the skies on Ventry's shore,
And all those fearless men of might,
Where Finn, my father, led the fight.
However great thy God may be,
I tell thee, priest, He could not see
On hill or mountain, sea or land,
The equals of our Fenian band.
Oh! give me back their hunter train,
Encamped upon an evening plain,
The blackbird's song, that, sweet and clear,
With warbled music wooed the ear.
And give me back the rapturous cry,
The shouts that made the hills reply,
And thrilled with life the trembling grounds,—
The fierce wild music of the hounds.
They loved the chase; they loved the song,
And knightly conflict, stern and long,
The chessboard and the purple wine,
And rosy smiles of nymphs divine.
And, hadst thou known those knightly men,
Thou'dst never talk of saints again.

I ask not heaven; I will not try,
With fasts and tears, to mount the sky.
But give me back those comrade men,
My falchion and my youth again!

PATRICK.

'Twas God who gave thy comrades might;
'Twas God who framed those fields of light.
He shed those sunbeams through the air,
And draped the trees with blossoms fair.

Despite their valor, power, and bloom,
He swept thy comrades to the tomb.
Like mists that dim the mountain's brow,
Thy Fenian friends are vanished now;
Their deeds are done, their triumphs past,
Like withered leaves that strew the blast,
While He survives; the moon and sun
Are trophies of what *He* has done.
And all the stars that crowd the sky
Are monuments to God on high.
Oh! Ossian, He is mightier far
Than sword or mace or battle-car.
That linnet, in its leafy bower,
Which warbles through this sultry hour,
For Him it tunes its guileless song
In falls harmonious, wild, and long.
Shall it be told that you withstood
That warbling witness of the wood?
Oh! can you hear its siren tongue,
So like the lyre that Aoife strung,
Which testifies to God on high
With more persuasive voice than I?
Can minstrel hear it, and refuse
The mission of that sylvan muse?
Kneel down and join those hands in prayer,—
A seraph's voice is warbling there.

The wondering bard grew still and pale;
He felt his iron spirit quail:
He stood aghast, in mute surprise,
With trembling lips and streaming eyes;
A minstrel of celestial birth
Was speaking to the bard of earth
In tones so thrilling, sweet, and clear,
That all the world seemed hushed to hear.
'Twas not the priest, 'twas music's tone
Which changed the minstrel's heart alone.
When through his trembling breast was rolled
Persuasion sheathed in sounds of gold.
And Ossian, stern, whose battle-song
Had waked to war th' heroic throng,
The glorious bard profoundly felt
That heaven within his bosom dwelt;
For He who fills unbounded space
Will choose at times the tiniest place.
And, spreading through the empyrean wide,
Will in the human heart abide.
As in some bower, retired and coy,
And fill it full of rapturous joy:
Which music, with her magic lyre
And chords of gold can ne'er inspire.

And lo! the old man knelt and prayed,
And clasped those hands which war had made
Familiar with the trenchant blade.

And now the bard above the sky
Sits on a dazzling throne on high,
And tunes in the celestial choir
To holier themes, his battle lyre.

[1] One of the noblest traditions in the world is that of Ossian, "son of daring Cumhal." He was beguiled into the magic land of eternal youth by the enchanting beauty of the fascinating queen of *Tir-na-n-og*, in whose rosy bowers, intoxicated by her immortal loveliness, he spent, in the delights and dalliances of love, nearly two hundred years. He finally got tired of this land of enchantments, because, when gazing from

"Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy-land forlorn,"

he could not see Erin. His love of Ireland surpassed his affection for his mistress, and he broke away from the enchantress. When he reached his native country he found St. Patrick zealously engaged in preaching to "the Scots believing in Christ;" and the bard accompanied the Apostle in his devious excursions through the grassy hills and romantic vales of "matchless Erin." In these two men—the Irish minstrel and the Catholic missioner—we have an epitome of the history of Ireland. They are the incarnation of two ideas which appear embodied in these representative individuals. Ossian is the type of the warlike Celts, who, ever marching from West to East, are found battling, retreating, fighting, or conquering, in those great marauding expeditions which for so many ages harried the entire surface of Europe. Ossian the bard represents these warlike Celts, whose metropolis was Eire, but whose expeditions were world-wide. Alexander meets them on the Danube, Cæsar encounters them on the Rhone, and St. Paul addresses them in Galatia. Speaking of one of these Celts an Irish manuscript says: "*Agus aibhlichthear ar Daire Sirchreactach cor gabhastair neart iarthair Eorpa, agus a deiread eolaich, cor gabh an domhan uile.*" "And it is boasted concerning Daire, that he obtained sway over all the west of Europe, and some of the learned say that he won the whole world." St. Patrick represents the Christian era of Irish history. He is a type of scholars and missioners, the martyrs and philosophers, and great schoolmen who obtained for *Eire* the honorable epithet of *insula sanctorum et doctorum*. He represents the pious fervor as Ossian represents the martial ardor of ancient Erin, a nation which was alternately sacerdotal and military, "now priest, now soldier."

[2] Fionn McCumhall resided at Allen, in the County Kildare. In Macpherson's *Ossian* this chief is described as residing in the "hall of Selma," under the name of Fingal. But we may well pardon this inaccuracy for the sake of the magnificent description Macpherson gives us in *Carric Thura* of Fionn's return to his hall from some military expedition: "Let a thousand lights arise to the sound of the harps of Selma! Let the beam spread in the hall, the king of shells is returned! The war of Crona is past like sounds that are no more! Raise the song, O bards, the king is returned with his fame," etc. This quotation gives us a lofty idea of the majesty of Fionn's residence, which Macpherson terms Selma, but which was really Allen, in the County Kildare.

[3] Livy's description of the Celts in general is perfectly applicable to the Fenians in particular: "Their lofty forms, their long, reddish hair, their vast shields, their long swords, the war songs they intoned when closing with the enemy, their loud shouts and the horrible clangor of their arms when beating their shields in the manner of their country, everything about them was calculated to fill their enemies with confusion and terror."

[4] That angels sometimes assume the appearance of birds is an idea familiar to the readers of Irish hagiography. We read in Adamnan's *Life of Columkille*, that one day a monk, armed with an axe, quitted his monastery and sallied forth to cut wood in the adjacent forest, where he was tempted to suspend his toil by the ravishing sweetness of a strange song-bird that, perched on the tree above his head, charmed his ear by its melody, and secured his attention by its brilliancy of plumage. He lost a whole hour in listening, and then resumed his axe and went on with his work. When his task was accomplished he tied up his fagots, threw them on his back, and plodded homewards to the monastery. He found its appearance strangely altered and its inmates entirely unknown to him. He gazed on them with astonishment, and they perused him with equal surprise. In answer to their questions he told them his story. He had quitted the convent that very morning; had been three hours in the forest, and had cut the fagots with which his shoulders were burdened. It appeared, from the chronicle of the monastery, that a monk of his name had disappeared a hundred years previously and had never been since heard of. This was the monk in question. He had spent a hundred years in listening to the warblings of an angel, and had deemed it only a single hour.

HALF A LIFETIME AGO.

A LOVE STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

HALF a lifetime ago there lived a single woman, of the name of Susan Dixon, in one of the Westmoreland dales. She was the owner of the small farm-house where she resided, and of some thirty or forty acres of land by which it was surrounded. She had also an hereditary right to a sheep-walk, extending to the wild fells that overhang Blea Tarn. In the language of the country, she was a stateswoman. Her house is yet to be seen on the Oxenfell road, between Skelwith and Coniston. You go along a moorland track, made by the carts that occasionally come for turf from the Oxenfell. A brook babbles and brattles by the wayside, giving you a sense of companionship which relieves the deep solitude in which this way is usually traversed. Some miles on this side of Coniston there is a farmstead—a gray stone house and a square of farm buildings surrounding a green space of rough turf, in the midst of which stands a mighty, funereal, umbrageous yew, making a solemn shadow, as of death, in the very heart and centre of the light and heat of the brightest summer day. On the side away from the house, this yard slopes down to a dark brown pool, which is supplied with fresh water from the overflowings of a stone cistern, into which some rivulet of the brook beforementioned continually and melodiously falls and bubbles. The cattle drink out of this cistern. The household bring their pitchers and fill them with drinking-water by a dilatory, yet pretty process. The water carrier brings with her a leaf of the hound's-tongue fern, and, inserting it in a crevice of the gray rock, makes a cool green spout for the sparkling stream.

The house is no specimen, at the present day, of what it was in the lifetime of Susan Dixon. Then, every small diamond pane in the windows glittered with cleanliness. You might have eaten off the floor; you could see yourself in the pewter plates and the polished oaken awmry or dresser, of the state kitchen into which you entered. Few strangers penetrated further than this room. Once or twice, wandering tourists, attracted by the lonely picturesqueness of the situation, and the exquisite cleanliness of the house itself, made their way into this house-place, and offered money enough (as they thought to tempt the hostess to receive them as lodgers. They would give no trouble, they said; they would be out rambling or sketching all day long; would be perfectly content with a share of the food which she provided for herself; or would procure what they required from the Waterhead Inn at Coniston. But no liberal sum—no fair words—moved her from her stony manner, or her monotonous tone of indifferent refusal. No persuasion could induce her to show any more of the house than that first room: no appearance of fatigue procured for the weary an invitation to sit down and rest; and if one more bold and less delicate sate down without being asked, Susan stood by, cold and apparently deaf, or only replying by the briefest monosyllables, till the unwelcome visitor had departed. Yet those with whom she had dealing in the way of selling her cattle or her farm produce, spoke of her as keen after a

bargain—a hard one to have to do with; and she never spared herself exertion or fatigue, at market or in the field, to make the most of her produce. She led the haymakers with her swift steady rake, and her noiseless evenness of motion. She was about among the earliest in the market, examining samples of oats, pricing them, and then turning with grim satisfaction to her own cleaner corn.

She was served faithfully and long by those who were rather her fellow-laborers than her servants. She was even and just in her dealings with them. If she was peculiar and silent, they knew her, and knew that she might be relied on. Some of them had known her from childhood; and deep in their hearts was an unspoken —almost unconscious—pity for her; for they knew her story, though they never spoke of it.

Yes; the time had been when that tall, gaunt, hard-featured, angular woman—who never smiled, and hardly ever spoke an unnecessary word—had been a fine-looking girl, bright-spirited and rosy; and when the hearth at the Yew Nook had been as bright as she, with family love and youthful hope and mirth. Fifty or fifty-one years ago, William Dixon and his wife Margaret were alive; and Susan, their daughter, was about eighteen years old—ten years older than the only other child, a boy, named after his father. William and Margaret Dixon were rather superior people, of a character belonging—as far as I have seen—exclusively to the class of Westmoreland and Cumberland statesmen—just, independent, upright; not given to much speaking; kind-hearted, but not demonstrative; disliking change, and new ways, and new people; sensible and shrewd; each household self-contained, and having little curiosity as to their neighbors, with whom they rarely met for any social intercourse, save at the stated times of sheep-shearing and Christmas; having a certain kind of sober pleasure in amassing money, which occasionally made them miserable (as they call miserly people up in the north) in their old age; reading no light or ephemeral literature, but the grave, solid books brought round by the peddlers,—the *Paradise Lost and Regained*, the *Death of Abel*, the *Spiritual Quixote*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, were to be found in nearly every house; the men occasionally going off laking, *i. e.*, playing, *i. e.*, drinking for days together, and having to be hunted up by anxious wives, who dared not leave their husbands to the chances of the wild precipitous roads, but walked miles and miles, lantern in hand, in the dead of night, to discover and guide the solemnly-drunken husband home; who had a dreadful headache the next day, and the day after that came forth as grave, and sober, and virtuous-looking as if there were no such things as malt and spirituous liquors in the world; and who were seldom reminded of their misdoings by their wives, to whom such occasional outbreaks were as things of course, when once the immediate anxiety produced by them was over. Such were—such are—the characteristics of a class now passing away from the face of the land, as their compeers, the yeomen, have done before. Of such was William Dixon. He was a shrewd, clever farmer, in his day and generation, when shrewdness was rather shown in the breeding and rearing of sheep and cattle than in the cultivation of land. Owing to this character of his, statesmen from a distance from beyond Kendal, or from Borrowdale, of greater wealth than he, would send their sons to be farm-servants for a year or two with him, in order to learn some of his methods before setting up on land of their own. When Susan, his daughter, was about seventeeen, one Michael Hurst was farm servant at Yew Nook. He worked with the master and lived

with the family, and was in all respects treated as an equal, except in the field. His father was a wealthy statesman at Wythburne, up beyond Grassmere; and through Michael's servitude the families had become acquainted, and the Dixons went over to the High Beck sheep-shearing, and the Hursts came down by Red Bank and Loughrig Tarn and across the Oxenfell when there was the Christmas-tide feasting at Yew Nook. The fathers strolled round the fields together, examined cattle and sheep, and looked knowing over each other's horses. The mothers inspected the dairies and household arrangements, each openly admiring the plans of the other, but secretly preferring their own. Both fathers and mothers cast a glance from time to time at Michael and Susan, who were thinking of nothing less than farm or dairy, but whose unspoken attachment was in all ways so suitable and natural a thing that each parent rejoiced over it, although with characteristic reserve it was never spoken about—not even between husband and wife.

Susan had been a strong, independent, healthy girl; a clever help to her mother and a spirited companion to her father; more of a man in her (as he often said) than her delicate little brother ever would have. He was his mother's darling, although she loved Susan well. There was no positive engagement between Michael and Susan—I doubt if even plain words of love had been spoken; when one winter-time Margaret Dixon was seized with inflammation consequent upon a neglected cold. She had always been strong and notable, and had been too busy to attend to the earliest symptoms of illness. It would go off, she said to the woman who helped in the kitchen; or if she did not feel better when they had got the hams and bacon out of hand, she would take some herb tea and nurse up a bit. But Death could not wait till the hams and bacon were cured; h came on with rapid strides, an shooting arrows of portentous agony Susan had never seen illness—neve knew how much she loved her mothe till now, when she felt a dreadful in stinctive certainty that she was losin her. Her mind was thronged witl recollections of the many times sh had slighted her mother's wishes her heart was full of the echoes o careless and angry replies that sh had spoken. What would she no now give to have opportunities c service and obedience, and trials o her patience and love for that dea mother who lay gasping in torture And yet Susan had been a good gir and an affectionate daughter.

The sharp pain went off, and de licious ease came on; yet still he mother sunk. In the midst of thi languid peace she was dying. Sh motioned Susan to her bedside, fo she could only whisper; and the while the father was out of the room she spoke as much to the eager, hun gering eyes of her daughter by th motion of her lips, as by the slov feeble sounds of her voice.

"Susan, lass, thou must not fret It is God's will, and thou wilt hav a deal to do. Keep father straigh if thou canst; and if he goes ou Ulverstone ways, see that thou mee him before he gets to the Ol Quarry. It's a dree bit for a ma who has had a drop. As for lil Will"—here the poor woman's fac began to work and her fingers t move nervously as they lay on th bedquilt—"lile Will will miss m most of all. Father's often vexe with him because he's not a quick strong lad; he is not, my poor littl chap. And father thinks he's saucy because he cannot always stomacl oat-cake and porridge. There' better than three pound in th' ol black teapot on the top shelf of th cupboard. Just keep a piece o loaf-bread by you, Susan, dear, fo Will to come to when he's not take his breakfast. I have, may be, spoil

him; but there'll be no one to spoil him now."

She began to cry a low feeble cry, and covered up her face that Susan might not see her. That dear face! those precious moments while yet the eyes could look out with love and intelligence. Susan laid her head down close by her mother's ear.

"Mother, I'll take tent of Will. Mother, do you hear! He shall not want aught I can give or get for him, least of all the kind words which you had ever ready for us both. Bless you! bless you! my own mother."

"Thou'lt promise me that, Susan, wilt thou? I can die easy if thou'lt take charge of him. But he's hardly like other folk; he tries father at times, though I think father'll be tender of him when I'm gone, for my sake. And, Susan, there's one thing more. I never spoke on it for fear of the bairn being called a tell-tale, but I just comforted him up. He vexes Michael at times, and Michael has struck him before now. I did not want to make a stir; but he's not strong, and a word from thee, Susan, will go a long way with Michael."

Susan was as red now as she had been pale before: it was the first time that her influence over Michael had been openly acknowledged by a third person, and a flash of joy came athwart the solemn sadness of the moment. Her mother had spoken too much, and now came on the miserable faintness. She never spoke again coherently; but when her children and her husband stood by her bedside, she took lile Will's hand and put it into Susan's, and looked at her with imploring eyes. Susan clasped her arms round Will, and leaned her head upon his curly pate, and vowed to herself to be as a mother to him.

Henceforward she was all in all to her brother. She was a more spirited and amusing companion to him than his mother had been, from her greater activity, and perhaps also from her originality of character, which often prompted her to perform her habitual actions in some new and racy manner. She was tender to lile Will when she was prompt and sharp with everybody else—with Michael most of all; for somehow the girl felt that, unprotected by her mother, she must keep up her own dignity, and not allow her lover to see how strong a hold he had upon her heart. He called her hard and cruel, and left her so; and she smiled softly to herself when his back was turned to think how little he guessed how deeply he was loved. For Susan was merely comely and fine-looking; Michael was strikingly handsome, admired by all the girls for miles around, and quite enough of a country coxcomb to know it and plume himself accordingly. He was the second son of his father; the eldest would have High Beck farm, of course, but there was a good penny in the Kendal bank in store for Michael. When harvest was over, he went to Chapel Langdale to learn to dance; and at night, in his merry moods, he would do his steps on the flag-floor of the Yew Nook kitchen, to the secret admiration of Susan, who had never learned dancing, but who flouted him perpetually, even while she admired, in accordance with the rule she seemed to have made for herself about keeping him at a distance so long as he lived under the same roof with her. One evening he sulked at some saucy remark of hers; he sitting in the chimney-corner with his arms on his knees and his head bent forwards, lazily gazing into the wood fire on the hearth, and luxuriating in rest after a hard day's labor; she sitting among the geraniums on the long, low window-seat, trying to catch the last slanting rays of the autumnal light to enable her to finish stitching a shirt-collar for Will, who lounged full length on the flags at the other

side of the hearth to Michael, poking the burning wood, from time to time, with a long hazel-stick to bring out the leap of glittering sparks.

"And if you can dance a three-some reel, what good does it do ye?" asked Susan, looking askance at Michael, who had just been vaunting his proficiency. "Does it help you plough, or reap, or even climb the rocks to take a raven's nest? If I were a man I'd be ashamed to give in to such softness."

"If you were a man you'd be glad to do anything which made the pretty girls stand round and admire."

"As they do to you, eh! ho! Michael! that would not be my way o' being a man."

"What would then?" asked he, after a pause, during which he had expected in vain that she would go on with her sentence. No answer.

"I should not like you as a man, Susy; you'd be too hard and headstrong."

"Am I hard and headstrong?" asked she with as indifferent a tone as she could assume, but which yet had a touch of pique in it. His quick ear detected the inflexion.

"No, Susy! You're wilful at times, and that's right enough. I don't like a girl without spirit. There's a mighty pretty girl comes to the dancing-class; but she is all milk and water. Her eyes never flash like yours when you're put out; why, I can see them flame across the kitchen like a cat's eyes in the dark. Now, if you were a man, I should feel queer before those looks of yours; as it is, I rather like them, because—"

"Because what?" asked she, looking up and perceiving that he had stolen close up to her.

"Because I can make all right in this way," said he, kissing her suddenly.

"Can you?" said she, wrenching herself out of his grasp and panting, half with rage. "Take that by way of proof that making right is none so easy." And she boxed his ears pretty sharply. He went back to his seat discomfited and out of temper. She could no longer see to look, even if her face had not burnt and her eyes dazzled, but she did not choose to move her seat, so she still preserved her stooping attitude, and pretended to go on sewing.

"Eleanor Hebthwaite may be milk-and-water," muttered he, "but —confound thee, lad! what art doing?" exclaimed Michael, as a great piece of burning wood was cast into his face by an unlucky poke of Will's. "Thou great lounging, clumsy chap, I'll teach thee better!" and with one or two good round kicks he sent the lad whimpering away into the back kitchen. When he had a little recovered himself from his passion, he saw Susan standing before him, her face looking strange and almost ghastly by the reversed position of the shadows arising from the firelight shining upwards right under it.

"I tell thee what, Michael," said she, "that lad's motherless, but not friendless."

"His own father leathers him, and why should not I, when he's given me such a burn on my face?" said Michael, putting up his hand to his cheek as if in pain.

"His father's his father, and there is nought more to be said. But if he did burn thee, it was by accident, and not o' purpose, as thou kicked him; it's a mercy if his ribs are not broken."

"He howls loud enough, I'm sure. I might a kicked many a lad twice as hard, and they'd ne'er ha' said aught; but yon lad must needs cry out like a stuck pig if one touches him," replied Michael, sullenly.

Susan went back to the window-seat, and looked absently out of the window at the drifting clouds for a minute or two, while her eyes filled with tears. Then she got up and made for the outer door which led

into the back-kitchen. Before she reached it, however, she heard a low voice, whose music made her thrill, say—

"Susan, Susan!"

Her heart melted within her, but it seemed like treachery to her poor boy, like faithlessness to her dead mother to turn to her lover while the tears which he had caused to flow were yet unwiped on Will's cheeks. So she seemed to take no heed, but passed into the darkness, and, guided by the sobs, she found her way to where Willie sat crouched among disused tubs and churns.

"Come out wi' me, lad;" and they went into the orchard, where the fruit-trees were bare of leaves, but ghastly in their tattered covering of gray moss; and the soughing November wind came with long sweeps over the fells till it rattled among the crackling boughs, underneath which the brother and sister sat in the dark: he in her lap, and she hushing his head against her shoulder.

"Thou shouldst na' play wi' fire. It's a naughty trick. Thou'lt suffer for it in worse ways nor this before thou'st done, I'm afeared. I should ha' hit thee twice as lungeous kicks as Mike, if I'd been in his place. He did na' hurt thee, I am sure," she assumed, half as a question.

"Yes! but he did. He turned me quite sick." And he let his head fall languidly down on his sister's breast.

"Come, lad! come, lad!" said she, anxiously, "be a man. It was not much that I saw. Why, when first the red cow came she kicked me far harder for offering to milk her before her legs were tied. See thee! here's a peppermint drop, and I'll make thee a pasty to-night; only don't give way so, for it hurts me sore to think that Michael has done thee any harm, my pretty."

Willie roused himself up, and put back the wet and ruffled hair from his heated face; and he and Susan rose up and hand-in-hand went towards the house, walking slowly and quietly except for a kind of sob which Willie could not repress. Susan took him to the pump and washed his tear-stained face, till she thought she had obliterated all traces of the recent disturbance, arranging his curls for him, and then she kissed him tenderly, and led him in, hoping to find Michael in the kitchen, and make all straight between them. But the blaze had dropped down into darkness; the wood was a heap of gray ashes in which the sparks ran hither and thither; but even in the groping darkness Susan knew by the sinking at her heart that Michael was not there. She threw another brand on the hearth and lighted the candle, and sate down to her work in silence. Willie cowered on his stool by the side of the fire, eyeing his sister from time to time, and sorry and oppressed, he knew not why, by the sight of her grave, almost stern face. No one came. They two were in the house alone. The old woman who helped Susan with the household work had gone out for the night to some friend's dwelling. William Dixon, the father, was up on the fells seeing after his sheep. Susan had no heart to prepare the evening meal.

"Susy, darling, are you angry with me?" said Willie, in his little piping gentle voice. He had stolen up to his sister's side. "I won't never play with fire again; and I'll not cry if Michael does kick me. Only don't look so like dead mother—don't, don't—please don't!" he exclaimed, hiding his face on her shoulder.

"I'm not angry, Willie," said she. "Don't be feared on me. You want your supper, and you shall have it; and don't you be feared on Michael. He shall give reason for every hair of your head that he touches—he shall."

When William Dixon came home, he found Susan and Willie sitting together, hand-in-hand, and appar-

ently pretty cheerful. He bade them go to bed, for that he would sit up for Michael; and the next morning, when Susan came down, she found that Michael had started an hour before with the cart for lime. It was a long day's work; Susan knew it would be late, perhaps later than on the preceding night, before he returned—at any rate, past her usual bedtime; and on no account would she stop up a moment beyond that hour in the kitchen, whatever she might do in her bedroom. Here she sate and watched till past midnight; and when she saw him coming up the brow with the carts, she knew full well, even in that faint moonlight, that his gait was the gait of a man in liquor. But though she was annoyed and mortified to find in what way he had chosen to forget her, the fact did not disgust or shock her as it would have done many a girl, even at that day, who had not been brought up as Susan had, among a class who considered it as no crime, but rather a mark of spirit in a man to get drunk occasionally. Nevertheless, she chose to hold herself very high all the next day when Michael was, perforce, obliged to give up any attempt to do heavy work, and hung about the outbuildings and farm in a very disconsolate and sickly state. Willie had far more pity on him than Susan. Before evening Willie and he were fast, and on his side, ostentatious friends. Willie rode the horses down to water; Willie helped him to chop wood. Susan sate gloomily at her work, hearing an indistinct but cheerful conversation going on in the shippon, while the cows were being milked. She almost felt irritated with her little brother, as if he were a traitor, and had gone over to the enemy in the very battle that she was fighting in his cause. She was alone, with no one to speak to, while they prattled on, regardless if she were glad or sorry.

Soon Willie burst in. "Susan! Susan! come with me; I've something so pretty to show you. Round the corner of the barn—run! run!" He was dragging her along, half reluctant, half desirous of some change in that weary day, round the corner of the barn; and caught hold of by Michael, who stood there awaiting her.

"O Willie!" cried she, "you naughty boy. There is nothing pretty—what have you brought me here for? Let me go; I won't be held."

"Only one word. Nay, if you wish it so much, you may go," said Michael, suddenly loosing his hold as she struggled. But now she was free, she only drew off a step or two, murmuring something about Willie.

"You are going, then?" said Michael, with seeming sadness. "You won't hear me say a word of what is in my heart?"

"How can I tell whether it is what I should like to hear?" replied she, still drawing back.

"That is just what I want you to tell me; I want you to hear it, and then to tell me if you like it or not."

"Well, you may speak," replied she, turning her back, and beginning to plait the hem of her apron.

He came close to her ear.

"I am sorry I hurt Willie the other night. He has forgiven me. Can you?"

"You hurt him very badly," she replied. "But you are right to be sorry. I forgive you."

"Stop, stop!" said he, laying his hand upon her arm. "There is something more I've got to say. I want you to be my—— What is it they call it, Susan?"

"I don't know," said she, half-laughing, but trying to get away with all her might now; and she was a strong girl, but she could not manage it.

"You do. My——what is it I want you to be?"

"I tell you I don't know, and you

had best be quiet, and just let me go in, or I shall think you are as bad now as you were last night."

"And how did you know what I was last night? It was past twelve when I came home. Were you watching? Ah, Susan! be my wife, and you shall never have to watch for a drunken husband. If I were your husband, I would come straight home, and count every minute an hour till I saw your bonny face. Now you know what I want you to be. I ask you to be my wife. Will you, my own dear Susan?"

She did not speak for some time. Then she only said, "Ask father." And now she was really off like a lapwing round the corner of the barn, and up in her own little room, crying with all her might, before the triumphant smile had left Michael's face where he stood.

The "Ask father" was a mere form to be gone through. Old Daniel Hurst and William Dixon had talked over what they could respectively give their children long before this; and that was the parental way of arranging such matters. When the probable amount of worldly gear that he could give his child had been named by each father, the young folk, as they said, might take their own time in coming to the point which the old men, with the prescience of experience, saw that they were drifting to; no need to hurry them, for they were both young, and Michael, though active enough, was too thoughtless, old Daniel said, to be trusted with the entire management of a farm. Meanwhile, his father would look about him, and see after all the farms that were to be let.

Michael had a shrewd notion of this preliminary understanding between the fathers, and so felt less daunted than he might otherwise have done at making the application for Susan's hand. It was all right; there was not an obstacle, only a deal of good advice, which the lover thought might have as well been spared, and which it must be confessed he did not much attend to, although he assented to every proposition. Then Susan was called downstairs, and slowly came dropping into view down the steps which led from the two family apartments into the house-place. She tried to look composed and quiet, but it could not be done. She stood side by side with her lover, with her head drooping, her cheeks burning, not daring to look up or move, while her father made the newly-betrothed a somewhat formal address, in which he gave his consent, and many a piece of worldly wisdom beside. Susan listened as well as she could for the beating of her heart; but when her father solemnly and sadly referred to his own lost wife, she could keep from sobbing no longer; but throwing her apron over her face, she sate down on the bench by the dresser and fairly gave way to pent-up tears. Oh, how strangely sweet to be comforted as she was comforted, by tender caresses, and many a low whispered promise of love. Her father sate by the fire, thinking of the days that were gone; Willie was still out of doors; but Susan and Michael felt no one's presence or absence—they only knew they were together as betrothed husband and wife.

In a week or two they were formally told of the arrangements to be made in their favor. A small farm in the neighborhood happened to fall vacant, and Michael's father offered to take it for him, and be responsible for the rent for the first year, while William Dixon was to contribute a certain amount of stock, and both fathers were to help towards the furnishing of the house. Susan received all this information in a quiet indifferent way; she did not care much for any of these preparations, which were to hurry her through the happy hours; she cared least of all for the money amount of dowry and substance. It jarred on

her to be made the confidante of occasional slight repinings of Michael's as one by one his future father-in-law set aside a beast or a pig for Susan's portion, which were not always the best animals of their kind upon the farm. But he also complained of his own father's stinginess, which somewhat, though not much, alleviated Susan's dislike to being awakened out of her pure dream of love to the consideration of worldly wealth.

But in the midst of all this bustle, Willie moped and pined. He had the same chord of delicacy running through his mind that made his body feeble and weak. He kept out of the way, and was apparently occupied in whittling and carving uncouth heads on hazel sticks in an outhouse. But he positively avoided Michael, and shrunk away even from Susan. She was too much occupied to notice this at first. Michael pointed it out to her, saying, with a laugh,—

"Look at Willie! he might be a cast-off lover and jealous of me, he looks so dark and downcast at me." Michael spoke this jest out loud, and Willie burst into tears, and ran out of the house.

"Let me go. Let me go!" said Susan (for her lover's arm was around her waist). "I must go to him if he's fretting. I promised mother I would!" She pulled herself away, and went in search of the boy. She sought in byre and barn, through the orchard, where indeed in this leafless winter-time there was no great concealment, up into the room where the wool was usually stored in the later summer, and, at last she found him, sitting at bay, like some hunted creature, up behind the wood-stack.

"What are ye gone for, lad, and me seeking you everywhere?" asked she, breathless.

"I did not know you would seek me. I've been away many a time, and no one has cared to seek me," said he, crying afresh.

"Nonsense!" replied Susan; "don't be so foolish, ye little good-for-nought." But she crept up to him in the hole he had made underneath the great brown sheafs of wood, and squeezed herself down by him. "What for should folk seek after you, when you get away from them whenever you can?" asked she.

"They don't want me to stay. Nobody wants me. If I go with father, he says I hinder more than I help. You used to like to have me with you. But now you've taken up with Michael, and you'd rather I was away; and I can just bide away; but I cannot stand Michael jeering at me. He's got you to love him, and that might serve him."

"But I love you, too, dearly, lad!" said she, putting her arm round his neck.

"Which on us do you like best?" said he, wistfully, after a little pause, putting her arm away, so that he might look in her face, and see if she spoke truth.

She went very red.

"You should not ask such questions. They are not fit for you to ask, nor for me to answer."

"But mother bade you love me," said he, plaintively.

"And so I do. And so I ever will do. Lover nor husband shall come betwixt thee and me, lad, ne'er a one of them. That I promised thee, as I promised mother before, in the sight of God and with her hearkening now, if ever she can hearken to earthly word again. Only I cannot abide to have thee fretting, just because my heart is large enough for two."

"And thou'lt love me always."

"Always, and ever. And the more—the more thou'lt love Michael," said she, dropping her voice.

"I'll try," said the boy, sighing, for he remembered many a harsh word and blow of which his sister knew nothing. She would have risen up to go away, but he held her tight, for here and now she was all his own,

and he did not know when such a time might come again. So the two sate, crouched up and silent, till they heard the horn blowing at the field-gate, which was the summons home to any wanderers belonging to the farm, and at this hour of the evening, signified that supper was ready. Then the two went in.

CHAPTER II.

SUSAN and Michael were to be married in April. He had already gone to take possession of his new farm, three or four miles away from Yew Nook, but that is neighboring, according to the acceptation of the word, in that thinly populated district, when William Dixon fell ill. He came home one evening, complaining of headache and pains in his limbs, but seemed to loathe the posset which Susan prepared for him; the treacle-posset which was the homely country remedy against an incipient cold. He took it to his bed, with a sensation of exceeding weariness, and an odd, unusual looking back to the days of his youth, when he was a lad living with his parents in this very house.

The next morning he had forgotten all his life since then, and did not know his own children, crying, like a newly-weaned baby, for his mother to come and soothe away his terrible pain. The doctor from Coniston said it was the typhus fever, and warned Susan of its infectious character, and shook his head over his patient. There were no friends near to come and share her anxiety, only good, kind old Peggy, who was faithfulness itself, and one or two laborers' wives, who would fain have helped her, had not their hands been tied by their responsibility to their own families. But somehow, Susan neither feared nor flagged. As for fear, indeed, she had no time to give way to it, for every energy of both body and mind was required. Besides, the young have had too little experience of the danger of infection to dread it much. She did, indeed, wish from time to time that Michael had been at home to have taken Willie over to his father's at High Beck; but then, again, the lad was docile and useful to her, and his recklessness in many things might make him be harshly treated by strangers, so perhaps it was as well that Michael was away at Appleby fair, or even beyond that, gone into Yorkshire after horses.

Her father grew worse; and the doctor insisted on sending over a nurse from Coniston. Not a professed nurse; Coniston could not have supported such a one; but a widow who was ready to go where the doctor sent her for the sake of the payment. When she came, Susan suddenly gave way; she was felled by the fever herself, and lay unconscious for long weeks. Her consciousness returned to her one spring afternoon, early spring—April, her wedding month. There was a little fire burning in the small corner-grate, and the flickering of the blaze was enough for her to notice in her weak state. She felt that there was some one sitting on the window side of her bed, behind the curtain, but she did not care to know who it was; it was even too great a trouble to her languid mind to consider who it was likely to be. She would rather shut her eyes, and melt off again into the gentle luxury of sleep. The next time she wakened, the Coniston nurse perceived her movement, and made her a cup of tea, which she drank with eager relish; but still they did not speak, and once more Susan lay motionless—not asleep, but strangely, pleasantly conscious of all the small chamber and household sounds; the fall of a cinder on the hearth, the fitful singing of the half-empty kettle, the cattle tramping out to field again after they had been milked, the aged step on the creaking stair—old Peggy's, as she knew. It came to her door, it stopped, the person outside

listened for a moment, and then lifted the wooden latch, and looked in. The watcher by the bedside arose, and went to her. Susan would have been glad to see Peggy's face once more, but was far too weak to turn, so she lay and listened.

"How is she?" whispered one trembling aged voice.

"Better," replied the other. "She's been awake, and had a cup of tea. She'll do, now."

"Has she asked after him?"

"Hush! No; she has not spoken a word."

"Poor lass! poor lass!"

The door was shut. A weak feeling of sorrow and self-pity came over Susan. What was wrong? Whom had she loved? And dawning, dawning, slowly, rose the sun of her former life, and all particulars were made distinct to her. She felt that some sorrow was coming to her, and cried over it before she knew what it was, or had strength enough to ask. In the dead of night—and she had never slept again—she softly called to the watcher, and asked:

"Who?"

"Who, what?" replied the woman, with a conscious affright, ill-veiled by a poor assumption of ease. "Lie still, there's a darling, and go to sleep. Sleep's better for you than all the doctor's stuff."

"Who?" repeated Susan. "Something is wrong. Who?"

"Oh, dear!" said the woman. "There's nothing wrong. Willie has taken the turn, and is doing nicely."

"Father?"

"Well, he's all right now!" she answered, looking another way, as if seeking for something.

"Then it's Michael! Oh, me! oh, me!" She set up a succession of weak, plaintive, hysterical cries before the nurse could pacify her, by declaring that Michael had been at the house not three hours before, to ask after her, and looked as well and as hearty as ever man did.

"And you heard of no harm to him since?" inquired Susan.

"Bless the lass—no, for sure! I've ne'er heard his name named since I saw him go out of the yard as stout a man as ever trod shoe-leather."

It was well, as the nurse said afterwards to Peggy, that Susan had been so easily pacified by the equivocating answer in respect to her father. If she had pressed the questions home in this case, as she did in Michael's, she would have learned that he was dead and buried more than a month before. It was well, too, that in her weak state of convalescence (which lasted long after this first day of consciousness) her perceptions were not sharp enough to observe the sad change that had taken place in Willie. His bodily strength returned, his appetite was something enormous, but his eyes wandered continually, his regard could not be arrested, his speech became slow, impeded, and incoherent. People began to say, that the fever had taken away the little wit Willie Dixon had ever possessed, and that they feared that he would end in being a natural, as they call an idiot in the Dales.

The habitual affection and obedience to Susan lasted longer than any other feeling that the boy had had previous to his illness; and, perhaps, this made her be the last to perceive what every one else had long anticipated. She felt the awakening rude when it did come. It was in this wise:

One June evening she sat out of doors, under the yew-tree, knitting. She was pale still from her recent illness: and her languor joined to the fact of her black dress, made her look more than usually interesting. She was no longer the buoyant, self-sufficient Susan, equal to every occasion. The men were bringing in the cows to be milked, and Michael was about in the yard, giving orders and directions with somewhat the air of a master; for the farm belonged

of right to Willie, and Susan had succeeded to the guardianship of her brother. Michael and she were to be married as soon as she was strong enough—so, perhaps, his authoritative manner was justified; but the laborers did not like it, although they said little. They remembered him a stripling on the farm, knowing far less than they did, and often glad to shelter his ignorance of all agricultural matters behind their superior knowledge. They would have taken orders from Susan with far more willingness; nay! Willie himself might have commanded them, and for the old hereditary feeling towards the owners of land they would have obeyed him with far greater cordiality than they now showed to Michael. But Susan was tired with even three rounds of knitting, and seemed not to notice, or to care, how things went on around her; and Willie—poor Willie!—there he stood lounging against the door-sill, enormously grown and developed, to be sure, but with restless eyes and ever open mouth, and every now and then setting up a strange kind of howling cry, and then smiling vacantly to himself at the sound he had made. As the two old laborers passed him, they looked at each other ominously, and shook their heads.

"Willie, darling," said Susan, "don't make that noise—it makes my head ache."

She spoke feebly, and Willie did not seem to hear; at any rate, he continued his howl from time to time.

"Hold thy noise, wilt 'a?" said Michael roughly, as he passed near him, and threatening him with his fist. Susan's back was turned to the pair. The expression of Willie's face changed from vacancy to fear, and he came shambling up to Susan, and put her arm around him, and, as if protected by that shelter, he began pulling faces at Michael. Susan saw what was going on, and, as if now first struck by the strangeness of her brother's manner, she looked anxiously at Michael for an explanation. Michael was irritated at Willie's defiance of him, and did not mince the matter.

"It's just that the fever has left him silly—he never was as wise as other folk, and now I doubt if he will ever get right."

Susan did not speak, but she went very pale, and her lip quivered. She looked long and wistfully at Willie's face, as he watched the motion of the ducks in the great stable-pool. He laughed softly to himself from time to time.

"Willie likes to see the ducks go overhead," said Susan, instinctively adopting the form of speech she would have used to a young child.

"Willie, boo! Willie, boo!" he replied, clapping his hands, and avoiding her eye.

"Speak properly, Willie," said Susan, making a strong effort at self-control, and trying to arrest his attention.

"You know who I am—tell me my name!" She grasped his arm almost painfully tight to make him attend. Now he looked at her, and for an instant, a gleam of recognition quivered over his face; but the exertion was evidently painful, and he began to cry at the vainness of the effort to recall her name. He hid his face upon her shoulder with the old affectionate trick of manner. She put him gently away, and went into the house into her own little bedroom. She locked the door, and did not reply at all to Michael's calls for her, hardly spoke to old Peggy, who tried to tempt her out to receive some homely sympathy, and through the open casement there still came the idiotic sound of "Willie, boo! Willie, boo!"

CHAPTER III.

AFTER the stun of the blow came the realization of the consequences. Susan would sit for hours trying pa-

tiently to recall and piece together fragments of recollection and consciousness in her brother's mind. She would let him go and pursue some senseless bit of play, and wait until she could catch his eye or his attention again, when she would resume her self-imposed task. Michael complained that she never had a word for him, or a minute of time to spend with him now; but she only said she must try, while there was yet a chance, to bring back her brother's lost wits. As for marriage in this state of uncertainty, she had no heart to think of it. Then Michael stormed, and absented himself for two or three days; but it was of no use. When he came back he saw that she had been crying until her eyes were all swollen up, and he gathered from Peggy's scoldings (which she did not spare him) that Susan had eaten nothing since he went away. But she was as inflexible as ever.

"Not just yet, only not just yet, and don't say again that I do not love you," said she, suddenly hiding herself in his arms.

And so matters went on through August. The crop of oats was gathered in; the wheat-field was not ready as yet, when one fine day Michael drove up in a borrowed shandry, and offered to take Willie a ride. His manner, when Susan asked him where he was going to, was rather confused; but the answer was straight and clear enough.

"He had business in Ambleside. He would never lose sight of the lad, and have him back safe and sound before dark." So Susan let him go.

Before night they were at home again; Willie in high delight at a little rattling paper windmill that Michael had bought for him in the street, and striving to imitate this new sound with perpetual buzzings. Michael, too, looked pleased. Susan knew the look, although afterwards she remembered that he had tried to veil it from her, and had assumed a grave appearance of sorrow whenever he caught her eye. He put up his horse; for, although he had three miles further to go, the moon was up—the bonny harvest-moon—and he did not care how late he had to drive on such a road by such a light. After the supper which Susan had prepared for the travellers was over, Peggy went up stairs to see Willie safe in bed; for he had to have the same care taken of him that a little child of four years old requires.

Michael drew near to Susan.

"Susan," said he, "I took Will to see Dr. Preston, at Kendal. He's the first doctor in the county. I thought it were better for us—for you—to know at once what chance there were for him."

"Well?" said Susan, looking eagerly up. She saw the same strange glance of satisfaction, the same instant change to apparent regret and pain. "What did he say?" said she. "Speak! can't you?"

"He said he would never get better of his weakness."

"Never!"

"No; never. It is a long word and hard to bear. And there's worse to come, dearest. The doctor thinks he will get worse from year to year. And he said, if he was us—you—he would send him off in time to Lancaster Asylum. They've ways there both of keeping such people in order and making them happy. I only tell you what he said," continued he, seeing the gathering storm in her face.

"There was no harm in him saying it," she replied, with great self-constraint, forcing herself to speak coldly instead of angrily. "Folk is welcome to their opinions."

They sate silent for a minute or two, her breast heaving with suppressed feeling.

"He's counted a very clever man," said Michael, at length.

"He may be. He's none of my clever men, nor am I going to be guided by him, whatever he may.

think. And I don't thank them that went and took my poor lad to have such harsh notions formed about him. If I'd been there I could have called out the sense that is in him."

"Well, I'll not say more to-night, Susan. You're not taking it rightly, and I'd best be gone, and leave you to think it over. I'll not deny they are hard words to hear, but there's sense in them, as I take it; and I reckon you'll have to come to 'em. Anyhow, it's a bad way of thanking me for my pains, and I don't take it well in you, Susan," said he, getting up, as if offended.

"Michael, I'm beside myself with sorrow. Don't blame me if I speak sharp. He and me are the only ones, you see. And mother did so charge me to have a care of him! And this is what he's come to, poor lile chap!" She began to cry, and Michael to comfort her with caresses.

"Don't," said she. "It's no use trying to make me forget poor Willie is a natural. I could hate myself for being happy with you, even for just a little minute. Go away, and leave me to face it out."

"And you'll think it over, Susan, and remember what the doctor says?"

"I can't forget it," said she. She meant she could not forget what the doctor had said about the hopelessness of her brother's case; he had referred to the plan of sending Willie away to an asylum, or madhouse, as they were called in that day and place. The idea had been gathering force in Michael's mind for long; he had talked it over with his father, and secretly rejoiced over the possession of the farm and land which would then be his in fact, if not in law, by right of his wife. He had always considered the good penny her father could give her in his catalogue of Susan's charms and attractions. But of late he had grown to esteem her as the heiress of Yew Nook. He too should have land like his brother—land to possess, to cultivate, to make profit from, to bequeath. For some time he had wondered that Susan had been too much absorbed in Willie's present, that she never seemed to look forward to his future state. Michael had long felt the boy to be a trouble; but of late he had absolutely loathed him. His gibbering, his uncouth gestures, his loose shambling gait, all irritated Michael inexpressibly. He did not come near the Yew Nook for a couple of days. He thought that he would leave her time to become anxious to see him and reconciled to his plan. They were strange, lonely days to Susan. They were the first she had spent face to face with the sorrows that had turned her from a girl into a woman, for hitherto Michael had never let twenty-four hours pass by without coming to see her since she had had the fever. Now that he was absent it seemed as though some cause of irritation was removed from Will, who was much more gentle and tractable than he had been for many weeks. Susan thought that she observed him making efforts at her bidding, and there was something piteous in the way in which he crept up to her, and looked wistfully in her face, as if asking her to restore him the faculties that he felt to be wanting.

"I never will let thee go, lad. Never! There's no knowing where they would take thee to, or what they would do with thee. Nought but death shall part thee and me!"

The countryside was full, in those days, of stories of the brutal treatment offered to the insane; stories that were in fact only too well founded, and the truth of one of which only would have been a sufficient reason for the strong prejudice existing against all such places. Each succeeding hour that Susan passed, alone, or with the poor, affectionate lad for her sole companion, served to deepen her solemn resolution never to part with him. So, when Michael came, he was annoyed and

surprised by the calm way in which she spoke, as if following Dr. Preston's advice was utterly and entirely out of the question. He had expected nothing less than a consent, reluctant it might be, but still a consent; and he was extremely irritated. He could have repressed his anger, but he chose rather to give way to it, thinking that he could so best work upon Susan's affection, to gain his point. But, somehow, he overreached himself; and now he was astonished in his turn at the passion of indignation that she burst into.

"Thou wilt not bide in the same house with him, say'st thou? There's no need for thy biding, as far as I can tell. There's solemn reason why I should bide with my own flesh and blood, and keep to the word I pledged my mother on her deathbed; but, as for thee, there's no tie that I know on to keep thee fra going to America or Botany Bay this very night, if that were thy inclination. I will have no more of your threats to make me send my bairn away. If thou marry me, thou'lt help me to take charge of Willie. If thou doesn't choose to marry me on those terms—why! I can snap my fingers at thee, never fear. I'm not so far gone in love as that. But I will not have thee if thou say'st in such a hectoring way that Willie must go out of the house—and the house his own too—before thou'lt set foot in it. Willie bides here and I bide with him."

"Thou hast maybe spoken a word too much," said Michael, pale with rage. "If I am free, as thou say'st, to go to Canada or Botany Bay, I reckon I'm free to live where I like, and that will not be with a natural, who may turn into a madman some day, for aught I know. Choose between him and me, Susy, for I swear to you, you shan't have both."

"I have chosen," said Susan, now perfectly composed and still. "Whatever comes of it, I bide with Willie."

"Very well," replied Michael, trying to assume an equal composure of manner. "Then I'll wish you a very good night." He went out of the house-door half-expecting to be called back again; but, instead, he heard a hasty step inside, and a bolt drawn.

"Whew!" said he to himself, "I think I must leave lady alone for a week or two, and give her time to come to her senses. She'll not find it so easy as she thinks to let me go."

So he went past the kitchen window in nonchalant style, and was not seen again at Yew Nook for some weeks. How did he pass the time? For the first day or two he was unusually cross with all things and people that came across him. Then wheat harvest began, and he was busy, and exultant about his heavy crop. Then a man came from a distance to bid for the lease of his farm, which had been offered for sale by his father's advice, as he himself was soon likely to remove to the Yew Nook. He had so little idea that Susan really would remain firm to her determination, that he at once began to haggle with the man who came after his farm, showed him the crop just got in, and managed skilfully enough to make a good bargain for himself. Of course the bargain had to be sealed at the public house; and the companions he met with there soon became friends enough to tempt him into Langdale, where again he met with Eleanor Hebthwaite.

How did Susan pass the time? For the first day or so she was too angry and offended to cry. She went about her household duties in a quick, sharp, jerking, yet absent way; shrinking one moment from Will, overwhelming him with remorseful caresses the next. The third day of Michael's absence she had the relief of a good fit of crying; and after that she grew softer

and more tender; she felt how harshly she had spoken to him, and remembered how angry she had been. She made excuses for him. "It was no wonder," she said to herself, "that he had been vexed with her; and no wonder he would not give in when she had never tried to speak gently or to reason with him. She was to blame, and she would tell him so, and tell him once again all that her mother had bade her be to Willie, and all the horrible stories she had heard about madhouses, and he would be on her side at once."

And so she watched for his coming, intending to apologize as soon as ever she saw him. She hurried over her household work, in order to sit quietly at her sewing, and hear the first distant sound of his well-known step or whistle. But even the sound of her flying needle seemed too loud—perhaps she was losing an exquisite instant of anticipation; so she stopped sewing, and looked longingly out through the geranium leaves, so that her eye might catch the first stir of the branches in the wood-path by which he generally came. Now and then a bird might spring out of the covert; otherwise the leaves were heavily still in the sultry weather of early autumn. Then she would take up her sewing, and with a spasm of resolution, she would determine that a certain task should be fulfilled before she would again allow herself the poignant luxury of expectation. Sick at heart was she when the evening closed in, and the chances of that day diminished. Yet she stayed up longer than usual, thinking that if he were coming—if he were only passing along the distant road—the sight of a light in the window might encourage him to make his appearance even at that late hour, while seeing the house all darkened and shut up might quench any such intention.

Very sick and weary at heart, she went to bed; too desolate and despairing to cry, or make any moan. But in the morning hope came afresh. Another day — another chance! And so it went on for weeks. Peggy understood her young mistress's sorrow full well, and respected it by her silence on the subject. Willie seemed happier now that the irritation of Michael's presence was removed; for the poor idiot had a sort of antipathy to Michael, which was a kind of heart's echo to the repugnance in which the latter held him. Altogether, just at this time, Willie was the happiest of the three.

As Susan went into Coniston, to sell her butter, one Saturday, some inconsiderate person told her that they had seen Michael Hurst the night before. I said inconsiderate, but I might rather have said unobservant; for any one who had spent half an hour in Susan Dixon's company might have seen that she disliked having any reference made to the subjects nearest to her heart, were they joyous or grievous. Now she went a little paler than usual (and she had never recovered her color since she had had the fever), and tried to keep silence. But an irrepressible pang forced out the question:

"Where?"

"At Thomas Applethwaite's, in Langdale. They had a kind of harvest-home, and he were there among the young folk, and very thick wi' Nelly Hebthwaite, old Thomas's niece. Thou'lt have to look after him a bit, Susan!"

She neither smiled nor sighed. The neighbor who had been speaking to her was struck with the gray stillness of her face. Susan herself felt how well her self-command was obeyed by every little muscle, and said to herself in her Spartan manner, "I can bear it without either wincing or blenching." She went home early, at a tearing, passionate pace, trampling and breaking through all obstacles of brier or bush. Wil-

lie was moping in her absence, hanging listlessly on the farm-yard gate to watch for her. When he saw her, he set up one of his strange, inarticulate cries, of which she was now learning the meaning, and came towards her with his loose, galloping run, head and limbs all shaking and wagging with pleasant excitement. Suddenly she turned from him, and burst into tears. She sate down on a stone by the wayside, not a hundred yards from home, and buried her face in her hands, and gave way to a passion of pent-up sorrow, so terrible and full of agony were her low cries, that the idiot stood by her, aghast and silent. All his joy gone for the time, but not like her joy, turned into ashes. Some thought struck him. Yes! the sight of her woe made him think, great as the exertion was. He ran, and stumbled, and shambled home, buzzing with his lips all the time. She never missed him. He came back in a trice, bringing with him his cherished paper windmill, bought on that fatal day when Michael had taken him into Kendal, to have his doom of perpetual idiotcy pronounced. He thrust it into Susan's face, her hands, her lap, regardless of the injury his frail plaything thereby received. He leapt before her, to think how he had cured all heart-sorrow, buzzing louder than ever. Susan looked up at him, and that glance of her sad eyes sobered him. He began to whimper, he knew not why; and she now, comforter in her turn, tried to soothe him by twirling his windmill. But it was broken; it made no noise; it would not go round. This seemed to afflict Susan more than him. She tried to make it right, although she saw the task was hopeless; and while she did so, the tears rained down unheeded from her bent head on the paper toy.

"It won't do," she said at last. "It will never do again." And, somehow, she took the accident and [illegible] omens of the love that was broken, and that she feared could never be pieced together again. She rose up and took Willie's hand, and the two went in slowly to the house.

To her surprise Michael Hurst sat in the house-place. House-place is a sort of better kitchen, where no cookery is done, but which is reserved for state occasions. Michael had gone in there because he was accompanied by his only sister, a woman older than himself, who was well married beyond Keswick, and who now came for the first time to make acquaintance with Susan. Michael had primed his sister with his wishes with regard to Will, and the position in which he stood with Susan; and arriving at Yew Nook in the absence of the latter, he had not scrupled to conduct his sister into the guest-room, as he held Mrs. Gale's worldly position in respect and admiration, and therefore wished her to be favorably impressed with all the signs of property which he was beginning to consider as Susan's greatest charm. He had secretly said to himself that if Eleanor Hebthwaite and Susan Dixon were equal as to riches, he would sooner have Eleanor by far. He had begun to consider Susan as a termagant; and when he thought of his intercourse with her, recollections of her somewhat warm and hasty temper came far more readily to his mind than any remembrance of her generous, loving nature.

And now she stood face to face with him; her eyes tear-swollen, her garments dusty, and here and there torn in consequence of her rapid progress through the bushy by-paths. She did not make a favorable impression on the well-clad Mrs. Gale, dressed in her best silk gown, and therefore unusually susceptible to the appearance of another. Nor were her manners gracious or cordial. How could they be, when she remembered what had passed between Michael and herself the last time they met?

For her penitence had faded away under the daily disappointment of these last dreary weeks.

But she was hospitable in substance. She bade Peggy hurry on the kettle, and busied herself among the tea-cups, thankful that the presence of Mrs. Gale, as a stranger, would prevent the immediate recurrence to the one subject which she felt must be present in Michael's mind as well as in her own. But Mrs. Gale was withheld by no such feelings of delicacy. She had come ready-primed with the case, and had undertaken to bring the girl to reason. There was no time to be lost. It had been pre-arranged between the brother and sister that he was to stroll out into the farm-yard before his sister introduced the subject; but she was so confident in the success of her arguments, that she must needs have the triumph of a victory as soon as possible; and, accordingly, she brought a hail-storm of good reasons to bear upon Susan's. Susan did not reply for a long time; she was so indignant at this intermeddling of a stranger in the deep family sorrow and shame. Mrs. Gale thought she was gaining the day, and urged her arguments more pitilessly. Even Michael winced for Susan, and wondered at her silence. He shrunk out of sight, and into the shadow, hoping that his sister might prevail, but annoyed at the hard way in which she kept putting the case.

Suddenly Susan turned round from the occupation she had pretended to be engaged in, and said to him in a low voice, which yet not only vibrated itself, but made its hearers vibrate through all their obtuseness:

"Michael Hurst! does your sister speak truth, think you?"

Both women looked at him for his answer. Mrs. Gale without anxiety, for had she not said the very words they had spoken together before? had she not used the very arguments that he himself had suggested? Susan, on the contrary, looked to his answer as settling her doom for life; and in the gloom of her eyes you might have read more despair than hope.

He shuffled his position. He shuffled in his words.

"What is it you ask? My sister has said many things."

"I ask you," said Susan, trying to give a crystal clearness both to her expressions and her pronunciation, "if, knowing as you do how Will is afflicted, you will help me to take that charge of him that I promised my mother on her death-bed that I would do, and which means that I shall keep him always with me, and do all in my power to make his life happy. If you will do this, I will be your wife; if not, I remain unwed."

"But he may get dangerous; he can be but a trouble; his being here is a pain to you, Susan, not a pleasure."

"I ask you for either yes or no," said she, a little contempt at his evading her question mingling with her tone. He perceived it, and it nettled him.

"And I have told you. I answered your question the last time I was here. I said I would ne'er keep house with an idiot; no more I will. So now you've gotten your answer."

"I have," said Susan. And she sighed deeply.

"Come now," said Mrs. Gale, encouraged by the sigh; "one would think you don't love Michael, Susan, to be so stubborn in yielding to what I'm sure would be best for the lad."

"Oh! she does not care for me," said Michael. "I don't believe she ever did."

"Don't I? Have not I?" asked Susan, her eyes blazing out fire. She left the room directly, and sent Peggy in to make the tea; and catching at Will, who was lounging about in the kitchen, she went up stairs with him and bolted herself in,

straining the boy to her heart, and keeping almost breathless, lest any noise she made should cause him to break out into the howls and sounds which she could not bear that those below should hear.

A knock at the door. It was Peggy.

"He wants for to see you, to wish you good-by."

"I cannot come. Oh, Peggy, send them away."

It was her only cry for sympathy; and the old servant understood it. She sent them away, somehow; not politely, as I have been given to understand.

"Good go with them," said Peggy, as she grimly watched their retreating figures. "We're rid of bad rubbish, anyhow." And she turned into the house with the intention of making ready some refreshment for Susan, after her hard day at the market, and her harder evening. But in the kitchen, to which she passed through the empty house-place, making a face of contemptuous dislike at the used tea-cups and fragments of a meal yet standing there, she found Susan, with her sleeves tucked up and her working apron on, busied in preparing to make clap-bread, one of the hardest and hottest domestic tasks of a daleswoman. She looked up, and first met and then avoided Peggy's eye; it was too full of sympathy. Her own cheeks were flushed, and her own eyes were dry and burning.

"Where's the board, Peggy? We need clap-bread; and I reckon I've time to get through with it to-night." Her voice had a sharp dry tone in it, and her motions had a jerking angularity in them.

Peggy said nothing, but fetched her all that she needed. Susan beat her cakes thin with vehement force. As she stooped over them, regardless even of the task in which she seemed so much occupied, she was surprised by a touch on her mouth of something—what she did not see at first. It was a cup of tea, delicately sweetened and cooled, and held to her lips when exactly ready by the faithful old woman. Susan held it off a hand's-breadth, and looked into Peggy's eyes, while her own filled with the strange relief of tears.

"Lass!" said Peggy, solemnly, "thou hast done well. It is not long to bide, and then the end will come."

"But you are very old, Peggy," said Susan, quivering.

"It is but a day sin' I were young," replied Peggy; but she stopped the conversation by again pushing the cup with gentle force to Susan's dry and thirsty lips. When she had drunken she fell again to her labor, Peggy heating the hearth, and doing all that she knew would be required, but never speaking another word. Willie basked close to the fire, enjoying the animal luxury of warmth, for the autumn evenings were beginning to be chilly. It was one o'clock before they thought of going to bed on that memorable night. But, reader, hear my story to the end.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT.)

ROME, DEAR ROME!

IN HONOR OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

O CHURCH, ever holy, unerring, and pure!
Oh, portal of heaven; oh, way truly sure!
My heart turns to thee with faith and with love;
For I know thou wert founded by him from above.
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome!
The home of the soul is the dear Church of Rome.

In thee we have unity, concord, and peace;
In thee is the power our sins to efface;
In thee we see holiness splendidly shine;
In thee are sure hope and a faith that's divine;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
In thee all is holy, oh charming old Rome!

The canonized saints thee their parent proclaim,
Confessors and martyrs own thy fond name;
As mother and nurse thee the virgins do own,
Imitators of her who gave birth to God's Son;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
The glory of earth is the old Church of Rome!

In thee reigns sweet Mary, thy own gracious queen;
The refuge of sinners she always has been.
With Jesus in heaven she reigns and she lives,
And his graces most choice through her pleading he gives;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
In thee all is beauty, oh wonderful Rome!

Though hoary with age, thou art still in fresh youth,
For thou art the pillar and ground of the truth;
With thee is abiding the Spirit Divine,
In thee all the graces and virtues do shine;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
Ever old, ever new, is our blessed old Rome!

Of art and of sciences thou art the friend,
And learning and letters on thee do attend;
And true civilization attends on thy pace,
For thou art the glory and light of our race;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
Our pillar of light shines forth brightly from Rome!

The orphan and widow thou always dost heed;
Asylums thou hast for each grief and each need;
And e'en those sad frail ones, bereft of fair fame,
Find refuge in thee, and a veil for their shame;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
The friend of the poor is the chaste Church of Rome!

I pity those souls, who so blindly deny
That thou art Christ's spouse dear to him as his eye,
No sweet home have they; for they sadly are tossed
To and fro by the winds, until fatally lost.
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
He is out of the ark who's not in thee, old Rome!

In thee is true freedom—not evil to do,
But to do what is good, and believe what is true;
All else is but license, the fatal broad way
To dazzle our minds, and then lead us astray;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
The light of mankind is found only in Rome!

In vain have the powers of hell and of earth
Against thee combined since the hour of thy birth;
In vain have the passions and vices of men
Leagued against thee, great Queen, for thou knowest no sin
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
On the rock is seen founded the sound Church of Rome!

Once I groped in the mazes of error and doubt;
False freedom deceived me, false lights were held out;
But, turning to thee, by God's mercy and grace,
I have in thee found rest, contentment, and peace;
Rome, Rome; dear, dear Rome,
The light of the soul is the dear Church of Rome!

Then hail, dearest Mother, most lovely and kind,
Receive the fond homage that comes from my mind;
I will love and obey thee as long as I live,
And my heart and my soul I to God and thee give.
Rome, Rome; dearest, sweet Rome,
Forever I'll love thee, O Christ-loving Rome!

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

"THIS is the greatest ecclesiastical seat of learning in Christendom—the College of the Propaganda alone excepted. This institution needs no advertisement in a newspaper—its fame is worldwide." Such were the words of Archbishop MacHale, a few years ago, in the prayer-hall of Maynooth College—words which were cheered to the echo by six hundred students. The praise of the Lion of the Fold of Judah is not exaggerated; for who has not heard of the great national university of the Irish priesthood? What land has it not blessed with zealous, learned, and eloquent missionaries? It is not as old as Oxford or Cambridge; it does not possess the wealth of Trinity College in the Irish metropolis; but I venture to affirm that it has achieved, during the past eighty years, greater triumphs in the cause of Christian education than all three, widely renowned as they unquestionably are. There is no quarter of the globe in which the footprints of its alumni cannot be traced. Its monuments can be found wherever the English tongue is spoken. Strange that an institution which has deserved well of three generations of Irishmen should have been founded by the British Government, the hereditary foe of the Celtic race. Yet such is the fact. The necessity which called Maynooth College into existence was pressing. Three centuries of persecution had almost broken the proud national spirit "that never would bend." An infamous educational penal code prevented nine-tenths of the Irish people from acquiring the knowledge which was necessary to raise them to the height and dignity of freemen. In France an impious revolution gave a death-blow to the colleges founded by exiled but heroic Irishmen. Ireland needed a nursery for her priesthood, and several causes combined to compel England to supply the pressing need. She had lost the thirteen American colonies. French valor was daily winning new victories, and Ireland was making silent preparations for a desperate struggle for freedom. English statesmen came to the conclusion that Irish priests should be educated in Ireland. They feared a foreign education, and with characteristic policy, deemed it prudent to conciliate Irish Catholics in the hour of peril. The establishment of Maynooth College, in 1795, was considered by the British Government sufficient to make amends for the misrule of centuries. Lord Clare thus tells the story of its infancy:

"In the year 1795, at the opening of the session of Parliament in Ireland, Lord Fitzwilliam, in his speech from the throne, recommended to both Houses to take into serious consideration the imperfect system of education in Ireland, more particularly with respect to persons of the Roman Catholic religion. And Dr. Hussey very soon after came into this country, under the patronage of the Irish Government, to be put at the head of a college, to be founded exclusively for the education of persons of that persuasion of all descriptions. Nothing further passed during Lord Fitzwilliam's stay in Ireland, but soon after Lord Camden's arrival, an act was passed appointing trustees to found a college in Ireland for the education indiscriminately of persons of the Catholic religion. An immediate grant was made by Parliament of £8000 to the trustees, to enable them to purchase a house and other necessary buildings for the accommodation of students. In the session of 1796 a further grant of £7000 was made by Parliament to the trustees, to enable

them to enlarge the accommodations for students, and in the sessions of 1797 and 1798 two further grants of £10,000 each were made for the same purpose."

Lord Clare further adds that it was understood that, on the original foundation of Maynooth College, it was to be made a seminary for educating the Catholic gentry as well as the Catholic clergy. The union, however, prevented the scheme of lay and clerical education from being carried into execution. From the year 1800 down to the present time, Maynooth has been a seat of purely ecclesiastical education.

Maynooth is about fifteen miles distant from Dublin. It is one of the most historic spots in the county of Kildare. It is inseparably associated with the glories and misfortunes of the Geraldines. On the right, as you enter the college gate, stands an old Geraldine fortress, which has withstood the storms of six hundred years. When Silken Thomas (so-called, because his numerous horsemen's accoutrements were gorgeously embroidered with silk) raised the standard of rebellion in Ireland, the perfidy of the governor, Christopher Parese, whose name has passed into a proverb of infamy, placed the fortress in possession of the Lord Deputy, Sir William Skeffington. The traitor, immediately after having betrayed his trust, demanded the price of his perfidy. "Has Lord Thomas Fitzgerald been a kind friend to you?" inquired Sir William Skeffington. "He has loaded me with gifts," responded the traitor. "How, then," said the deputy, "could you have the heart to betray so kind a lord? Here, Mr. Treasurer, pay down the money that he has covenanted for—and here, also, executioner, without delay, as soon as the money is counted out, chop off his head!" The deputy's orders were immediately executed, and the fate of Christopher Parese was a terror to traitors in Ireland till Luttrell betrayed the pass at the siege of Limerick. This historical fact is worthy of mention even in a brief notice of Maynooth.

St. Patrick's College is not the only educational institution which Maynooth has seen. In 1518, Gerald, the eighth Earl of Kildare, founded a college adjoining the town, with provost, vice-provost, and fellows, and endowed it with lands around the tower of Tahadoe—a tower of which Maynooth students need no description. The proud earl's college, however, was destined to be short-lived. Henry the Eighth, the royal plunderer of the monasteries, deprived it of its revenues. A more glorious destiny was reserved for St. Patrick's College. Though a beggarly annual grant of eight thousand pounds—and sometimes even this pittance was considered too much for the education of the Catholic clergy of Ireland—retarded its growth for more than forty years, still it continued to flourish till it renewed the glories of Armagh, Bangor, Glendalough, Glasnevin, Lismore, and Clonmacnoise. The gifted men who watched its infancy were eminent in science and letters. Its first president, Dr. Hussey, afterwards Bishop of Waterford, was one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish priesthood of those days. His learning, eloquence, address, and diplomatic skill made him a valuable and influential member of the Spanish Embassy in London. His intellectual attainments and bright virtues attracted the attention and won the esteem of the statesmen who then ruled the destinies of the British Empire. He was the cherished friend of the greatest mind of the age, the illustrious Edmund Burke. The friendship of Burke has immortalized the names of those who enjoyed it, and Dr. Hussey enjoyed it to the fullest extent. Burke was the fearless advocate of the rights of his Catholic countrymen, the true friend of

Catholic Ireland when "it was treason to love her and death to defend." Dr. Hussey consulted him upon every question affecting the interests of Irish Catholics, and when St. Patrick's College was about to be established, he sought his advice in taking precautions against the dangers of a concession which many Catholics looked upon as a covert attack upon their religion. In all his difficulties he availed himself of the wise counsels of his illustrious friend. He dreaded the Greeks, even when bearing gifts, and he consulted the oracle of the British Senate in order to make the proffered gift a blessing to his persecuted countrymen. One letter which he received from Edmund Burke on the 17th of March, 1795, can never be read too often by Irish Catholics. It was a warning and a prophecy:

"It is my poor opinion," says the great Christian statesman whose prophetic genius penetrated the future, "it is my poor opinion that if the necessary money is given to your own free disposal (that is, to the disposal of the Catholic prelates), that it ought to be readily and thankfully accepted, from whatever hand it comes. It is my equally clear opinion that they ought not only to consent, but to desire, that an account of the expenditure, with proper vouchers, should be annually or biennially, according to convenience, laid before a committee of the House of Commons, to prevent the very suspicion of jobbing, to which all public institutions in Ireland are liable. All other interference whatever, if I were in the place of these reverend persons, I would resist; and would much rather trust to God's providence, and the contributions of your own people, for the education of your own clergy, than to put into the hands of your *known, avowed,* and *implacable enemies*—into the hands of those who make it their *merit* and their boast that they are your *enemies*—the very fountains of your morals and your religion. I have considered this matter at large, and at various times, and I have considered it in relation to the designs of your enemies. The scheme of these colleges, as you well know, did not originate from them; but they will endeavor to pervert the benevolence and liberality of others into an instrument of their own evil purpose. Be well assured that they never did, and that they never will consent, to give one shilling of money for any other purpose than to do mischief; if you consent to put your clerical education, or *any other part* of your education, under their direction or control, then you will have sold your religion for their money. There will be an end, not only of the Catholic religion, but of all religion, all morality, all law, and all order, in that unhappy kingdom."

Such were the immortal words of the mighty champion of the oppressed in every land and every clime—an Irishman who had an eloquence as soul-stirring as ever thrilled the hearts of an audience, a courage as undaunted as ever animated the human breast, and a heart as pure, as noble, and as chivalrous as ever throbbed to the inspirations of friendship or patriotism. There are only two Protestant names that can be ranked with that of Edmund Burke. I mean Grotius and Leibnitz, and I am of opinion that Burke was a greater benefactor of mankind than either. His predictions regarding Maynooth College—thanks to the vigilance of the Irish hierarchy—have not been verified, but the letter which I have quoted will be always a guide to Irish Catholics in maintaining intact the immortal principle of Catholic education. In the light of recent events, that letter conclusively proves that the education of the Catholic youth of Ireland should never be intrusted to the tender care of the British Government. Burke

knew full well that the grant for the education of the Irish clergy was the cold and heartless concession of policy, and not the gift of goodwill or honest intention.

Dr. Hussey, notwithstanding the fears of his friends, addressed himself to the task of raising the new college to academic importance. He appreciated the necessity of employing professors whose qualifications malice itself could not question. He knew that a college cannot flourish without an able professional staff, and that an humble building with distinguished scholars is more certain of academic success than a magnificent edifice with secondhand tutors.

His efforts in securing eminent talents were successful, and the names of Dr. Aherne, Dr. Flood, Clinch, Delort, Lovelock, and Eustace are sufficient to prove his fitness for the position of president of the new college. So scrupulous was he in selecting able professors that though he was acquainted with the talents of Clinch, he would not give him the position he sought—the chair of rhetoric—without undergoing an examination. Clinch was accordingly examined by Edmund Burke, who was so delighted with his answering that he took from his own library a quarto edition of Horace, in which he wrote these words: "Edmund Burke presents this book to James Bernard Clinch, in admiration of his talents." Thus the first professor of rhetoric in Maynooth College was appointed through the recommendation of the greatest orator of the modern world. What wonder that a college which has been blessed from its first establishment with the most learned professors should be so widely renowned!

Clinch was one of the most distinguished rhetoricians Maynooth has ever seen. His pamphlets against the veto are unsurpassed for beauty [redacted] force of argument, and [redacted] felicity of illustration. His celebrated work *On Church Government* astonished the great Dr. Milner, who stated in a letter to Archbishop Troy, "that it would do honor to the most learned canonist in the most learned age of the Church, but in the present age, it was a prodigy; that the author went to the bottom of the well in search of truth, and brought that precious treasure out of it." To the names already mentioned were soon added those of Delahogue, Anglade, Darré (all three gifted authors), and Ferris.

When Dr. Hussey was appointed bishop of Waterford, he was succeeded in the office of president by Dr. Flood, whose government of the young college was eminently successful. Dr. Flood was a generous patron of learning and learned men, and his administration was an era of literary glory in the history of Maynooth College. His immediate successors were men of parts and varied erudition—men worthy of a nation's confidence and gratitude—men who would reflect lustre upon the most renowned seats of learning in Europe.

In truth, the presidents of Maynooth, from Dr. Hussey down to Dr. Russell, have been all remarkable for a special fitness for the high and responsible position which their talents adorned and virtues ennobled. They had difficulties to overcome, obstacles to surmount, and opposition to combat, but their prudence, wisdom, courage, exact and varied erudition, and high administrative abilities, turned difficulties into stepping-stones, and raised St. Patrick's College from obscurity to renown. The prelates who selected them for so high a trust deserved well of Ireland.

The annual grant was increased in 1845 from £8000 to £30,000. This necessary increase enabled the trustees to erect new buildings and provide accommodations for a larger number of students. It gave the college new strength and new power

in realizing the purpose for which it was founded. Affection for the Irish people, however, was not the inspiration of the increased grant. The wily statesman, Sir Robert Peel, was about establishing a new system of education in Ireland. History and his own experience convinced him that Irish Catholics would never embrace Protestantism. He resolved to make the sons of Catholic parents infidels by providing them with a system of education from which religion would be carefully excluded. To divert the attention of priests and people from his gigantic scheme of godless education, he increased the Maynooth grant.

Three infidel colleges were to be established in Ireland, but it was first necessary to delude the Catholics into the belief that he was their generous friend, and that the increased endowment of Maynooth College was a conclusive proof of his new-born friendship. If I err in taking this view of Sir Robert Peel's policy, I err with the most venerated prelate of the Irish race, the great Archbishop MacHale. From a letter addressed to Sir Robert Peel, on the 7th of June, 1845, by Archbishop MacHale, I quote the following two sentences: "It is from your miscalculation of the just standard of Irish feeling regarding the Maynooth grant, that you have, in an evil hour, been betrayed into the adoption of the scheme of infidel education. You fancied that under the shadow of the Maynooth endowment you could steal on the country a disastrous and demoralizing measure, which would have neutralized all the advantages of the other." Though Peel's scheme of godless education was carried into execution, he could never overreach the great Archbishop of the West, whose vigilance always detected the stealthy approach of every enemy of his country. If the Maynooth grant has not realized the worst anticipations of Edmund Burke, let Irish Catholics be grateful to Archbishop MacHale, and his faithful and patriotic brother prelates.

The descriptions of Maynooth College with which English tourists sometimes favor the public ought to be read with caution by Americans. Over forty years ago Thackeray visited the institution, and gave a description of it in his *Irish Sketch-book*. The *Sketch-book* is widely circulated in America, and from personal experience I can say that many persons accept his picture of the place as genuine. Our readers, however, may be assured that his description of Maynooth and its inmates is a malicious libel, unredeemed by wit or humor. True, the magnificent buildings which at present excite the wonder and compel the admiration of the stranger, were not erected in 1830, but even then St. Patrick's College was famous as the nursery of the majority of the Irish clergy; the hallowed retreat in which the most celebrated scholars of the age had received their education. The architecture was not superb, but the sons of fathers who were accustomed to attend the hedge-school and the midnight mass in the wooded glen, the wild rath, or mountain cave, were happy to enjoy the opportunity of preparing themselves for the arduous and onerous duties of the priesthood in houses of study which, though not as magnificent as those of Oxford, were substantial proof of real progress. Thackeray was a satirist in everything he wrote; in his sketches, in his lectures, in his novels; and the man who could sneer at the classic glories of Athens might be excused on the ground of invincible ignorance for his vain effort to caricature the Catholic glories of Maynooth. He hated the Catholic faith and despised Greek literature. How unlike his famous countryman, Lord Byron, who, though he knew little Greek, owed his noblest inspirations to the study of the history of Greece, and who, though an infidel, gave a new celeb-

rity to St. Peter's in the City of the Seven Hills! Farewell, Thackeray; Maynooth has survived your ridicule, your culpable ignorance, and your anti-Irish and anti-Catholic prejudice. If you confined yourself to such subjects as George the Fourth (of pious memory!), and kept at a distance from Maynooth, you might be praised by your admirers as a great social reformer. But when you make no distinction between vice and virtue, you destroy the value of your praise and censure.

The students of Maynooth College number six hundred. This was the number before the withdrawal of the annual endowment. Sometimes the number did not exceed five hundred.

The full course of instruction usually occupies eight years, three of which are spent in the junior house, and five in the senior house. During the academic year the junior have no intercourse with the senior students. Students who are successful in winning high honors can, after completing the usual course, remain three years on the Dunboyne establishment. Those three years are devoted to the study of an extended course of theology, canon law, ecclesiastical history, the Hebrew language, and "the composition of dissertations on important ecclesiastical subjects." The Dunboyne establishment is called after Lord Dunboyne, who, before his lamentable fall, was the Catholic Bishop of Cork. He renounced the faith of his fathers to gain possession of his family estate. After thirteen years of apostasy a severe illness convinced him that his end was approaching, and that it was necessary to prepare himself for the next world. He wished to die in the faith which he had abjured for perishable wealth, which he did not long enjoy, and to atone for the scandal he had brought upon the Catholic name. He begged Arch- two letters, to re- holic Church. In one of these communications he inclosed a letter to the Pope, which was forwarded to Rome by Dr. Troy, who, upon learning that Lord Dunboyne was sinking rapidly, sent Dr. Gahan to Dunboyne Castle to receive the penitent prelate into the Church. Dr. Gahan blessed him with the consolations of that religion to which (it is to be hoped) he had returned with an humble and contrite heart. In his last will he bequeathed his estate in the county of Meath to the trustees of Maynooth College.

Efforts were immediately made to invalidate the will, on the plea that Lord Dunboyne had died a Catholic. The penal code, notwithstanding the establishment of Maynooth College by the British Government, still sanctioned and encouraged this atrocious injustice. The details of the legal proceedings which followed the publication of the will possess no special interest for the reader. Suffice it to say that the noblest victim of the litigation was Dr. Gahan, who was subjected to a persecution worthy of the evil spirit which dictated the statute of Kilkenny, and inspired the penal code. Even the mild and gentle Lord Kilwarden, who presided at the trial, sentenced him to a week's imprisonment in the gaol of Trim, because he refused to reveal the secrets of the confessional. "I submit with resignation to your sentence," said the venerable old priest, "but I assure your lordship that, like Eleazar of old, I would sooner lay my head on a block and forfeit my life than reveal the secrets which have been disclosed to me in the ministerial discharge of my duty." Dr. Gahan became acquainted with Bishop Butler (Lord Dunboyne) in 1786. The acquaintance ripened into a warm friendship, which, though interrupted for a time, was renewed on the eve of Lord Dunboyne's final departure from his earthly possessions. The sermons of Dr. Gahan are read and

studied wherever the Catholic faith is planted. As a pulpit orator he shone with extraordinary lustre. Eloquence, however, was not his sole praise. His religious works will keep his name perpetually green in the hearts of his countrymen.

Of all his ecclesiastical contemporaries in Ireland, he was probably the most instrumental in inducing Lord Dunboyne to assist Maynooth College in its infancy by a timely bequest. Lord Dunboyne's bequest amounted to £1000 per annum, but the legal contest and parliamentary action reduced it to £500. When Vesey Fitzgerald, the memorable opponent of O'Connell at the famous Clare election, which opened the gates of the British constitution to Irish Catholics, was Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, £700 were added to the Dunboyne annuity, which is the permanent property of the college. The highest class is that of the Dunboyne students, who number twenty, sometimes twenty-four. They are generally, but not always, the most distinguished students of the college. A student may carry off, during his whole course, the highest honors of the institution, but, unless there is a place vacant for him in the Dunboyne establishment, he must immediately after ordination commence his missionary duties.

Maynooth has been sometimes assailed by adversaries who might, with more consistency, and certainly with more justice, have assailed Trinity College, which has been the nursery of the petty tyrants who have ruled Ireland with a rod of iron. I have never met, and I have had considerable college experience on both sides of the Atlantic, I never expect to meet a more learned, a more industrious, a more exemplary, and a more patriotic body of students than the noble and gifted students of Maynooth. They are the flower of the Catholic youth of Ireland. The sons of the people, they love the people, know their wants, sympathize with their sufferings, and share their aspirations. Their patriotism is of the truest and purest kind. They read and study Irish history; they love their country with a love as strong as death, but they are not lunatics or knaves. I may mention, as a proof of their patriotism, that the presence of Archbishop MacHale was always sufficient to evoke such enthusiastic cheers as young Irish hearts can give to honor and encourage the champion of a good cause. The sight of his well-known figure always kindled their patriotic enthusiasm, because they looked upon him as the most fearless champion of his race, country, and creed. Such was their devotion to him that each would seem to say: Mallem, mehercle, cum illo errare quam cum aliis recte sentire. The influence which Maynooth College exercises upon the Irish race is not confined to the distinguished ecclesiastics who, year after year, go forth from its classic halls to preach the Gospel and diffuse the blessings of knowledge among the poor.

In Ireland, in England, in Scotland, in the United States, in the Canadas, in Australia, in Hindostan there are Maynooth men; some distinguished as lawyers, some as physicians, some as journalists, others as engineers, and others as professors.

They bade farewell affectionately and honorably to their Alma Mater, because they feared that they had no vocation for the priesthood. Their influence is great; it is not the less effective because they do not proclaim it on the house-tops. No contact with the world can efface from their hearts or memories the Catholic training which they received in Maynooth.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The professors of Maynooth need no praise from me. Their literary

and scientific productions are their most eloquent eulogies. They are too active and energetic to follow the example of the literary drones of Trinity College. They devote their leisure hours to the composition of works which are daily giving Maynooth a wide celebrity.

Dr. Russell, the eloquent biographer of Cardinal Mezzofanti, is one of the most accomplished scholars in Ireland. A distinguished linguist, and a noble type of a true Irish gentleman, he reflects honor upon the responsible position which, for many years, he has worthily filled. Dr. Murray is at once famous as a poet, a brilliant essayist, an acute and eloquent critic, and one of the greatest theological writers of the age. I remember the saintly Dr. Callan, who rendered signal service to natural philosophy, and the gifted Jennings, whose premature death deprived his Alma Mater of one of its brightest ornaments. I have a fresh recollection of Dr. Molloy, the terror of infidel geologists, and Dr. McCarthy, the learned expounder of the Sacred Scriptures. In a word, to borrow the language of Cardinal Wiseman, the students of Maynooth can bear comparison with those of any other ecclesiastical or literary institution in the world.

When the Protestant Church of Ireland was disestablished a few years ago, the Maynooth grant was withdrawn. The British ministry, however, paid to the trustees of the college, as a compensation for the withdrawal, the sum of nearly four hundred thousand pounds. The grant was long the cause of annual discussions in the House of Commons, which kept anti-Irish and anti-Catholic prejudice alive, and roused the worst passions of the patrons of Exeter Hall. Many good Irishmen also feared that it might ultimately be the cause of sundering the ties that united the priests and people for centuries. Thus, from different motives, English bigots and Irish patriots were opposed to the annual endowment. The withdrawal of the grant, however, cannot affect the future success and prosperity of Maynooth College. That noble seat of learning has triumphed over difficulties which can never again lessen its influence or retard its growth. A people who are grateful for the countless benefits which it has conferred upon them will always be proud and willing to support it when necessary, and by voluntary contributions. That Maynooth may be long the great university of the Irish priesthood is the prayer of every true Catholic Celt who loves the dear old land and the dear old faith.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND SCIENTIFIC UNBELIEF.

ST. AUGUSTINE wrote his treatise, *De Utilitate Credendi*, for the benefit of his friend Honoratus, whom he had left behind him in the ranks of the Manichees. These sectaries held captive their proselyte, by fair promises of teaching him nothing but what was manifest to reason; whilst they poisoned his mind against Catholicity by ridiculing the idea of faith, which believes on authority what it does not understand.

Clearly what a great saint had to say, on such an occasion, may aptly claim our attention at the present time. And his words will have all the more weight because they were written, under the impulse of strong concern for a friend, by a man of keen intellect and of high moral

worth, who had himself first painfully beaten out the path along which he now sought to lead another. Hence, though with more brevity than in his *Confessions*, he recounts his own example. "I left you," he says, "and crossed the sea, in a state of doubt as to what tenets I should still hold by, and what I should give up. This perplexity of mine daily grew greater from the time I became the hearer of that man* whose advent, you know, was heralded to us as that of some heaven-sent teacher, who should make clear all the dark questions that stirred our souls. But, except for the eloquence there was in him, I found him like the rest of instructors. Being now in Italy, I held much debate with myself, not as to whether I should abide in the sect, into which it grieved me that I had chanced to fall, but how I should find out the truth, my sighs after which are known to none better than to yourself. Often it seemed to me that the quest was vain; and the current of my ideas began to set towards the skeptical school of the Academy. Often, coming back upon my thoughts and pondering deeply, I was brought to be of opinion that, whereas the mind of man was so active, so cunning, so far-searching, it could not be that truth was undiscoverable to it, unless it were because the mode of investigating truth lay undiscovered; and this mode of investigation, I conceived, must be by way of some divine authority. The question was left, Where was this authority? for, amid many conflicting parties, each side asserted for itself the claim to authority. Then arose before me a very forest of bewilderment, to enter which was vexatious in the extreme. Meantime, from my longing to come at truth, my mind was agitated without respite. I began more and more to withdraw from the companionship of those from whom I had determined to separate. In the midst of my trials there was nothing left me but, with agonizing and tearful cries, to beseech the Divine Providence to come to my aid. And this petition I urged most insistently. Certain discourses of the Bishop of Milan had already done somewhat towards raising in me the desire, not unattended with hope, to make thorough research concerning the Old Testament, which, as you are aware, we used to loathe as of ill-repute in our sect. My mind was made up to remain a catechumen of the Church to which I was attached by parentage until such times as I should either find what I sought, or should arrive at the conviction that further inquiry must be abandoned. At this time, had there been any one to teach me, he would have found me an apt and docile pupil. If, therefore you now find yourself harassed as I was, and in the like distress of soul, and if you are of opinion that you have already been buffeted about sufficiently, and wish to put an end to your laborings, then follow the way of Catholic discipline, which has come down to us from Christ himself, through the Apostles, and by us will be handed on to posterity."

* Faustus, the rhetorician.

Now what is noteworthy in the conduct of St. Augustine is, that he realized the problem before him, saw its momentous importance to himself, and determined, at all costs, to solve the question to the best of his ability. On the solution of the difficulty he brought to bear a mind at once dispassionate, humble, and open to all the influences that could rightly claim to move a reasonable and honest man. These three mental dispositions are each deserving of consideration in detail; for they are characteristics which seem to be lacking in many of our modern advocates of scientific unbelief.

1. In the first place, then, I fear there is evident a degree of passionate hostility in the way in which non-believers approach the question of

religion. Their tone is harsh and irritated. Their words are no longer the words of calm, unprejudiced inquiry, but the words of partisans who have a cause to uphold. To take a mild instance, Professor Huxley rather goes out of his way to remark, "in addition to the truth of the doctrine of evolution, one of its greatest merits in my eyes, is the fact that it occupies a position of complete and irreconcilable antagonism to the vigorous and consistent enemy of the highest intellectual, moral, and social life of mankind, the Catholic Church." Surely this is not a fair and dispassionate account of the history of the great Catholic Church. Not to travel beyond this one instance of evolution, the Professor must know certain good Catholics who hold all parts of the evolutionary theory that can honestly be said to have been proved; and the Church has passed no condemnation on their conduct. More than this: she has not condemned even parts not proved. For Professor Huxley agrees with Haeckel that the assumption, that spontaneous generation has actually occurred, is essential to the theory of evolution. But it has never been proved, in the proper sense of that term, that this process did occur, or that it can occur, or even that the molecules of matter are capable of being compounded into live substance under the manipulation of an intelligent being. On this question Professor Tyndall can only say, "I lean to the affirmative," or, "those who hold the doctrine of evolution are by no means ignorant of the uncertainty of their data, and they yield it no more than a professional assent." Nay, Professor Huxley himself elsewhere confesses, "I see no reason for believing that the feat [of producing abiogenesis] has been performed yet;" and, if the whole course of the world's development were laid bare to him, he says, "I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of protoplasm from not living matter." Must it not, then, have been something more than calm reason that prompted him to say absolutely, Evolution is a true doctrine, and I am glad of it, for it is incompatible with Catholicity? The Catholic Church fears no proved result of science. If at times her action has been such as to check scientific theories, ultimately accepted by her, she is not ashamed to own, that she would rather human knowledge should be delayed a little by her over-caution, than that, by overhaste, men of science should enounce propositions contrary to faith, and therefore not true. If there is an eternity for man, it is manifestly better that his temporal well-being should receive a slight check, than that his eternal interests should suffer. But besides the authoritative action of the Church, there is the offence given to men of science by private, irresponsible controversialists on the Catholic side. And here, I acknowledge much just cause for complaint. Certainly defenders of religion often do give provocation, by reckless speaking on scientific matters which they have never been at the trouble to understand, and by stigmatizing as impious teachings which do not warrant that imputation. But all causes have their perverse, or at any rate their innocently mistaken, champions. Surely, no persons more than scientific men themselves, regret the unjustifiable attacks made on religion by the less proficient of their own followers. There are faults on both sides. It is something almost superhuman to carry on a serious controversy without some admixture of temper in the discussion. Truth for truth's sake is a motto easily taken up, but with difficulty reduced to practice. Yet I trust that we Catholics in the main have this one single, loving purpose in combating the views of scientific unbelievers,—to impart to others beliefs which we possess, which we firmly hold to be of momentous con-

sequence, which in fact, we feel convinced, are decisive of the eternal happiness or of the eternal woe of our fellow-men. It is kindly meant, even when the idea is mistaken, importunately to urge a change of position upon one whom we regard as standing in a place of extreme peril. And if it is not always pleasant to be admonished, yet no one, whatever he might think of the reality of the danger, would have the heart to speak harshly to a neighbor who had left his own peaceful bed at night, and had come, at the cost of great trouble and with no gain to himself, to express his anxious conviction that his acquaintance was quietly sleeping in the arms of destruction. Our aims then are good. And on the side of our opponents, we only beg that they will forget any unjustifiable offence they may now and then receive, may cease to regard the investigation into religion as a controversy with antagonists, in which controversy they are pledged to a side, and may come to look at the matter as really a great question, on which they are not clear, but as to which it is their highest interest and bounden duty to get all the light they can. Such is the dispassionate temper we desiderate. Of course, prejudice is so subtle a thing, that it is easy for a person to believe himself quite impartial, when more careful self-examination would show him that he is not. An unbeliever might find it well worth his while to put to himself this question, slowly, seriously, and searchingly: In my attitude towards religious inquiry, am I quite without bias?

2. The next characteristic mentioned of St. Augustine was, that his investigation was humble. Oh, it is objected, that means weakly, submissive, and crouching to authority. No such thing. I think it is now pretty universally recognized by competent men of all shades of opinion, that there is a proper humility and an improper pride. I will explain what was the particular humility of St. Augustine by describing its opposite, as found among our modern men of science. There is amongst them an excess of unyieldingness and defiance in the matter of religion. They begin, they tell us, with the Cartesian principle, never to accept anything as true that is not clearly seen to be true. I will not pause to examine how they keep the positive part of this precept, in the results which they accept as certain. My concern now is with the negative part, which I take to be this: Never to reject as untrue what there is sufficient evidence for admitting as true. A juryman may act as unjustly by ignoring adequate evidence as by accepting inadequate evidence. Now it is a huge fallacy to suppose that evidence is never adequate unless it be physically or metaphysically demonstrative, so that it compel the assent, independently of any good or bad will in the matter. There is such a thing as moral evidence, and of moral evidence, within the limits of what is sufficient proof to claim the assent of honest men, there are varying degrees of cogency, admitting greater or less room for imprudent doubt, while for prudent doubt no room is allowed. In these cases, other things being equal, the decision will be affirmative or negative according to the impartiality of the will. Any obstinacy in this determining faculty is fatal to a right judgment. And here precisely lies the need of what I call humility, by which I here mean a due subjugation of the intellect, by the will, to evidence that is sufficient indeed, but not superabundant, nor as full as the intellect might like. But it is bad practical logic to throw away a competency because it is not affluence. Even poor pay, that just suffices for the necessities of life, is better than no wages. So again, in broad daylight, I cannot only see my way and see it thoroughly, but I may cheer my progress with a view of the coun-

try; but if dusky night comes on, and shows me no more than the brown outline of the road, I am thankful for that much light, if it is enough to guide me to my destination, and I should be a fool to shut my eyes to it because it is not more. Now the Christian evidences may not seem overwhelming in their force, but they are enough to carry conviction to the mind that rightly studies them. They leave the will free to doubt perversely if it choose; hence the merit of faith, which is a free service. It follows, then, that men must come to the study of religion, not in the spirit of defiance and with the stubborn resolve to yield only to compulsion. Compulsion there will be none, if but on this account alone, that, by clinging mainly to difficulties, the large cumulus of favorable evidence may be counteracted. Christ has declared plainly enough and often enough, that humility of heart is needful for those who would come to the knowledge of God. And this declaration, from such a source, deserves the attention of every thinking mind. For Christ surely was no ordinary man. It was by the persevering assertion of Christ, and of his words and deeds, that the Apostles converted the world. They did not trust to dialectics. Neither have Christian controversialists, nowadays, much hope in mere argument. Argument there had been in abundance among the pagan philosophers, and its general result was darkness and perplexity. Then a Man was born in poverty, lived a short and obscure life, and died in ignominy. Yet he said that he had come to enlighten the world. And, sure enough, he did set at rest the minds of the best portion of mankind; so that the great Christian body have, since that time, felt satisfied that they know who God is and what he wants of them, and what destiny he has in store for them. When, then, I say, such a Teacher tells us that humility, or a due submissiveness and teachableness of mind, is needful for a proper inquiry about religion, is it the part of wisdom, or of foolhardy temerity, to disregard his counsel? And, be it remembered, it is not blind submission to authority that is asked, but submission to authority, on evidence morally certain, that the authority is trustworthy. Professor Huxley has said: "I will part with my liberty to do evil, on the cheapest terms, to the first man that will take it of me." In the like spirit, a Christian is glad to lose the liberty of error by following the safe guidance of authority, after he has first duly examined the credentials of the Church that claims his submission. Is there anything degrading in such self-distrust?

3. St. Augustine's third lesson to us lies in the fact that, while seeking a religion, he was open to receive aid from all the faculties of his being that were capable of furnishing assistance. Now scientific men are apt to make their inquiry into the supernatural a matter of pure dry intellect, and of intellect only partially applied, namely, according to the method of physical research alone. A one-sided cultivation of the mind is always dangerous. "Philosophy," says Rousseau, "deadens the heart." And so to be all head and no heart is the limit towards which the exclusive pursuit of physical investigation tends. Religion, however, is an affair neither of pure intellect nor of pure sentiment, but of both intellect and sentiment. There are innate tendencies in human nature, which, under the survey and sanction of reason, have a right to exert their sway. One of these tendencies is a craving after religion; and it is not wise at once to stifle such a desire without giving its claim a hearing. In certain practical matters pure intellect should not work alone; and some things may be set about too scientifically. In Laputa they constructed clothes by mathematics; but the theodolite, backed by an array

of equally grand instruments, proved less satisfactory in its results than our poor solitary measuring-tape. Surely the sacred state of matrimony would not be the gainer if man and wife were to choose each other, as partners for life, on grounds purely and scientifically intellectual! Neither can the reverence of children for parents be regulated by formulæ as complicated even as those which describe the laws of the moon's subjection to her planet. We can never, without suffering for it, take leave of common sense; and common sense tells us that we often need one faculty to supplement another. Thus touch helps sight to give to the eye its primary idea of solidity. Similarly, religion in its exercise needs some play of the affections; and these same affections may reasonably be supposed to have a part to perform in the discovery of religion likewise. More than this; beyond all man's natural powers, we Christians further assert the necessity of divine assistance; for as St. Augustine says: *Si Dei providentia non præsidet rebus humanis, nihil est de religione satagendum.* But on this head I say nothing here. The object of these pages is merely to suggest a few natural dispositions of mind requisite for a man who, knowing not God, professes to be an honest inquirer after him. To such a one I say, in your inquiry use all the means you have got, and do not cling to reason to the extent of unreason.

So much for the threefold lesson to be read in the example of St. Augustine. When the Saint comes to divide unbelievers into classes, he mentions only one class, as in every case blameworthy, "those who, aware of their ignorance, have no will to make inquiry." And it is to be feared, that, in this category, rank a large number of the incredulous of our day. Not that these do not inquire after a fashion, but because their inquiries are not conducted in a proper spirit and method. A preliminary bias vitiates the whole process. Belief and credulity are terms that are become synonymous, though, as St. Augustine is careful to notice, they differ *toto cælo.* In matter of religion, the common feeling is, that any following of authority is essentially degrading, though the whole analogy of human life, in other concerns, goes to show that man was made to depend on the judgment of others, his own reason stopping short at the point of settling whom to trust. Hence, the sick man lets the physician deliberately reduce his strength to the lowest ebb, though this process, for anything that the patient can know about the matter, is no way to the acquisition of robust health. On the authority of another he believes a mystery, and submits to an apparent absurdity. But this same person will hear of no authority in matters more abstruse than that of medicine. He cannot credit what St. Augustine says of authority in the question of religion: "This is the order of God's providence in the matter of right religion; this is the tradition of our holy forefathers, which has been handed down to us; to wish to derange and upset this order of things is nought else but to want to discover a sacrilegious entrance into the true worship. Whoso shall act after this manner, neither if what he wish be granted him, shall he reach the point whither he desires to arrive. For men of his stamp, though their wit be excellent, yet if God be not with them, remain grovelling in the dust." Even Plato had come to the conclusion that it was needful to have a teaching authority, "and some more sure way, such as a divine revelation, relying on which, as on some safe ship, we may happily finish the voyage of life."

Again, it is pitiable to think how many bar the way against themselves of arriving at an acceptance of the

Christian belief, because they will criticize what authority says before they study the motives for submitting to that authority. Such conduct is not tolerated in the student of other matters. What pupil would be allowed to interrupt the very first lectures of his professor of physics by such premature questions as these. If heat is a mode of motion, how do we cool hot tea by stirring it? If light is propagated by modulations, how do we actually see the rays in straight lines? If musical harmony depends on a certain regularity, proportion, and interlacement of atmospheric waves, how is it that these conditions are not utterly destroyed by the ever-varied modifying obstacles encountered in different concert-rooms, and by the ever-varied relative position of the several instruments? The interrogator would be very properly bidden to wait a bit, and not seek to learn everything at once. He would be told there must be order in the acquisition of knowledge. This first. Secondly, there are always inferior minds, to whom the knowledge of superior minds must be forever incommunicable. I suppose this relation often exists between a chemist and his assistant in the laboratory. Yet the former will be highly indignant if his subordinate refused to perform his functions at every stage where the means adopted and the end desired should seem to him irreconcilably at variance. With these two principles in mind, then, that knowledge must proceed step after step, and that to the lower intellect a thing may seem absurd and impossible, which to the higher intellect is rational and possible, we cannot resist the conclusion that it is illogical, and worse, except in very obvious cases, to begin the inquiry whether God has spoken, by criticizing what God is said to have spoken, instead of investigating the fact, whether God has spoken. To many minds, the apparent absurdity of transubstantiation is alone and at once conclusive against Catholicity; and this, although, at the same time, they confess that they do not know what substance is, or how it exists, or what are its possibilities of non-existence and change. Yet they would be inexpressibly vexed at a man born blind, and therefore ignorant of perspective, who should admit, from his sense of touch, that in statuary solid figures were possible, but should absolutely refuse to believe that solidity could be represented by painting, on the, to him, incontrovertible principle that what was of two dimensions could not be so transformed that, remaining still of two dimensions, it should exhibit three dimensions. "And how dare you, sir, who are shorn of one faculty, dare to contradict us who have that faculty, on one of the very points of the faculty's clearest testimony?" Just so; and this suggests the reflection that there may be a Being whose range of perception excels ours, by considerably more than ours excels that of a blind man; and that if a large and intelligent portion of the human race assert that there are evidences, widely scattered up and down, of such a Being having made communications to man about matters momentously concerning man's interest, the only prudent thing, in that case, is to examine, most diligently and most perseveringly, every accessible part of evidence so important, and not refuse to weigh the evidence because of what it testifies. Of supine negligence in this matter we can only say with Pascal: "Cette négligence en une affaire où il s'agit d'eux mêmes, de leur éternité, de leur tout, ... m'étonne et m'épouvante: c'est un monstre pour moi. Je ne dis pas ceci par le zèle piéux d'une dévotion spirituelle: je prétends au contraire que l'amour propre, que l'intérêt humain, que la plus simple lumière de la raison, nous doit donner ces sentiments. Il ne faut voir pour cela que ce que

voient les personnes les moins éclairées." How much more does this hold good of men, possessed of high mental culture, who, according to St. Basil, will have a severe account to render if, being so keen-sighted to detect the truths of physical nature, they fail to come to the knowledge of Him who is the author of nature!

THE PRESENT.

Do not crouch to-day and worship
 The old Past, whose life is fled.
Hush your voice to tender reverence;
 Crowned he lies, but cold and dead:
For the Present reigns our monarch,
 With an added weight of hours,
Honor her, for she is mighty!
 Honor her, for she is ours.

See the shadows of his heroes
 Girt around her cloudy throne;
And each day the ranks are strengthened
 By great hearts to him unknown;
Noble things the great Past promised,
 Holy dreams, both strange and new;
But the Present shall fulfil them,—
 What he promised she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
 She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her
 Is the lustre of his name;
She is wise with all his wisdom,
 Living on his grave she stands,
On her brow she bears his laurels,
 And his harvests in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer
 If we thus her glory dim?
Let us fight for her as nobly
 As our fathers fought for him.
God, who crowns the dying ages,
 Bids her rule, and us obey—
Bids us cast our lives before her,
 With our loving hearts to-day!

AN INDIAN HERO.

MORE than a hundred and twenty-five years since a fort was built by the Spaniards, who were then the possessors of the country, about sixty miles above the spot where the river Arkansas pours into the Mississippi. They erected this fort for the double purpose of protecting the trading posts which were connected with it, and of strengthening their own right of possession of the lands which the advances of the French from above the Mississippi and the Illinois territory rendered necessary.

Few traces of this fort are now to be found, though the village, which has increased to be the chief town of the Arkansas country, still bears the name of Arkansas Post, in remembrance of the building which formerly stood there.

The fort lay on the north side of the river, on the southwest side of the "great prairie" which divides the State into two parts. On the south side of the river, and nearly opposite to the fort, there was a large village of Quapaw Indians, who boasted proudly that they had never shed a single drop of white man's blood. They lived on the most friendly terms with the Spaniards, willingly received their instructions, and soon surpassed other nations in their skill in the use of firearms. The warriors supplied the fort with game and the merchants with furs, while the squaws brought for purchase maize, beans, melons, and all kinds of vegetables of their own growing.

But these quiet and peaceable people had their enemies in the wild Osage Indians, who were always skirmishing around, and who sometimes acted as aids to the French in their operations against the Spaniards, sometimes committed robbery on account; for their common enemies, the Spaniards and the Quapaws made a compact for mutual aid and protection. A cannon-shot from the fort was to be the signal of approaching danger, and upon hearing this the Quapaws, who numbered at that time a thousand fighting-men, would hasten to the assistance of their allies.

At that time there dwelt on the Mississippi a band of robber adventurers under the command of a certain Clary, whose bold undertakings and cruel deeds were like those of a hero of romance. This band determined to attack the "Post" in order to get possession of the rich treasures which they knew were stowed away there, and they chose the autumn as the time for carrying their intentions into effect, a time when both whites and Indians were engaged in hunting the buffalo in the distant prairies. They rowed down the Arkansas in four large pirogues, landed two miles from the fort, and broke upon the unarmed village, forty men strong, at break of day, without their approach having been observed.

The governor of the country, and commandant of the post, Don Carlos de Villemont, had been called to New Orleans upon business some weeks before, and his family, consisting of his wife and a daughter of ten years old, were anxiously expecting his return. Although the Spaniards were lords of the country, yet the inhabitants of the fort were chiefly French or their descendants, and the wife of the governor, Donna Clara, was herself a French creole.

The robbers, of course, met with no resistance from the terrified and unresisting women, who were unable to oppose them. There was one negro who had sufficient presence of mind and intelligence to make the agreed signal, although there was small hope that their distant friends

and protectors would hear the roar of the gun.

The assailants first fell upon the fort, which they stripped of all its treasures and portable goods, then they plundered the village around it, frightfully ill-treated the inhabitants, and burned and destroyed everything that they could not carry off. Having completed their plunder and nearly destroyed the village, they returned with their booty to their boats.

But their chief did not seem satisfied with the rich plunder; probably he hoped to obtain a large ransom from the rich Governor, for before he disposed his booty in the boats, with his band he hastened back to the abode of the Governor, tore her little daughter from the arms of the despairing mother, and heeding neither the cries of the child nor the sorrowful entreaties of Donna Clara, hurried her away to the boats.

But the negro's cannon-shot had not been fired in vain; it had reached the ear of a true friend, and a brave heart answered the cry for help. When the Indians went forth to their chase, their chief or king, Sarasa, was too ill to accompany them, and he was therefore the only man who at the time of the alarm was left in the Indian village.

He might well suppose that the "Wild Cat," the chief of the Osages, with his whole horde, were surrounding the fort; he might well consider that his death would be inevitable if he appeared before them; but nothing could prevent his keeping his word pledged to his white brethren to help them in time of need. With quick decision he seized his gun and tomahawk, sprang into a canoe, and rowed to the fort, where he arrived about an hour after the robbers had left. The women at once rushed out to meet him, wringing their hands, and when he learned the frightful truth from the trembling lips, and heard the hated name of the pirate Clary, and when the beautiful Donna Clara threw herself weeping at his feet, and in heartrending accents implored him to save her child, the mighty Indian trembled with anger; with powerful springs he flew from the circle of weeping women towards the river, uttering his piercing war-cry.

In the meantime the pirates had got their rich plunder on board the boats and were revelling in the wine and other good things which they found among the Governor's treasures, while little Inez, the Governor's daughter, sat sobbing in a distant part of the boat, having been terrified into silence by the threats of the bandit-chief. The carouse was at its height, and the pirates were roaring out in chorus one of their wild songs, when suddenly the sound died on their lips, and every eye was attracted as by some irresistible power to one particular spot.

A tall, majestic figure, with gun in one hand and tomahawk in the other, stepped forth from the neighboring thicket, his eyes, bold, proud, and sparkling with anger, turned upon the robber-band. It was the King of the Quapaws, who must have been well known to the pirates as well as greatly feared by them, for they remained as if fixed to the ground, without moving their eyes from him. The Indian chief looked anxiously among the troop of astonished men for the boat in which was the child, gave the long war-cry of his tribe, and struck his tomahawk with a tremendous swing against the side of the pirogue. Then he climbed into the boat, raised the sobbing child in his arms, and strode away with her in the same solemn manner in which he had come, and, passing through the still paralyzed troop of robbers vanished in the thicket.

When the enchantment in which the bandits were held was dissolved by the disappearance of the warrior, Clary sprang up with the cry,

"Sarasa! Sarasa!" and all looked terrified around, as if they expected to hear the crack of a hundred rifles and the unearthly war-cry of the approaching Quapaws. Quick as lightning they hurried after their boats, got into them, and rowed down the stream with all their might, to get out of reach of the much-dreaded Indian rifles. Thus did the heroic courage of one man fill the hearts of half a hundred with alarm.

The parents of the man who told me this true story had been settled about forty years in that country, after France had ceded Louisiana to the United States. The Indians then exercised a right over the Arkansas territory, and the ancestors of this man must have received permission from King Sarasa to settle on his lands.

"At that time," my informant was told by his mother, "King Sarasa had reached a great age, but his carriage was still proud and upright, and his countenance had a decided and noble expression. He died some years before the removal of his tribe to another territory, by order of the United States, and was buried in the place where I now live, at that time one of the Indian villages. I well remember the time when the warriors of his race, before their departure to the far West, assembled around his grave at night, and cried with sorrowful voice: 'O King! come, O King, come!' It seemed as if they were imploring the spirit of the great king to accompany them on their constrained pilgrimage towards the setting sun."

The memory of my informant could go back to the times when the Quapaw and Choctaw Indians were no longer possessors of the land, but roved about in little bands, and for months and years would remain quiet and peaceful upon the fields which had once been their own. He declares that he never lived among more upright, honest, and truthful men than these Indians were. They never took an ear of corn, a melon, or a peach without first asking permission, though they often suffered want. In their gradual and undeserved extinction, they maintain their proud, stoical character, and it seems to be one of their greatest pleasures, when they can tell of the heroic deeds of their great King Sarasa to the ear of a willing listener.

SONNET.

TROUBLED SOULS.

To seek true rest and peace in wilds away,
 It is not strange that men have fled the world
 From all the storm and strife perpetual hurled
At the fair form of silence all the day;
For day and night do good and evil sway
 In close-knit fight, as when the Titans twirled
 And twisted in fierce combat: never furled
Is Satan's flag, blood-reddened in hell's ray.
And though thy cross, dear Christ, shines ever bright,
And thy sweet Mother downward bends her gaze,
 And thy bright saints own us in brotherhood,—
 Our souls are troubled, the world's wrong seems right,
Our sight is dim, we falter in the maze;
 For all our evil seems so near our good.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHEN the Indian policy of President Grant was inaugurated, the Catholic Church, as the reports state, "had stations and travelling Indian missionaries all over Arizona, among the scattered and impoverished descendants of the children of our once populous and flourishing missions. It had nineteen churches, commodious, substantial, brick buildings, with regularly attended stations among the Pueblos of New Mexico, and travelling missionaries over nearly the whole Territory; and in California the missionaries visited regularly, and administered to the wants of the few Indians that were left of the tribes that a hundred years ago gathered about the eighteen Franciscan missions, from which the *true* peace policy was first taught practically on the Pacific coast. In the vast region north of California there were twelve regular stations, from which our missionaries regularly visited every tribe from the mountains to the seashore. There were three stations in Idaho and three in Montana, from which Father De Smet and his followers journeyed and baptized, and taught the lessons of the Evangelists among the 18,000 Blackfeet and Crows, the 40,000 Sioux, and the numberless tribes of the Northwest, and the regions of Wyoming and Colorado. There were two stations in Kansas, two in Wisconsin; one in Michigan, and one in Maine, and from these stations the priests went out in all seasons to lift up and console the remnants of all tribes from ocean to ocean.

"When this policy was announced not a single Protestant Indian mission was known to exist on the whole Pacific slope. No Protestant church had undertaken the conversion of any Indian tribe in New Mexico, Arizona, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah or Idaho, until 1870; and after a fruitless attempt of some eleven or twelve years in Oregon and Washington Territory, the Methodists and Presbyterians had retired from the missionary field in 1848, and left it untended for twenty-two years.

"All who had any knowledge of our Indian tribes in 1870 knew that the Church was the *only* Indian missionary; it followed that we would have control of at least the forty agencies at which we had permanent mission stations if the peace policy was honestly administered; but it has not been honestly administered, and consequently we have not a single agency in California, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming or Idaho. We had only one in Arizona for a few years, and it has recently been abolished—the only one of six agencies—and by all official reports the most successful in its work of christianizing and civilizing its Indians. We have only two in Oregon, two in Washington Territory, one in Montana, and two in Dakota. All the other agencies, seventy-two in number, have been assigned to Protestant churches, and wherever these have obtained control, they claim it to be an exclusive spiritual as well as temporal control, thus assuming the right to exclude us from some thirty agencies where we have Catholic Indians, and from all others where we have not as yet been at work."

THE injustice inflicted on the Catholic Indians called loudly for remedial measures. Charles Ewing, Esq., is Catholic Commissioner for Indian Missions in Washington. From official reports it appears that much good has resulted from the establishment of this office. For example:

It has presented to the Interior Department carefully prepared and printed arguments, in which is given a full and clear interpretation of the Indian policy.

It has prepared and filed numerous and lengthy reports establishing the undeniable right of the Church, under this Indian policy, to thirty of the agencies that were assigned to Protestant control.

It has secured the assignment of three agencies to the care of the Church, and Catholic agents have been appointed.

It has secured the establishment of six Catholic boarding and manual labor schools at our Catholic agencies; and there is a fair prospect that within six or eight months two additional schools of the same kind will be in successful operation.

It has issued a large number of carefully prepared letters of instruction for the guidance of our agents; and it has promptly attended to and advanced the interests of all Indians who have applied to it.

A portion of the agencies have recently been visited, and important changes have resulted therefrom.

Many petitions from and on behalf of the Indians have been presented and urged as their merits demanded.

Various delegations from the several tribes were accompanied, and their grievances properly represented to the Indian Bureau.

An investigation of frauds alleged to have been practiced on a Catholic tribe by their Protestant agent has been secured.

This work has been done with *very limited* means, and there is much that *could not* be done for the want of means, and much more is now waiting for the help of charitable Catholics. Over 80,000 Catholic Indians, now forced to listen to Protestant teachings in church and school, must be saved from the danger threatening their faith; they must be provided with priests and schools. The 40,000 heathen Sioux who, in their last council, called so loudly and unanimously for our assistance, must be attended to. The 50,000 Indians of Alaska, who never saw any clergyman but the Roman Catholic and the Greek priest, stretch out their arms to us and call upon us for our spiritual help.

If the Catholic women of the United States do not hear this appeal, and give the little material help that is asked of them, our helpless brethren will call in vain.

ON the 8th of October, 1876, the Catholics of San Francisco celebrated the Centennial anniversary of the foundation of the Mission of San Dolores in the Bay of San Francisco, by Father Serra and his brothers of the Franciscan Order. The dignitaries of Church and State assisted at this grand celebration, and the addresses and poems delivered were of a high order of merit. There was a procession, solemn High Mass, at which the Archbishop of San Francisco preached, and other events.

Few histories are more romantic than that of California. Its first discovery is associated with the name of Sir Francis Drake, that buccaneer of the sixteenth century, who played such havoc with the galleons of the king of Spain. The peaceful settlement and earnest labors of the Franciscans show us prosperous settlements and a real and earnest effort made to turn the American Indian into a citizen and a Christian. Force, fraud, and cupidity bring about the ruin of the missions, and after awhile the Spanish settlements in Western America became a portion of the rapidly growing American Union. The discovery of gold in 1848 causes a rush to San Francisco, and a city springs up in a night, where wild and bloody deeds were wrought. The influx of Chinese brought a new element into the country, and the construction of the Overland Pacific Railroad furnished a way by which the products of China and Japan may reach New York, and the manufactures of New England penetrate into Pekin.

The English sea captain, the Franciscan missionary, the Catholic Indian, the hardy pioneer, the miner, the Chinese coolie, have each and all played parts in this strange drama, and the Golden Gate will perhaps witness even stranger scenes and characters in the

FEW things are more gratifying to note than the steady increase of churches in *small country villages*. In the first place, isolated Catholics scattered in the midst of a Protestant population, are extremely likely either to lose the faith, or, at best in the second generation, be absorbed into the general population. It is impossible to tell how many Catholics have thus been lost to the Church from this cause alone since the first settlement of America. A church and resident pastor established in a village or town where there appears to be but very few Catholics, seem to act as a magnet and attract Catholics from the most distant and obscure spots. They turn up in the most unexpected situations and where they would be least expected. Then again, in the country, people have more leisure and inclination to converse and compare notes about religion than in the city. They read more; we believe that a Catholic paper is read much more carefully in the country than in the city. City people glance at a paper, and throw it aside; residents in the country read it from end to end, advertisements and all. Any fairly intelligent Catholic, a Catholic of any piety and good sense, may in a country district find many opportunities for doing good and dispelling prejudices.

WHY has not the Pope denounced the Bulgarian atrocities, and why do not the Catholics of Turkey take an active part in the insurrection? These are questions that have been asked, and seem to require an explanation. Cardinal Manning has answered the first conclusively by saying that the Holy See does not wish a "pool to become a river." If the Pope were to denounce the government of the Sultan, the massacres of Bulgaria might be repeated in Syria, in Roumelia, in Armenia, in Trebisond, and in all other places where there happened to be defenceless Catholics in the midst of an armed mob of fanatical Mohammedans. As regards the participation of Catholics in the insurrection, it must be observed that the avowed object of the Servians and their Russian allies is to establish a Sclavic empire, and in case of success it is extremely doubtful if Catholics would benefit by the change; while, if Russia should conquer, or annex any of the provinces of Turkey, the suppression of the Catholic religion would almost follow as a matter of course. The case of Poland shows this conclusively.

THE birthday of Father Mathew was celebrated in England at Liverpool and London. Cardinal Manning and a large number of the English Catholic bishops are interesting themselves in the Temperance

movement, and the "League of the Cross and Crusade against Intemperance" is in a very prosperous condition, and receives large accessions of members every month.

The Bishop of Salford, of Liverpool, was very clear in stating that total abstinence men must not say that to break the pledge is a mortal sin. This is a theological and moral error, and one that Catholics must not fall into.

They must be equally careful to argue the question on Catholic principles. To take the pledge is an act of self-denial for the benefit of the example, or it is a means of "avoiding occasions of sin," viz., of the sin of drunkenness. It is not obligatory on any one. It does not take the place of any other virtue. It does not entitle the pledger to sneer at those who do not feel it a duty to take it. These errors being carefully avoided, and the movement regulated by the Church, the Catholic Temperance societies may do much good.

HIS Eminence Cardinal Antonelli is dead! The able statesman, the firm buttress and support of the interests of the Holy Roman See, the steadfast and intimate friend of the Holy Father, the one who for nearly a quarter of a century preserved and defended the Temporal States of the Church, the far-famed Cardinal Antonelli is no more. The intelligence although long expected was received with great sorrow by the Holy Father and the Church universal.

He was born at Sonnino in 1806, and therefore was over 70 years of age. He was created a Cardinal Deacon in 1847, and has been Secretary of State and Prime Minister to the Pope ever since 1849. He passed through the scenes of the Roman Revolution of 1848, of the French Protectorate, and saw the capture of Rome in 1870. He has ever since been the adviser of the Pope, and the wisdom of his advice has been long evident. Full of years and honors he has now gone. May he rest in peace.

THE political contest being now over, it is to be confidently hoped and expected that all sectional and sectarian strife will be forever banished, and that the people of this country, irrespective of the antecedents of birth, and disregardful of appeals to partisan spirit, will hereafter advance in prosperity. A general improvement in business may be confidently expected. Good government, it is to be hoped, will secure the decrease of taxation, the removal of incompetent and dishonest officials, and a greater confidence in the administration of public affairs. Great as has been the national progress for the last century, it will be still greater in the future, for as the resources of the country are illimitable, the sources of them need but to be touched, and the streams of wealth will flow out.

THE presence of the Holy Father in the Vatican draws to Rome an immense concourse of visitors, pilgrims, ecclesiastics, persons of distinction, artists, etc. All these persons spend money, some very large amounts. The advantages secured to Rome by this are so great that envy is excited among the other cities of Italy, and some citizens of Florence have proposed that the Reverend Pontiff and his *entourage* shall be transferred to their city. The cool impudence of this is refreshing. It shows, however, incidentally that when the Italians claim credit for not driving the Pope from Rome, the Catholic world can say: "Thank you for nothing!" Pius IX's presence in the Eternal City (although he is virtually imprisoned) is too profitable for its inhabitants for them ever to be willing to lose it.

AMONG the disadvantages Catholic papers have to struggle against, the love for "sensationalism" and "scandals" is not the least. The whole extensive field of "blood and thunder" murders, suicides, robberies, assaults, and tragedies dire is closed to their enterprise. The rapidity with which affairs occur nowadays makes the daily papers formidable competitors; news becomes old in a week. The secular press may and does often pander to popular errors and prejudices, but the Catholic press cannot do this. Some persons feel no interest in the affairs of the Church in general, and of course they know what occurs in their own parish, so they do not read the paper. Others cannot afford to indulge in what they consider at best a luxury and not a necessity.

THERE was an awkward hitch as regards the presentation of the Irish address to the American people. It seems that it is a rule that addresses from persons in foreign countries should be presented to the President through the ambassador of the country they are subjects of. Ireland has no ambassador at Washington, and the British Minister declined to present the address because there was an allusion in it to the seven centuries of tyranny which Ireland had experienced. Accordingly Messrs. Parnell and O'Conner Power were not allowed to present it formally to the President.

But the press has given it a wide circulation, and the American people, no doubt, appreciate it as much as they should.

THE Catholic Congress of Italy assembled

on the 9th of October at Bologna, under the presidency of the Cardinal Archbishop Morichini. It was attended by a large concourse of persons, five bishops, and the representatives of the leading Catholic papers of Europe. An address was delivered by Duke Salviati, the president. But the revolutionary party was not idle. An organized assault was made on the Congress, and the members were assaulted and beaten. All this was done with the connivance of the authorities, who afterwards, instead of punishing the rioters, ordered the Congress to disperse. This outrageous act was protested against by the President and Congress, who, however, obeyed the tyrannical command.

CHRISTIAN art is another subject which the Italian Congress is taking into consideration. Italy is the home and capital of Christian art; yet France, we believe, supplies most of the religious cards, etc., which we have in America. The designs of these are often beautiful and symbolical; but they are sometimes fanciful, and always have mottoes in French, which are lost to those unacquainted with that language. We need good religious paintings and engravings at a low cost.

It is a beautiful and Catholic custom to have an oratory, with either statues, pictures, etc., and even if there cannot be an oratory, every family should have one or more objects of religious art. The whole subject is one which deserves attention.

THE discovery of a new route from Russia to China by water, may produce important consequences in the near future. While the frontiers of the great Northern Empire have been advanced towards India, they have been even still further advanced towards China. China would afford a greater field than even India for Russian ambition. Its population, although immense, is cowardly and unwarlike, and no European nation holds it in subjection already.

Even if annexation is not possible, the trade of China is very valuable.

THE progress of the Turks, their capture of Djunis, and the danger of Servia's subjugation, induced the Czar to dispatch his ultimatum to Turkey on October 31st, demanding an immediate cessation of hostilities and an armistice. The more danger there is of Servia's complete subjugation by Turkey, the more likelihood of Russian assistance. Turkey's victories are her real peril; should the prudence and moderation of the Porte be superior to the fanaticism of its Mohammedan subjects, war will be averted, at least for the present.

THE Celtic tongue is receiving great attention from scholars at the present time. Strange to say, the impulse did not originate in Ireland, but in Germany; some of whose scholars have devoted years to its study, animated thereunto by the discovery of ancient manuscripts (in Latin and Celtic) in German monasteries, written by the Irish monks in the seventh and eighth centuries. Several Gallic papers have been started in Scotland, and at Edinburgh University a Celtic chair is to be established, for the endowment of which $40,000 have been already raised, and $60,000 will be raised by November next.

CATHOLIC colonies in the West should be formed, if at all, as speedily as possible. The same is to be said of the South. Both sections offer millions of unsettled and uncultivated land to the industry of the toiler; in both the prelates and clergy are not only willing, but anxious, to co-operate in any way with the settlers; and as regards the West, the future seat and centre of American empire lies there, and it is important, indeed, that the Catholic Church should not only hold its own there, but increase, and this cannot be done by a policy of neglect, carelessness, and indifference.

THE unsuccessful attempt of the British Expedition to reach the North Pole (although they came within 400 miles of it) will probably act as a deterrent to similar attempts for some time, unless American enterprise should enter upon the task, and push the exploration.

The expedition was splendidly equipped and fully provided with everything necessary. It has discovered a good deal, still *the* feat has not been accomplished, and the North Pole still bids defiance to the courage and ingenuity of man.

CONVERTS to the Catholic Church, particularly if they are clergymen, are beset by many difficulties. Laymen, who have always been regarded as laymen, can adapt themselves to altered circumstances, but a Protestant minister finds it very awkward to embark in commercial or industrial pursuits. His whole previous mental training and habits unfit him for it. Sometimes they take to lecturing, and sometimes they succeed in obtaining situations in colleges, schools, and seminaries, but very many sink into obscurity, and their talents are lost to the church.

SHORT, plain tracts, written in an easy colloquial style, and dealing with popular misapprehensions on religious subjects, would be very convenient to send to friends. Such

a series exists in England, called the Clifton Tracts, and they have done an immense amount of good. They might be on such subjects as these: "Why Mass is said in Latin," "Why priests do not marry," "Why the Pope is Head of the Church," "What is the Mass?" "What is Purgatory," "What is the use of Holy Water," "Why do Catholics have so many ceremonies," "Do you go to Confession?" etc., etc.

CHURCHES, chapels, and hospitals increase rapidly in number. In St. Louis the Church of the Holy Name was dedicated lately, and in Chicago the Church of the Nativity had its corner-stone laid. In small towns churches are being erected all the time.

New St. Agnes's Hospital, Baltimore, has been completed. It cost $120,000.

The Cathedral of Dubuque has been improved, and the new Cathedrals of Erie and Hartford are being pushed forward rapidly.

The great Cathedral of New York is being plastered.

THE Italian Catholic Congress, in session at Bologna, has a section devoted to the consideration of Catholic hospitals. This subject is equally important here. There are a large number of hospitals, but if more *free beds* were founded by charitable donors, the amount of good they could accomplish would be enhanced. The management is good, the nurses are excellent, but the liberality of Catholics does not, as it should, secure a sufficient endowment. This is because the majority of wealthy Catholics have not bestowed thought on the matter.

IT will be very difficult for the Catholics of America to establish a satisfactory condition of parochial education without normal schools for the training of teachers. The capability of imparting instruction is not one that comes by instinct, nor is it identical with the capacity or love for acquiring information. The English and Irish Catholics have such schools, and we believe that the German Catholics have likewise one in America, but three or four at least are required.

THE Centennial Exhibition has been a surprising success. 7,000,000 of cash visitors have paid all expenses and left a handsome balance. The Main Building will be retained, and be the scene of a permanent exhibition. The British and Japanese Governments have presented their buildings to the City of Philadelphia.

THE *Toronto Mail* says, there are 1,150,000 Catholics now in the Dominion of Canada, and 243,016 in the maritime provinces, or nearly half of the total population.

Catholicity in Canadn is in a flourishing condition. The University of Lowel has been raised to the rank and power of an established institution of the Holy See. It is chartered by the government, and an experience of a quarter of a century has established it on a firm basis.

WHILE Bismarck's minions are enforcing the anti-Catholic laws, the Catholics are at work. The great annual meeting of the Catholic Unions of Germany has just been concluded at Munich. The late president, Baron von Loe, is now in a Prussian gaol. Count Proschma, a Silesian nobleman, presided over the meeting. The meeting was attended by Mgr. Bianchi, the Papal nuncio, and by the Archbishop of Munich. Representatives of Catholic unions and associations attended from every part of Germany. A breve from the Pope, addressed to the assembly, insisted upon the duty of the Catholics of Germany to reject every compromise, as the present conflict between the Church and State was not on matters of detail or of discipline, but touched on vital principles essential to the preservation of the Catholic faith.

THE question of establishing a Catholic national university has been ably discussed by Right Rev. Bishop Becker in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. In the current number the learned Doctor suggests a plan for the organization and management of the proposed university, which it would be well for all who are in sympathy with him in this noble movement to ponder carefully. No one doubts the usefulness, if not the necessity, of such an institution as Doctor Becker is so zealously striving for, though some question the possibility of its success at the present time. To this latter class, we doubt not, the action in question will prove a revelation.

As for ourselves we are of the opinion that no obstacles are too great to be overcome in the attainment of a legitimate object; and if the Catholics of the United States want a university, all they have to do is to say so, and go to work and build it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COMMON SCHOOL LITERATURE, English and American. With Several Hundred Extracts for Literary Culture. By J. Willis Westlake, A. M., Professor of English Literature in the State Normal School, Millersville, Pa. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co., 1876.

This work, as we learn from its preface, aims at fulfilling a very important purpose,—"to show the growth of our literature through its various eras, to present a concise view of the lives and characters of its representative authors, and to bring forth from the thought treasures of our language a variety of literary gems for the enrichment of the mind of the student." All this the author "aims" to accomplish, and evidently thinks he has accomplished in a small 16mo. work of 152 pages. This, of itself, in our opinion shows how utterly unacquainted he is with the nature and extent of the task he has undertaken. We were not surprised, therefore, on passing beyond the preface and looking into the body of the book, to find it mainly a catalogue of the names of writers, more or less well known in the English language, arranged according to the order of time. The remarks respecting the literary productions of these writers are necessarily brief, and by no means discriminating or critical. They frequently consist of the vaguest generalities, such as "one of the brightest ornaments of the age," "one of the greatest men that ever lived," "the only great genius that flourished in this age," "one of a brilliant galaxy," "one of the most learned men of his day," etc., etc.

Taking the "Elizabethan Age" as a sample, we turn to Shakspeare. After a biographical sketch of eight lines, from which we learn that Shakspeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon 1564, married, went to London, "obtained both fame and fortune," retired to Stratford in 1611, and died in 1616, we are told that "his greatest works are his dramas," that "these may be classified as to their nature into Tragedies and Comedies; as to their origin into Historical and Fictitious;" and that "the historical plays may be still further divided into Authentic and Legendary." With the exception of the titles of four of the tragedies, three of the comedies, and four of the historical plays, which Mr. Westlake selects as the best, this is absolutely all Mr. Westlake can say about Shakspeare. The selections appear to have been made with no other idea than [redacted] of brevity. There are two selections of [redacted] two of six lines, and one

Of Sir Francis Bacon as a writer, we learn that "he is especially honored as the father of inductive philosophy; his most profound work is *Novum Organum*, but his most popular one is his essays;" only that, and nothing more. How much information is given respecting other writers of this age may be inferred from the following notices, which we give in full:

"THOMAS HOBBES (1588–1679), an eminent philosopher, author of the *Leviathan*."

"SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605–1682), a quaint and powerful writer, author of *Religio Medici* (*Religion of a Physician*)," etc.

These are fair examples of how much real information is given in the work respecting English literature in the different periods and subdivisions of periods into which the writer divides it.

His own literary ability may be inferred from the following sentences taken from page 9: "The literature produced in England from about 450 to 1050 A.D. *were* in Anglo-Saxon, now a dead language. *Those* produced between 1050 and 1350 *were* in a dialect which was neither Anglo-Saxon nor English," etc.

We have referred to the selections. They exhibit a lamentable want of discrimination, or rather want of ability to make the extract show the distinguishing character of the writer. Take, for example, John Ruskin, who, Dr. Westlake says, was "the greatest art critic of his time." Here are three out of the four selections Dr. Westlake makes to illustrate Ruskin's critical ability:

"I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility.

"None can love God nor his human brother without loving all things which his Father loves.

"Every great man is always being helped by everybody, for his gift is to get good out of all things and all persons."

If it were intended to exhibit Ruskin as a moral philosopher these extracts would answer quite well, but how they prove him to have been an eminent "art critic" it is difficult to understand.

The work is not less objectionable on account of its sectarian bias than it is faulty in other respects. It is expressly designed as a text-book to be used in the public schools, and we presume will be generally introduced into them. Dr. Westlake is Professor of English Literature in the State Normal School at Millersville, Pa., the leading State Normal School in Pennsylvania. Occupying that position he should endeavor, and we presume has endeavored to be what

is currently understood as "unsectarian." What that really means, will appear from his allusions to religion in this work as well as from his selections. It is perfectly evident from them that he imagines Catholics have no right to expect their religion to be respectfully mentioned. On page 10, we are told that "the age of Chaucer was a period of . . . awakening thought and of vigorous protest against the vices and tyranny of the higher clergy. At this time were sown by Wickliffe and others the seeds that produced more than a century later the English Reformation under Henry VIII." Again: "John Wickliffe, a learned preacher, known as 'the Morning Star of the Reformation,' author of the first English translation of the Bible." A statement which shows that the author's ignorance equals his sectarian bias. Again: "Tyndale and Coverdale, translators of the Bible, Tyndale suffered martyrdom."

Sir Thomas More comes in for the following notice: "Chancellor to Henry VIII, executed because he refused to assist the king in getting a divorce from Catherine (not Queen Catherine). Author of *Utopia*, a prose romance." Of "the Elizabethan age" we are told: "Among the chief glories of the age were . . . the translation of the Bible, *our present version*, under King James in 1611, and that one of the chief historical events was *the restoration of the Protestant Anglican Church*."

When a writer is eulogized by Dr. Westlake who is a Protestant, he is sure to refer to his religion. When the writer is a Catholic no mention is made of it. A host of English Catholic writers are not even mentioned by name. You look in vain for the names of Crashaw or Southwell, of Faber, Wilberforce, Newman, and Manning, though there are long catalogues of obscure writers, of no merit, and even Spurgeon comes in for a complimentary notice.

In treating of American literature from 1640 to 1875, divided into three periods, lengthy catalogues are given, and the titles of their productions, even down to Breckenridge's "Modern Chivalry" (a miserable attempt at an imitation of *Don Quixote*), Hopkinson's *Battle of the Kegs*, Adams's *Oliver Optics Stories for Boys*, and Fanny Fern's *Ginger Snaps*, yet not a single Catholic writer is mentioned. Dr. Westlake seems not to know that such persons as Bishop England, Archbishops Kenrick, Hughes, and Spalding, Father Thébaud, Huntingdon, J. Gilmary Shea, and other Catholic writers existed. This is not because Dr. Westlake ignores writers on religion or preachers.

Due mention is made of Cotton Mather as "one of the most learned men that New England ever produced;" of Jonathan Edwards as, according to Robert Hall, "the greatest of the sons of men;" of John Eliot, "the apostle to the Indians, who translated the Bible into an Indian dialect;" of John Woolman, "a noted Quaker preacher;" of Theodore Parker, E. H. Chapin, Henry Ward Beecher, "the most gifted pulpit orator . . . probably in the world;" Alexander, Hodge, Barnes, McClintock, and Talmage, "a popular preacher of Brooklyn, author of *Crumbs Swept Up*," etc., but not a reference that we can find to a single Catholic writer or speaker.

The third part of this book is made up of what Dr. Westlake calls a "Basket of Thought-Gems." Among these are quite a number of commonplaces, some of which may be useful as maxims, but have as little right to be styled "gems" as the stones which make up the bed of a turnpike; others are positively false. For example:

"School-houses are the republican line of fortifications." "An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves." "If there is anything that ought to be said, say it; if there is anything that ought to be done, do it." "Jails and State prisons are the complement of schools; so many less as you have of the latter, so many more you must have of the former." "Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and *forgot* to put a soul into." "I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall (all) rise refreshed in the morning." "It is well to think well, it is divine to act well." "Man carries under his hat a private theatre, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity." "We should strive to exemplify in our lives what we most admire in others." "New occasions make new duties; time *makes ancient good uncouth*." "Civility costs nothing and buys everything." "*Earnestness alone makes life eternity*." "All good costs. For strength is born of struggle, *faith of doubt*, of discord law," etc.

These are enough to show what notions Dr. Westlake has of "thought-gems," and also to show how little consciousness he has of the fact that rationalism and positive infidelity is mixed up with his "unsectarian" religion.

THE NORMAL HIGHER ARITHMETIC, Designed for Advanced Classes in Common Schools, High Schools, Academies, etc. By Edward Brooks, A.M., Principal and Professor of Mathematics in Pennsylvania State Normal School, and author of the "Normal Series of Arithmetics," etc. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co.

Mr. Brooks is so well known as a successful teacher, and his series of text-books on

arithmetic have obtained such general use, that we would have been disappointed if, on examining his "Higher Arithmetic," we had not found it worthy of commendation.

The special object of the work is to be a treatise on the science of numbers in its most extensive practical applications. Especial pains appear to have been taken to exhibit the logical relations of the science. The definitions are accurate and concise, the solutions clear and direct, the principles and practical rules founded on them are stated in brief and exact form.

These features of the work are very meritorious, and we find them characterizing it throughout. We are particularly pleased with the method of treating, in the first or theoretical portion of the work, of the subjects of Common Divisors, Multiples, the Relations of Numbers, and Fractions. In that portion of the work which is devoted more especially to the application of arithmetical science, to the leading lines of business, the union of scientific principles with practical methods is well maintained. We instance as examples of this, the subjects of Proportion; Percentage; Par, Premium, and Discount; Brokerage; Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance; Stocks and Commission; Brokerage; Interest; Discount; Custom-House Business; Exchange, etc.

To advanced students in arithmetic, and to persons in stores and offices desirous of familiarizing themselves with the application of arithmetical science to practical business calculations, this work will be of great service.

THE VOICE OF JESUS SUFFERING TO THE MIND AND HEART OF CHRISTIANS: A Book on the Passion. Divided into Two Parts. By a Passionist Missionary Priest. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher, 37 Barclay Street, 1876.

Meditation on the great mysteries of religion is the highest form of devotion. Books, therefore, which tend to inspire this habit or which rightly guide and strengthen it, cannot but prove highly useful.

The treatise before us has been, in great part, compiled from other works of rare merit already published, but not generally accessible. This does not detract from the value of this work, but adds to it, as it is thus made to contain and present not only pious thoughts and considerations of the writer, but also those which he has been able to gather from other authors of distinguished merit. He has drawn some of his material from *Hidden Treasure of the Great Ventura*, and has also made large use of the *Universal History of our Lord's Passion*, of the learned and pious Father Francis Constero, S. J., and also of the great Cornelius A. Lapide.

For all who desire to lead an interior life, or to aspire towards perfection, this work cannot but be a very valuable help, and to all who will read it with a devout mind it will be a source of great edification and spiritual improvement.

LINKED LIVES. By Lady Gertrude Douglas. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. Benziger Brothers.

The notices we had seen of this story, previous to glancing over it, rather prejudiced us against it. They seemed too eulogistic, and some of them read as though they were prepared puffs. Since taking up the book, however, we have somewhat changed our opinion. It is a story of high life and low life in Scotland. The scenes are laid principally in Glasgow. The wretchedness and wickedness of that wicked city are touched upon sufficiently to bring them well before the mind, and yet in such a way as to avoid the bad effects which pictures of wickedness, even in its deformity, sometimes produce. The terrible temptations which beset the poor of great cities are well brought out. The delineations of the characters of the persons of gentle birth who figure in the story are natural and well drawn. The story is full of pathetic incidents, and in its *denouement* is tragic, and forms a fitting close to a story of more than ordinary interest.

THE BROWN HOUSE AT DUFFIELD. A Story of Life Without and Within the Fold. By Mary Minnie Lee. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., Publishers, 1876.

This is a story of considerable power. The scenes are laid chiefly in New England. There are no very striking incidents in the story itself, except towards the end, when it becomes somewhat tragical, but the strongly marked and entirely different characters of two sisters, who are the principal personages of the story, make it interesting from the outset. Several phases of New England Protestantism are truthfully depicted. There is a mystery about the leading personages which is well maintained, until at the close, when it is clearly and naturally explained. "Mary Minnie Lee" was severely criticized in regard to her first production, and has evidently profited by it. She evidently has very fair abilities, particularly in description, and bids fair to become a popular writer of Catholic stories.

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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XII.—DECEMBER, 1876.—No. 68.

PROGRESS AND RETROGRESSION.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

NEARLY half a century ago there appeared in England a work by the eminent poet laureate, Robert Southey, under the title of *Sir Thomas More; or, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society.* The book was a singular one in construction for that remote period, purporting to be a series of conversations upon various subjects, in the interests of humanity, between the writer and the *materialized* spirit of the great chancellor and martyr of Henry VIII, Sir Thomas More, whose sepulchre "had op'd his ponderous and marble jaws to cast him up again." One morning whilst the laureate was engaged reading in his study at Keswick, he was startled by seeing an elderly, dignified-looking gentleman unceremoniously enter his *sanctum.* Supposing him to be an American upon a tour of inspection or diversion, Mr. Southey embraced the opportunity of putting his visitor at ease by expressing his great admiration for that country and people. The visitor, however, disclaimed any connection whatever with the New World, and informed him that he was a *spirit,* in confirmation of which assertion, and as a tacit reproach to the apparent incredulity of the poet, he held up his hand, which was perfectly transparent, possessing evidently neither weight nor substance. In addition to this proof, he shows his host, who is white and trembling with terror before this phantom, who may be, for aught he knows, the bearer of "airs from heaven or blasts from hell," a red streak around his neck, which was still "brighter than a ruby."

In one of the subsequent discussions which were supposed to be held at different intervals between the two, according to the compact made between flesh and spirit, Sir Thomas made the following assertion: "Nothing is more certain than that religion is the basis upon which civil government rests. From religion power derives its authority, laws their efficacy, and both their zeal and sanction."

Upon the appearance of this work, Mr. Macaulay, then the coryphæus of critics, paid Mr. Southey

the compliment of a lengthy although a rather disparaging criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*. He rejects the above text, assuming, however, that the idea of Sir Thomas was that of sectarianism rather than the general principles and influences of a Christian belief, and accordingly gathers a mass of testimony of various inconsistencies among Christian nations that are calculated to subvert that theory. In corroboration thereof he cites the number and varieties of governments that have existed and prospered in every corner of the world, irrespective and independent of revealed religion. He further maintains that the moral and political standard, under the influence of the ancient theogony, was as prolific of wise laws and beneficial results as was subsequently obtained by the autonomy of Christianized governments. This assertion naturally suggests the comparative purity, endurance, and polity of Christian and pagan nations. If in this side of the argument the pantheistic idea of material prosperity and wealth are given the first rank, great credit may then undoubtedly be accorded the ancient dynasties. But when a comparison of the more essential forms, those which constitute the psychological life of a nation, which lend honor to her laws, and bestow dignity and a lofty moral and social standard upon her people, certainly one so familiar with the history of nations only wastes breath upon a paradox in striving to prove their equality.

It was the need of the primeval law of order, of that consistent, self-sustaining element which is the basis of infallible religion, that created the habit of pandering to the undisciplined passions of the Greeks, Romans, and Syrians, as essential to the safety of the state. When we reflect upon the degrading influences wrought upon the people through their most cherished pleasures, such as existed in the brutal gladiatorial combats; the wild license of the Olympic games; the nameless orgies of the Saturnalia; the sensuous and degrading privileges, under the name and sanction of religion, that were accorded the votaries of the temples of Venus in Greece and Rome, and of Daphne in Antioch, who can for a moment question the depravity, that as a natural sequence, must inevitably have poisoned the social life of the people? Polytheism was rife in various devices of enchanting her pupils. The magnificence of her temples; the grace and beauty of her vestals; the grand conceptions and expression of her artists; the magic and mysterious voice of her oracles and divinations; the splendor and pomp of her religious festivals,—all were calculated to bind the minds of those emotional natures in thraldom. In addition to this moral poison that permeated the state, the political system was worked and sustained upon a basis equally pernicious.

These effects were manifested in the despotic power of one man, the emperor, under whose flaming sword and iron-pronged flail millions of human beings bent in subjection and anguish. Add to this the oppression of the masses at the expense of the few who were favored by the accidents of fortune, as instanced in the political and social privileges of the patricians over the plebeians; the partisan feuds ever disturbing the social fabric; the incessant warfare, with its attendant Nemesis of pillage, destruction, and rapine; surely such anarchy, such depravity should be sufficient to prove the beneficent results that followed the ambient light of Christianity as it dawned upon these lands of demoniacal supremacy.

If we except the few disciples of Pythagoras, Plato, and Socrates, whose lives were a psychical struggle, a dumb cry for some high *logos* that might transport them beyond the prevailing sensuousness which surrounded them, beyond these we

find the most gifted statesmen, the bravest soldiers utterly devoid of balance, and sunk in the lowest superstitions. Totally ignoring the God-gift of their own reason and intelligence, they had recourse to the senseless auguries that were deduced from the entrails of a dumb brute, or uttered from the cavernous depths of some mysterious Dodona grove. At the period when Constantine ascended the throne of the Cæsars, Greece and Rome had declined into a barbarous despotism; the virility of the nation was dead, and the people had sunk into utter demoralization. It was at this juncture that the shadow of the Cross illumined the land, and penetrated the hearts of the lowly and abject. The tolerance subsequently accorded to the new sect Gibbon attributes to the emperor's appreciation of their superior purity of life, their obedience under subordination, and their heroic self-abnegation under oppression and insult. He hoped that the example of the Christians would serve to reform the base habits and degrading pastimes of the masses, and aid him thereby to establish his empire upon a firmer and safer basis. The revivifying effect of religion was as marvellous as it was overpowering.

Even the emperors who persecuted so ruthlessly the new sect were forced to admit the elevated morality, the patient submission, and superior intelligence with which the followers of the strange faith seemed suddenly endowed. That anomalous character, the apostate Julian, even after throwing off the mask of Christianity (which he had only worn for the sake of policy), and returned to the worship and sacrifices of the Pagan deities, was frequently compelled to express his admiration of the sublime virtues that were practiced by the followers of the despised "Galilean." He soon likewise learned, when the aggrandizement of his empire concerned him most, that he could never count upon the venality of those troops who had knelt and fought under the folds of the sacred *labarum* of his uncle Constantine. This brief résumé conclusively shows that whatever argument may be urged as to the failure of those governments whose polity has been formed under the auspices of Christian attributes, they have been proved to be infinitely more exalted, more stable, and more humane than their Pagan prototypes. Of course this view of the subject dates from the era of general civilization, and is not designed to include that barbaric period which kept Europe in a state of anarchical convulsion by the invasion of the Hun, Goth, and Vandal hordes. True, it may be urged that Christian governments, subsequent to that remote era, have likewise proved degenerate; have emulated the vices and perpetrated the cruelties of their Pagan predecessors. They too have been exalted under the magnificence of a wide expanse of prosperity, which seemed limitless in resources until the inevitable outgoing tide warned them of approaching decay.

But unlike their great prototypes, utter ruin and destruction have never overtaken or consumed those nations who base their claim upon the protective and guiding power of a Supreme Ruler. Their decadence has been more in material resources, arising from adverse circumstances, rather than in the decay of that vital spirit which will ever defy annihilation. Neither Spain, Italy or France possess now the force or integral greatness that distinguished them as paramount among nations two hundred years ago. Yet they are still powers respected and revered, and forever removed from that abysmal darkness that must inevitably settle upon a people that lives in defiance of all religious beliefs and restraints.

A spirit that inspires a nation with ambition for advancement in those paths that will secure the stability of a wise government, and the elevation of her people to a lofty standard in

religion and intellectual acquirements, will undoubtedly realize a rich fruition. But when the race for supremacy assumes the one idea of progress, of liberty, as now with the present ages and our own people, then may we tremble for the result. In this, as in all else, there are degrees. Progress may lead by a tedious, thorny pathway to heaven, or it may carry us, with one fell swoop, as it did Lucifer, down to hell. We are blind to the guiding star in the East that points to the safer though more circuitous way, but like a frenzied steed we rush furiously on, our only aim being to reach the coveted goal, regardless of the beautiful wayside flowers that are ruthlessly crushed in the passing. The Jeffersonian theory, that error should be promulgated by the side of truth, has been adopted as a safe rule. Undoubtedly a great weight may rest securely upon the *might* of truth, but it should also be remembered that evil wields even a more prolific power, for the taint of original sin is ever combating for the mastery; the angel and the demon wrestling to the end of time. If the utilitarian, practical, and prosaic form the constituent elements of progress, if mechanical skill, intellectual activity, and scientific research constitute the basis upon which the future immortality of a nation's renown must rest, then indeed may we lay claim to a share of the victor's prize. In their proper sphere and application this form of progress is advisable, but when the material absorbs or ignores the spiritual, when the intellectual claims a right to analyze even the dread majesty of the Almighty, then we may well tremble for the future of such a people. In religious, social, and political evils there is a contagion as insidious and manifest as in disease. The malaria is in the moral atmosphere, and though for a time there may be no visible symptom of positive danger, yet all, more or less, come under the influence of the taint.

If there were not abundant proofs of this law in the history of fallen dynasties, the present political demoralization, the cancerous *isms*, the golden calf worship of the day, with its accompanying extravagancies, and disregard of the very first principles of honesty (that would shame a savage tribe), are enormities that furnish proof enough of our moral and political retrogression. The security of a nation's grandeur lies not so much in its intellectual advancement as in the purity and exaltation of its social life. If policy and expediency, wealth, territory, or bravery and success in war are to be the standard of renown, the glory will be as ephemeral and evanescent as the trail of a meteor across the sky. Yet it is this very greed of power and wealth, this Laocoon, that is steadily advancing upon us, while every sign of the safe road, every quality of home life and heart culture are being insidiously wound and strangled in the fatal, poisonous coil. Onward, onward, is now the countersign, no matter what treasures of faith and love are crushed in the march. Yet falling back and taking to heart some of the lessons of the past might yield both aid and profit. We sneer at the dark ages, when, alas! the darkness is deeper with us in many things than with our feudal ancestors.

If progress in warfare consists in the numbers of human beings that can be hurled into eternity at one fell blow, or be spared to drag out a life that excites the pity of angels and of men, then indeed may we claim superiority over those steel-clad warriors of the Crusades, who deemed a single hand-to-hand combat the greater honor. Persistent and violent as was the warfare of the feudal day, yet under the cuirass of those historic knights beat hearts that could be moved both by the ordinances of religion and humanity. The "Truce of God"* once proclaimed, the uplifted arm fell power-

* See Balmes.

less, and the victim of even a just revenge was saved for repentance. The houses of God then proved a sanctuary for their inmates that not even king or emperor dared violate. Even the bitterest demagogue must be willing to admit that a little less license in crime, and a higher appreciation of a neighbor's rights in life and property, would prove a great advantage even to the boasted higher progress of the nineteenth century.

Hospitals, almshouses, and charitable asylums were never so numerous, and yet the streets of our large cities are thronged with the hungry and half clothed, and many homeless beings die by the wayside, aye, and even in the streets. Abundance and want, misery and contentment meet at every turn. In the good old times the suffering poor always knew where to find shelter and aid, for convent and monastery doors required neither rubicund committees or poor law regulations to bid open. The poor were regarded like unto the prophet upon whom the mantle of the Lord had fallen, and the sacred injunction, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," held a literal as well as figurative significance that transformed every beggar into a possible heavenly visitant in disguise. The unknown wanderer with whom St. Martin of Tours shared his cloak, the secret alms of Elizabeth of Hungary changed upon discovery into myriads of lovely roses, while the granaries were miraculously replenished whenever she drew upon the limited store for the wants of her poor,—these are instances that kept alive the hope in every fainting heart, that every generous sacrifice might meet with a similar reward.

In our progressive march we act like children with a pack of cards, building and destroying with equal rapidity. What suits the taste of to-day must be removed to-morrow, because a different fancy tops the wave. And yet with all our brick-and-mortar mania never can we leave such an inheritance of glory as still glitters upon the spires, shines through the blazoned windows, and carries its dim, sacred light through the lofty arches of the grand cathedrals of the olden time. Our work must be done in a day, for man's realization and enjoyment; their work was a question not of time, but of eternity; not for man, but for God. For his eye alone "genius hung in the dim air the stone arches of those cathedral naves, in which, rising gallery above gallery in height and varied range, and seeming to bridge the interval between earth and heaven, stand in the highest clerestory in radiant robes, against the light, prophets, and saints, and martyrs, and apostles beckoning us upward to their glittering homes."* When age or disease palsied one hand essential to the progress of the work, another took up the fallen implement, and thus for two and three hundred years this labor of love and patience, in the perfection of the beautiful, went on. We talk and write of art culture, and really feel great interest in its development. Schools and unions of art, and collections in private houses and galleries have largely increased of late years, but our progress, in its approach to the great masters, has been but like the labor of Sisyphus. We can never scale the mountain heights and sit side by side with those giants of old. The art-creative faculty is not with us, nor with the age, and no amount of theoretical rules can make future works equal in conception or execution to their great prototypes. The divine afflatus, the sublime motive, the inspired faith essential to such success are not with us, and every statute of our law of progress only widens the gulf that separates us from the emotional and imaginative spirit that made the thirteenth to the sixteenth century

* Art Scenery and Philosophy in Europe, W. T. Wallace.

effulgent with paintings, sculpture, and architectural beauties that pale our vapid pretensions into utter insignificance.

Many of the modern ideas that rank in the army of that much-abused word, progress, produce mainly the effect of a mephitic vapor upon those cardinal points in religion, philosophy, and science, that in former ages, although open to discussion, yet ever maintained a safe equilibrium. But because these innovations bear the stamp of novelty, the most absurd, blasphemous, and untenable theories are hailed with delight, and nursed into bantlings of hideous deformity for a wiser generation to destroy. If we could believe that the amorphous vanities of Darwinism, or the blasphemous tenets of Positivism, were destined to blossom into a faith for future generations, we might despair of any power to save from dire destruction; yet the signs of the day are portentous of even greater evils, through the baleful emulation of that pantheistic spirit, which rising like a demon of wrath in Germany, now threatens to bridge the world. Many years ago, that brilliant prodigal, poet, and essayist, Heinrich Heine, in deploring the connection of State and Church in Germany, made the following prediction: "An indifferentism in religion would be, perhaps, the only thing that could save us, and *by becoming weak in faith, Germany might grow politically strong.*" Bismarck is now trying this experiment, and the result promises already an adverse solution; but the end is not yet, and were it not for the conservative element of Catholicism, the world would be in danger of drifting into even a wilder and deeper vortex than now threatens us. Ever since Protestantism chose for her watchword "Progress," and allied it with agitation, she lost the helm and compass that might have aided her to guide or check the wild havoc that thus became the legitimate fruit of the Reformation. In this wake follows that wanton destruction of the rarest libraries, the noblest works of art, the pillage of magnificent churches and monasteries, that were hallowed by the holiest associations of centuries, thereby stamping with worse than vandal barbarism its proudly boasted mission of liberty and progress. Schlegel in his *Philosophy of History*, vol. ii, when speaking of that epoch of the Reformation which he designates as the *barbaropolemic*, says: "When we hear the middle ages called barbarous, we should remember that that epithet applies with far greater force to the truly barbarous era of the Reformation, and of the religious wars which that event produced."

Although it is the fashion to attribute to the Reformation all subsequent progress in literature and all educational advantages, yet a comparison may safely be risked of those schools that in the higher branches made Hypatia in the fifth century, without a rival in the nineteenth, that rendered Mary, Queen of Scots, Elizabeth of England, and Mary Tudor, models of elegant diction in the Latin, English, and French languages, and that lent such a charm to the learning and genius of Victoria Colonna, as to give inspiration to the chisel as well as to the pen of Michael Angelo. Whatever learning distinguished the early reformers, they owed exclusively to their Catholic education. Under the shadow of every cathedral spire or monastic cell, could schools be found for the education of the masses. Both Popes and Councils, from the earliest ages, had enforced the custom as a law. But the intemperate fanaticism of the early adherents of the Reformation condemned all classical literature as heathenish, deeming only polemical studies and discussions of paramount importance. Speaking of Luther's indifference to the interests of literature, Hallam says: "It is probable that both the principles of this great

founder of the Reformation, and the natural tendency of so intense an application to theological controversy, checked for a time the progress of philological and philosophical literature on this side the Alps."*

The testimony of Erasmus, ten years after that event, is even more conclusive: "Wherever Lutherism reigns there literature utterly perishes." And in another letter of about the same period, he says: "I dislike those gospellers on many accounts, but chiefly because through their agency literature everywhere languishes, disappears, lies drooping and perishes, and yet without learning what is man's life? They love good cheer, and a wife; for other things they care not a straw." The destruction of the celebrated library of Alexandria, by the Caliph Omar in A. D. 632, might be excused upon the plea of ignorance and the rapine of war. But what excuse can be alleged for that offshoot of the Reformation, the Anabaptists, who spread such fearful desolation, and perpetrated such horrors in the persecution of the people and the devastation of churches in the city of Munster? Deciding, in their frenzied fanaticism, that the only book essential to posterity was the Bible, they accordingly gave over to utter destruction the magnificent library of Rudolph Langius, that contained the rarest MSS. and classical works then in existence. Omar made the the same plea, and a similar holocaust in favor of the Koran.

It may be well, and not out of place here, to refresh the memories of those who are always hurling the epithets of "ignorance and darkness" at antecedent ages, to remind them that the invention of nearly all the most beautiful adjuncts to art, as well as the most essential in aid of science, literature, and general learning, belong to a period prior to the Reformation. To that we owe the mariner's compass, the microscope, the telescope, thermometer and barometer; gunpowder, and the art of printing also belong to that period; while such wonders as the magnificent clock of Strasburg Cathedral, watches, and the stained glass that still pervades the old minsters with hallowed light, and which has long been lost to us, are a part of the same record. Even we must forego our pride in Fulton, and the Hudson River her claim, in favor of "Blasco de Garay, a Spaniard, who made the first successful experiment in steam navigation, in the harbor of Barcelona, in the year 1543; eighty years later Brancas followed up the discovery in Italy."* We might continue the list *ad infinitum*, which would embrace every department, but space forbids. In the face of these historical facts, and by a happy adjustment and appropriation, these old discoveries are used to swell and designate the claim of progress by the advocates of the Reformation.

Among all labor-saving inventions, in either past or present, machinery undoubtedly holds the first rank. But its benefits in manufactories has been widely questioned and decided by many to be adverse to the best interests, morally and physically, of the people. England has gained immensely in wealth and commercial status by this phase of iron progress; but how stands the count with the poor workers, whose bodies become maimed or dwarfed, and whose minds are steeped in darkness, whose souls are void of love and hope? Admitting all the benefits and wonders accomplished by these modern inventions, yet even here a comparison may be risked between the work of this leviathan and the Gobelin tapestries, the silks, velvets, linen and woollen fabrics of centuries ago. In quantity and variety, we may claim superiority, but in elegance and

* Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.

* A Year in Spain. By an American Protestant, Vol. i, p. 47. Quoted from History of the Reformation by Bishop Spalding.

durability the past must take the prize. Mr. Macaulay, in making a similar summary and comparison, says: "In Florence, in the fourteenth century, without the aid of modern machinery, two hundred factories were engaged in the manufacture of woollen goods alone, and employed thirty thousand workmen." When we recall the gorgeous apparel of royalty and the nobility in those days, together with the magnificent fabrics used in the churches, we can form some idea of the number of looms and hands that were necessary to supply the demand, and the result was something better and brighter than the little pinched white faces and soulless, rayless lives that darken the factory towns of England now. In closing this brief summary of comparative progress between the old and the new, we will give one who can never be accused of partiality for Catholic countries the benefit of the last word. In one of his miscellaneous articles, Mr. Macaulay says: "We doubt whether any country of Europe, our own, perhaps, excepted, has at the present time reached so high a point of wealth and civilization as some parts of Italy had attained *four hundred years ago.*"

There is no people on the face of the globe that is so blatant and complacent in their meed of progress as our own. But if we have some cause for vainglory in the past, when genuine patriotism and integrity distinguished our rulers, and the masses regarded industry and frugality as virtues worthy of cultivation, what can be said now of the degeneracy that stamps us to-day abroad as a nation who has proved derelict in promise, aim, and execution? A nation steeped in such a degree of moral turpitude as may well shatter the faith of the world in the glorious prerogatives of a republican form of government. And now, just as the culminating splendor of a century's sun stands poised to crown the favored child of the new world, lo, a cloud ominous of decadence obscures the disk.

To the system of godless education, with the unrestrained habits and undisciplined morals of our youth, belongs the responsibility of the political corruption and social demoralization that now like a upas tree poisons the entire land. It is this canker that has made our social system one of vapid pretension, extravagant habits, and ostentatious display; which has introduced contempt of all proper economy, and instigated a spirit of rivalry among the poorer and lower classes, to emulate the wealthy, to the detriment of all religious and moral principle. To this taint, also, may be ascribed that want of an elevated independence which sinks all individuality in such a stereotyped form of ideas and patterns, that each man and woman seems only the same work, issued from different presses, and bound in a variety of shapes and colors. These are the seeds that are fructifying for us, as they did for ancient dynasties, ruin and decay. Diogenes would find his search far more difficult now, even with the aid of the brilliant lights that make effulgent the nineteenth century, than when he groped with dim lantern in hand for the one honest man.

We have no more picturesqueness in our characteristics of dress than we possess in our architecture and educational system. There is but one pattern for each department, and brave is the man, and defiant the woman, who dares strike out a new path. The desire for novelty and excitement also have become an epidemic, the force of which is fast destroying the barriers that make home the sanctuary, around which gather all the graces. Our perceptions of the sacrednesss of private life are rapidly yielding to that inquisitive spirit, that greed of publicity, which with desecrating hands splits the veil of the temple, and bares to the eyes of the curious its

most sacred mysteries. In former days every heart was bounded by a sanctuary railing that no rude hand dared cross. Even yet, in other countries, there are private feelings that are guarded at the home-circle as religiously as were the Lares and Penates of the ancients. Marriage was then the solemn sacrament of youth, and love the chrism that consecrated the bond. Now, however, with us these great epochs of life are reduced to a mere question of pelf and barter, a deliberate business scheme, the most serious considerations of which involve an establishment, a certain amount of jewels, so many yards of lace, and a European tour, transactions wherein money and display command a premium, and hearts and happiness fall below par. The bride of the good old times had her rampart of loving hearts, and a body guard of well-tried friends to shield her from the gaze of a promiscuous crowd, but the bride of to-day glories in drawing a larger church audience than Spurgeon or Beecher.

The old Mosaic law of mourning for the dead would be utterly ignored in this age, which argues grief as contrary to the teachings of both philosophy and religion. Death is now viewed as one of those inevitable calamities which must be met and endured very much in the same degree as any material loss; "it is gone, therefore of what use is grieving?" The sacredness of sorrow finds few disciples, and yet suffering and grief are the only divine right. They are the crown of our inheritance, descending to us from the consecrated brow of the man of sorrows, God Himself. Through this crucible percolates the pure ore that refines the grossness of nature, and aids us to comprehend and grasp the true meaning and aim of life.

A large portion of our degeneracy is mainly due to the all-absorbing idea of material prosperity as the gauge of progress, at the sacrifice of that which alone belongs to the *years eternal.* Knowledge, with her attendant muses and graces, is undoubtedly a legitimate stepping-stone in the race, but learning alone has never succeeded in repressing crime. The most violent wars, the very refinement of cruelty have been perpetrated, and the lowest vices practiced habitually by the most enlightened men. Greece and Rome had attained the highest acme of culture and civilization, when her people sank to the lowest degree of cruelty and sensualism. It is virtue alone, panoplied in religion, that can lead a nation to the higher and most permanent development. Ignorance is always to be deplored, but corruption must be shunned as a pestilence, for it gangrenes the very soul of a nation. For ignorance there is always a remedy, and like a single combatant in the arena, may be vanquished. But corruption in a people duplicates like the Gorgon's head, and defies annihilation. To expand the heart, awaken the affections, and rouse into action the dormant attributes of faith and repentance, constitutes the first lesson of the child while it is still in the mother's arms. These alone, combined with true religious instruction, may germinate into the loftiest qualities that can ennoble the man. Look at the giant heroes of old, the knights *sans peur et sans reproche.* To live purely, to fight bravely, to be leal to their God, country, and king, and loyal to the weak and oppressed, to profess their faith earnestly, and meet death unflinchingly, these were the studies that filled the measure of education and progress to them. Is there to be found, even now, any one in this age of superior enlightenment, to contemn those grand old Titans, those "braves" who stand upon the crumbling ramparts of the heroic ages, glittering and bright, like unto the hilt of Excalibar, to the eyes of Sir Bedivere, when with trembling hands, at the bidding of

his dying master, he threw it into the "mystic mere?"

But we have a far higher exemplification of the power that may be gained and the good that may be wrought without the adjuncts of intellectual culture, in the choice made by Infinite Wisdom itself, of unlettered, unpolished men, to dispense the true light throughout the world. Thus, "*The foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen; and things that are not, that he might bring to naught things that are; that no flesh should glory in his sight.*" (1 Corinthians 1 : 26.)

Whilst we are lying back so complacently upon our oars, drifting jubilantly down this silvery wave of progress, it might be safe to scan the pages of the past, and look at the reverse side of the medal which bears the motto, "So far shalt thou go and no farther;" profitable to remember that retrogression and decay are likewise stamped upon all things under the sun. Look at the once glorious Orient, with all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties. Recall those stately cities, the vast extent of territory, and the countless hosts that made the empire of Semiramis, of the Ptolemies, the marvel of centuries. Behold now, in lieu thereof, her broken columns, her dismantled temples, the still massive débris of her once invulnerable walls, with Memnon sitting solitary amid the ruins, chanting in low diapason their eternal requiem. Consider next the present skeleton of glorious Greece, the land from whence emanated "all the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power," the land from whence has floated to us all that can inspire the intellect, teach the loftiest patriotism, and bring "gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep." Yet "her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves, her language into a barbarous jargon, and her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen."*

And so as each new dynasty rose into power and saw her day culminate into glory, some unforeseen catastrophe, like unto the writing upon the wall, pointed with prophetic finger to the pending stroke of doom. Some wandering horde of barbarians, like the Scythian and Mede to the East, the Macedonian to Greece, the Huns and Vandals to Italy, the Goth to France, and the Norsemen to Britain, were respectively chosen as the instruments to lay in the dust the vainglory and arrogance that walk in the van of conquest.

Not that we should relinquish the struggle. The march must be ever onward; there must be no vacuum, for God is glorified as man elaborates and beautifies the model he has given in his own works. It is the prerogative of time never to pause until the last leaf of the record is filled, the final harvest gathered. Time claims in his mutability this ceaseless motion, but man claims immortality, and only by the downward slope of the grave can he reach the highest exaltation. When the stone is rolled away, and the door of the sepulchre stands opened to the light, then only will that *progress*, which can never be marred by retrogression or decay, be fully attained. Hence the sole search that can truly compensate our labor is for the key that will open to us the mysterious treasures of the immutable. "But only one thing is necessary. Come and follow me."

* Macaulay's Miscellaneous Writings.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

THIS blessed Christmas morn, the winds
 Are blowing sad and cold:
The dusky shades are sleeping still
 Upon the frosty wold!
The pale blue light of yonder stars
 Falls dimly o'er the wave,
Whose trembling voice a requiem breathes
 Above the sailor's grave.

This blessed Christmas morn, the bells
 Fling out their music wild;
They make me dream of olden days
 When I was but a child,
And heard their solemn voices wake
 The still, cold morning air,
As strayed I towards the village church
 To chant the midnight prayer.

This blessed Christmas morn, the light
 Breaks in the shady sky;
And angel voices sweet and low,
 Pour out their song on high;
While up from many an altar shrine,
 There swells the gladsome hymn:
Religion's light is burning bright,
 It never waxes dim.

This blessed Christmas morn, the poor
 Are gathered round their God;
His voice speaks from his manger-home
 To bless the path they've trod.
That voice will cheer the pilgrim's heart,
 As shrineward slow it bends;
Those eyes will light the pilgrim's soul,
 As heavenward it tends.

This blessed Christmas morn has dawned
 On many an erring child,
And light that streams from bygone days,
 Has on his pathway smiled;
And turning towards that church-bell voice,
 His heart grows light once more;
Like shipwrecked hearts, which some bright wave
 Has cast upon the shore.

This blessed Christmas morn will shine
 On many a grassy cell,

Where kindred hearts sleep cold and still,
 Who loved the Christmas well—
Who loved to hear the village bells
 Send forth their chiming song
Upon the breeze that swept the sea
 And bore their voice along.

A blessed, blessed Christmas morn
 Will dawn on us some day;
And hearts that now are light and glad,
 Shall then have turned to clay:
Then solemn bells shall fling their notes,
 The morning winds blow cold,
Above the grave, whose clasped hand
 Our mould'ring dust shall hold!

* * * * *

This blessed, happy, Christmas night,
 The stars look lone and pale,
The whisp'ring breeze blows sad, and cold,
 Along the winding vale.
The screaming heron wings her flight,
 To sleep upon the waves;
Where oft the silent lighthouse throws
 The beam that guides and saves.

This blessed, happy, Christmas night,
 My young heart homeward veers;
For, circled round our Irish hearth,
 Are friends of boyhood's years!
And one fond voice, that lingers near
 Where'er my footsteps stray,
Breathes forth a wish that I were there,
 To dream the hours away!

This blessed Christmas night, they speak
 Of many a mem'ried scene;
Ere childhood's bloom had died away,
 When life was fresh and green:
The lovely fields that skirt the shore,
 Where ev'ning's last ray fell—
The cool, long shades, the clifted rocks
 Which childhood loves so well!

This blessed Christmas night, they breathe
 Full many a storied lay,
Of many a dark old castle home
 Fast falling to decay:
Of many a mountain path and cave,
 Where fled the faithful band,
Who sought to keep religion's light
 Still burning in our land.

This blessed Christmas night, a voice,
A priestly voice is there,
That speaks of many an ivied wall,
Where woke the matin prayer,
Ere yet the spoiler's hand had come,
Ere yet the shadows came,
And slept for many a wearied year
Where gleamed that sacred flame.

This blessed, happy Christmas night
Will wile me from my books,
And wing me o'er the ocean's breast,
To kinder, friendlier looks—
Will wing me towards my boyhood's home,
The Slaney's wave beside,
Where oft the spring-voiced birds have lisped
The music of its tide!

This blessed, happy Christmas night,
My mem'ry steals in dream,
To where the turf on yon old hearth
Throws out its dusty beam:
For the light of many a faded year,
And many a day that's gone,
Shines in the cheerful fire that burns
Upon the old hearth-stone!

A VOW'S FULFILMENT.

LATE one summer afternoon, when the sun was drawing toward the sea, a man of grave and holy countenance, and clad in peculiar garb, came slowly down a mountain-path which led to a seaside town of Southern Italy. In his hand he held a breviary, and he was reading as he walked, but he failed not to notice every wayside cross, and to pause awhile to pray beside it; then he went onward steadily as if refreshed in soul and body. Presently he came near a shrine of the Madonna, and his attention was arrested by the sight of a woman kneeling there absorbed in devotion, her whole aspect revealing it to be the devotion of one in excessive anguish. She was evidently of the upper class of peasantry, and showed signs of unusual refinement, but her dress was disordered, and her black hair fell in tangled masses about a face singularly beautiful but almost livid in its pallor. She was kneeling upright, her head thrown back, her arms uplifted to their full extent, the fingers clasped convulsively together.

"Madonna, Madonna," he heard her say as he came nearer, "Mother of my God, do you hear me, do you see me? Give me my boy again. Do you not sit there with your Jesus on your knee? Give me *my* boy to hold. Give me *my* boy. Why will you break my heart, Madonna?"

Wild as were the words and the appearance, something in the tone touched the priest's inmost soul with a sense that he was looking upon no case of rebellious despair, but of

holiness subjected to uncommon trial, that it might rise thereby to nobler heights of perfection. He closed and put away his book, knelt for a brief space in prayer, then spoke aloud:

"Does not the Madonna answer you, my daughter?"

The woman turned to him with an expression of mingled relief and surprise, which told plainly that her sufferings had been misunderstood by those around her, and that the stranger had found the entrance to her grief.

"Father, she heeds me not," she said. "Ah, more, father. Long ago I prayed to her, many and many a prayer by night, by day—holy prayers in the love of her sweet Jesus, and they are lost, lost, lost."

"Nay, daughter, not lost. No prayer is ever lost if it is a holy prayer in Jesus' love. Tell me about it, and we will pray to our Lady then together."

He sat down on a fallen tree beside the shrine, she knelt before it still. "May God reward you!" she cried. "They tire of it down below there, and the Padre says ever, 'Be patient, do God's will,' and he does not understand."

The priest smiled sadly. "Nay, nay," he said, "think not so. He understands all that you need to have him understand. God's will is always best. Be patient and you will know some day."

"Shall I know!" she cried out, not angrily, but as a pent-up stream must have its way. "Sooner will the sea give back our buried sailors, and the churchyard graves fly open, and our dead come forth to love us here again, than I shall see my heart's prayer answered. Sooner shall the sun that's setting turn back to noon and the Madonna there stoop down to bless me."

"God could do all that, and more, if he so willed," was the calm reply. "Believe me, there is no sweeter thing on earth, no dearer gift, than to know and do the perfect will of God. Pain and loss and heartache are made thereby our blessing."

"Not this," she moaned, "not this. Madonna, make him understand. Pitiful Jesu, make him understand."

"They surely will," the priest said compassionately. "I believe they surely will. Speak freely, poor soul, and may God give you grace."

Once more she lifted her arms to their full extent. "Are the skies blue," she said, "and the leaves fresh and green, and do the birds still sing, and does the whole wide earth look gay? It seems to me that years have gone, sullen and slow, sullen and slow, since that one awful hour; but I mind me that the new moon hung like a little silver bow above the sea that night, and last night it was only full. Two weeks that are like years! My boy, my darling, my only one."

"Was it then that your son died?" the stranger asked.

"No son, no son. Dearer than that. My father, listen. We were but two, my sister Beatrice and I. Father and mother both were dead; we had no brother to protect us; we lived alone beside the sea, and made the fishers' nets, and spun the fishers' garments; we went to church together, side by side; we woke and worked, we prayed and slept. In an evil hour she met a gypsy with his bold dark face and witching way; he loved her and he won her love, no words but his could move her. They were wedded, and he bore her off to his wild camp high up among these peaks. It was no place for Christian maids; I could not go there; what could I do but pray? By night, by day, spinning and walking, helping to draw the nets to land and to sort the fish, hours upon hours in church before the Sacred Heart, hours upon hours at night on the cold floor before the crucifix, down on my face among the stones,

and in the dust by every shrine I passed, 'Save thou that soul,' I prayed.

"God answered me. At Easter, pale and sad, she came down humbly to the church, was shriven, and once more side by side we knelt to receive the Blessed Sacrament. Then she went back again, and ten days later one came with haste to bid me go to her, for her babe was born, and she was dying. Did I weep or moan as now? My father, while I sped along the steep ascent, following my little gypsy guide, I laughed and sang and gave God thanks. For the Padre was gone before us, bearing our Lord to strengthen her, and my sister, my Beatrice, was dying in his love, and going to him, and no one could ever hurt her soul again.

"There she lay in a rough, rude tent; men and women far more rough and rude were standing round her awestruck. The Padre had already heard her make confession. I knelt by her and saw the sore contrition on her face; I saw her made strong with the viaticum and anointed with the sacred oil; I saw and she saw her child made God's child ere she died. When it was signed with the holy sign, and lay all white and holy in my arms, she beckoned me to come close to her. 'Promise me,' she whispered, and the dews of death were on her lips, and her breath struck chill against my face, 'promise me. Not like his father —never let him be like his father. Keep him good and pure.'

"Then I knelt down by her and looked straight into her dying eyes. 'At God's judgment-seat,' I said, and my voice sounded in my ears like some unknown voice solemn and dread to hear; 'at God's judgment-seat I will give you back this soul, holy and pure as now, God and our Lady helping me.' And suddenly, as one who knows not what he does, I bent me down and pressed my lips to hers where the Holy Host had lately been. 'By the seven sacraments,' I said, 'and our Lord's seven blood-sheddings, and the seven griefs of our Lady, I will give thee back this soul that awful day, holy and pure as now.'

"'Hear her, my God!' she said, and then she died.

"I watched that night beside her. All night long, around a great camp fire, the gypsy men and women sang and drank and made their hideous incantations, and the shadows danced about me in the lonely tent, and her face shone white and still beside me, and her baby slept upon my knee. The winds blew through the forest trees like funeral music, chanting even my own promise in my ears, 'I will give you back this soul, holy and pure as now, holy and pure as now.' I sang it, too, with solemn gladness beside my dead. Presently the babe stirred on my knee, and then I looked at him. Intent on her till then, I had hardly marked his face. Now by the ghostly light I saw it, and lo! no sign of my Beatrice was on it. Large, dark, and beautiful, with a beauty that one shrank from, he was all his father; and when he opened his eyes, they were great black eyes like those I dreaded most.

"And suddenly I understood what an awful vow I had bound me with forever. The water of baptism was hardly dry upon his brow, and holy and pure as now I had promised to restore him to his mother, this child stamped with the likeness of the worst of men. A great fear fell upon me; still holding her babe, I knelt again beside the mother. 'Jesus, Mary, help me,' I prayed. And then—it was not as if I did it of my own will, some divine thing moved me, God knows what—it was no rash vow, God prompted it, 'By thy seven sacraments,' I cried, 'by thy seven blood-sheddings, by thy Mother's seven griefs, O Jesu, grant me to see this soul holy and pure as now at the awful day, and wholly

and forever I give myself and it to thee, and to thee alone.' Then peace fell upon my soul, and I waited for the dawn.

"I had hoped that they would bring my Beatrice and lay her in consecrated ground, but when day came, her husband utterly refused. She was his, he said. I wept sore, but in my heart was a great rejoicing too. He had no power now to touch her soul, it was safe forever in the hand of God; and her body which he thought was his to do with as he would, God could raise up at the last from the wild mountain gorge to his own holy city in spite of him. I lifted the boy and essayed to go my way. And then he claimed him. God and his angels were with me then. I stood there, a weak woman, before that lawless man; I strained the child to my heart, and I made the sign of the cross before the father and myself. 'In the name of God,' I said, 'leave this child with me and him. Wilt ruin his soul, too?' He drew back with a scared look on his face, and I went straight forth with my darling in my arms. My God! My God!"

The anguish swept over her face again; the priest's lips moved as he saw it, but he spoke to God and not to her; he understood that it was no word from him she needed now, but that the truest comfort he could give her was to let her speak as she would without interruption. She wound her arms into each other and around her, till he who saw her groaned in pity at the sight of such self-inflicted pain, but he knew, too, that it was a real relief for far worse mental torture.

"Madonna," she cried, "where is he now? Do you see that my arms are empty, and my heart is empty, and my vow is broken? Thou who didst lose thy Son three days with no fault of thine, and mourned him sore, *my* boy is lost forever, and forever, and forever. What do you say to that, Madonna? Yes, father, lost forever. In her own month too, when who so happy as I before her shrine with my flowers and my prayers, and my boy—my boy! It had been a day of brightest sunshine—O sun, that I can never love to see again!—I brought my little Paolo down beside the sea, to wait the coming of the boats. Behind me, as I walked, I heard the women say how fair I was, and how I loved my sister's child; and they wondered what would be if ever I had children of my own to claim my heart. I only smiled, and clasped him closer to me. They knew not of my vow.

"Around the point came the shouts of men calling for help to drag the nets to shore; I laid Paolo on the soft white sand, and ran to help them. It was so short a time that I was gone, the shadow of the rock near which I laid him had hardly moved a man's length on the sand, but when I came again he was no longer there. We sought—the whole town helping—we sought hour by hour in vain. At last a boat put in with haste and fear, and the owner said they had fled home before a foreign bark of pirates, and had seen on board a tall Moor standing in the prow with a dark-haired baby in his arms."

She was not weeping now; the passion had died down in her voice; she spoke in tones of dull despair.

"Can you fancy what it is to have held a child for eight months, night and day, upon your heart; to have loved it as you never loved an earthly thing before; to have needed not, missed not, parent, sister, lover, while you had him? And then to feel the baby hand no longer on your neck; to miss the baby cry and smile; to have your home and your heart empty, empty? Many and many a woman knows that pang, father. *I* know more. Gone from my heart, and gone from the Sacred Heart as well; gone from our Lady, gone from priest and prayer; gone

where men mock at the holy faith; gone, with his father's face and eyes and soul, to be made like his father, and to sin and die, in spite of all my prayers and vows. I have no hope! I have no hope! My boy is lost forever and forever!"

Up from the village by the sea came the sweet notes of the vesper bell. "Daughter," the priest said, thoughtfully, "God has sent me to you. I preach in the church to-night. Come there and listen to my words. Till then, farewell, and trust in God. Pray as you used—the very prayers—and make the very vows."

He blessed her as she knelt beside the shrine, then hastened down the path. The woman lifted face and hands, with a great hope awakening in her heart, and did as he had bidden her, then followed him.

The village church was thronged that night; sailors were there, and sailors' wives and children, for the strange preacher was to speak of something which appealed strongly to their hearts, living as they did in constant danger from pirates, who infested all that coast. He told them good tidings that fair May evening. He told them of the religious order founded many years previous by command of the Mother of God herself, for redeeming captives from the power of the infidel; of the great need for such an order; of the danger of eternal ruin for many baptized souls if none came to rescue them from their temporal slavery. He told of the many men who had joined the order; of those who prayed, and those who preached, and those who begged for alms; of some who had given their very selves in exchange for captives, choosing to let their fellow-men go free, and to live as slaves, and die, if need be, in their stead. And looking on the eager faces lifted to his own—faces pale with bitter memories and heart-sore longings, and wet with tears for the loved and lost—he pleaded with them to give of their goods and of their prayers to ransom their brethren, perhaps their own kith and kin, from Satan's power.

Many gave of gold and silver that night, and many prayed. One soul, listening with bated breath, moaning no longer in despairing pain, heard and heeded the few words which called to a truer self-denial, an entire consecration. One woman, her reason unstrung by grief, but her faith and love strung up to intensest fervor, caught the holy flame from those holy lips, heard Christ call her to leave all and follow him, and obeyed the call as far as she then knew how. "Rome, Rome"—that was what the preacher said, or so at least she understood him—at Rome the work was done. Under that full blazing moon whose tiny bow but two weeks since had witnessed all her loss, Luisa sped along the mountain-path which led north to Rome. How far away it was she never thought or cared; she would have gone round the whole world as if with winged feet gladly, buoyed by the great hope filling all her heart, that her child would yet be saved. "I shall keep my vow," she whispered through the night. "Madonna," she prayed before the moonlit shrines, "Madonna, thou and I will find him yet, and I shall keep my vow." It never crossed her mind that the preacher meant that she should wait and speak to him; she had listened as he bade, she had prayed the prayers and vowed the vows again; her Lord had called her, and why should she delay?

The priest asked for her, and people sought her that evening, all in vain. "She knows not what she does," they told him, speaking with pitying tenderness of one who had no need of pity now. They could not understand why the stranger seemed to care so much for her, but he was conscious more and more of some strange prescience that God had meant this woman to be of use

to him and to his order, and now where was she? "If she knows not what she does, God knows," he said. "He can work his work in his own way;" and praying for her, he too set out for Rome. His journey was by sea, with favoring wind and tide; soon he was at home, but no day passed without a prayer, a thought of pity, for her who, one short hour, had come into his life. Pity for her! What though her feet bled, and her whole frame ached, and often hungry and weary, she slept beneath the stars? She was going to find her child; our Lady of Ransom would surely give her back her child; God had him in his holy keeping, waiting, only waiting, for her to come.

When at last Rome burst upon her view, how was she to find, in those crowded streets, the guide she sought? How, but with the same dauntless prayer and patience wherewith she had made her way as far as this. One day a priest beheld a woman kneeling at a shrine in one of Rome's great thoroughfares, too wrapped in prayer to notice those who passed, and he paused amazed at seeing his own prayers answered, then chid himself for his little faith.

"I know not how I came," she told him. "God brought me. I drank of the brook and fed on roots, herbs, anything. All the time I prayed my prayer, and vowed my vow. Now let me go to save my boy."

Slowly, while she spoke, came back to him the story he had been told by others in her southern home. Who the pirates were whom the boatmen had seen, no one could guess; they differed from those who usually harassed their coasts. It was doubtful if the child was really Luisa's, and even if it were, there had been time to sell him far inland. Moreover, many children were carried off to Africa from time to time; how could she trace her own? But stronger than all such reasoning, though receiving additional weight from it, was the priest's sense of Luisa's real vocation.

"What do you say is your wish?" he asked at length, his measured tones a strong contrast to her eager, rapid answer.

"I will go at once," she said, "only tell me how. Wherever you bid, alone, without money, without friends, to save my boy; even to sell myself for him as you said that night."

He listened to her with no sign of emotion, but his heart was full of prayer to God, and of thankfulness to him for his work on childlike souls. She who had done so much for the sake of a baby not her own, could do far more for Christ.

"Is this your chief wish?" he asked.

She paused. He was conscious that she was struggling with some interior emotion. "I do not know," she said at last. "I do not know what it means. It is—I must—O let *this* be God's will."

"Suppose," he went on with the same perfect calmness, "suppose God willed to grant your prayer, and to fulfil your vow, but not in your way at all; not by any means which you saw fit and proper? Suppose that he has taken you at your word, and wills that you shall indeed be his wholly, apart from all earthly ties, even that which seemed to you so sacred, and that in some way which perhaps you will never know in this life. He will take care that your child shall serve him thus, given, indeed, with the full meaning of your words, to God, and to God alone? Have you never thought that your vow implied the giving up your child itself for the love of God?"

"And I do nothing, father?"

"Is this, then, nothing?" he asked. "Is it nothing to besiege God night and day with prayers, not for one soul which *you* love, but for all souls whom *he* loves? He has no need of you to love that child. He asks of you your will alone, your

faith, yourself. All else he will have you leave to him. Remember that you vowed to give *everything* for God."

Into a church near by, Luisa went, away from the glare and tumult of the world without, into the shadow and the silence, into the nearness of the marvellous Presence whose Sacred Heart was calling her to Him, and to Him alone. There she was to make her choice; and there at first a flood of memories swept over her, till it seemed for a time as if strength, and will, and life itself must fail. Again she felt the baby hand upon her neck, the baby kiss upon her lips, again the child was lying in her arms, and she was on the beach and in the forest, and climbing the mountain-paths, feeling no weariness or grief while his smile cheered her. And once more fancy painted his present and future lot, sold into a slavery of soul far worse than that of the body, growing up evil, lawless, unbelieving; dying at last an infidel among infidels; meeting her and mocking her before the throne.

A wild fire was blazing in her heart. Miles seemed as nothing, and the sea as solid rock, before her eager faith, and that strange land like some familiar place where all would know her, and she would find her boy at once, or else die joyfully, seeing him forever free. How could she trust her sacred charge to any other, even to God himself? Surely, he willed to use her as his instrument.

So she looked up with all that pain tugging at her heart, rending it, driving her almost mad, and behold, she was quite alone in the silent church, alone with her Lord. She crept nearer to the altar, nearer to the sacred shrine, nearer to the Sacred Heart. On the wall was a great painting, the Lord of all things hanging dead upon a ghastly cross; at its foot the Mother of Sorrows looking intensely at her son.

"Madonna!"

Once more the cry broke forth in all its passionate wildness, but there it stayed. For awhile she did not speak, she was not conscious that she thought, she only gazed steadily, while the silence and the peace wrapped weary frame and tortured soul alike into a deeper rest than sleep could be, and "without noise of words" God the Holy Ghost taught her by his unearthly wisdom.

What was her grief compared to this grief; what was her loss compared to this? Yet grave and firm in all her anguish, that Holy Mother stood there, and made no effort to spare her Son a moment's pain. God's will, not ours, God's will alone be done.

Still she looked upward; some divine voice was calling her, speaking to her inmost soul. This Blessed One, with the wounded and broken Heart, *loved* her, was asking for her love. And overwhelming all else, an answering love awoke within her, a foretaste of deeper rapture yet to be. He could save her boy without her help; all He wanted of her was to plead and to suffer with Him. That was *all*.

Beside or in that quiet church, Luisa had her daily home. Where she slept few knew; often she did not sleep at all, but watched the whole night through, beneath the stars. When the sun shone hottest in the Roman sky, she stood, bareheaded, barefooted, in tattered raiment, begging alms of those who passed, "for the love of our Lady of Ransom." The words were simple, yet people rarely heard them carelessly; something in the tone thrilled one's soul with a sense of more than ordinary want and woe. Three hours each day she begged from men. The rest of her time, she knelt, a beggar, a queen, a royal handmaid, before God. People came to the church for the very purpose of watching her uplifted face in its more than angelic fervor of devotion, and to catch some sparks of such ardent

love. She never knew it. Uniting her heart with the Sacred Heart, and clinging to the Mother of grief, she entered into a mystical and unbroken union with Him who carried our sorrows; she pierced far into the mystery of submission and suffering, whereby the Blessed Virgin became our Lady of Ransom.

Captives returning home, freed from chains and cruel usage, were often told of her, and often came to thank her for her work of prayer and self-denial. She never seemed to comprehend them. But for a time she failed not to ask of each new-comer one eager question: "Hast ever seen in the land of slavery a little dark-haired child of Italy, with great black eyes? He had Our Lady's beads about his neck, carved quaintly from the orange-wood, but I fear the infidel soon took them from him." And when always she could find no satisfaction from their answers, sighing she said, "God's will be done."

But by and by she ceased to ask, she even ceased to care. Literally, she forgot all, she gave up all in the fulfilment of her vow. Her home beside the sea, the love of her child, the thought of that far-off land of the infidel, each alike faded from her. The one thought of her Divine Lord possessed her soul. When at last she lay upon her death-bed the priest who had been the instrument of bringing her to Rome, was the same who guided her through the vale of death to the heavenly city. Watching beside her he thought again of all her suffering, of her long years of work and of waiting. She had grown so holy by their perfecting power that it seemed to him God must grant her at the last, if only in prophetic vision, the fruit of all her labor.

And even as he thought this he saw a look of awe and rapture kindle in her face, and he bent forward eagerly, thinking that God was indeed gracious to her in her hour of death.

He was gracious, but not as Father Jerome thought. "Do you see him?" he asked. "Is Paolo safe? Has God shown him to you?"

She did not answer. She did not hear the name that once had stirred every fibre of her being to dare all for that one beloved soul.

"Paolo?" the priest repeated, longing to gain additional evidence of God's love for this holy soul. "Is it Paolo?"

But she had forgotten earth. The name woke no answering chord within her.

"Daughter," he said earnestly, "in the name of holy obedience what is it that you see?"

And then she who had bent her neck beneath the sweet yoke of the three great vows, but most deeply had entered into the meaning of the subjugation of the will, answered steadily, with the same upward look of awe and rapture on her face, "I see my Lord," and so she died.

The next day a priest, come to Rome from a distant Italian town, saw a great crowd gathered round a church, pressing one upon another, climbing to the windows, besieging the doors.

"What causes this?" he asked of a man standing on the outskirts of the throng, and the man made answer: "A holy woman died last night in the odor of sanctity. We come to honor her, and to gain some blessing from her. If I can but reach to touch her I doubt not that I shall be healed of my malaria that torments me sorely."

"I will lend you a hand, friend," said the stranger kindly. "Perhaps my priestly dress will help us through the crowd."

They made their progress slowly, and so heard much of what the people were saying all around them. Listening, the priest showed signs of wonder and surprise.

"It is reported," one man was saying to his neighbor, "that the Moors carried away her son some

years since,—at all events she lost him,—and she vowed her life to God, in order to save his soul."

"Well did she keep her vow then," was the answer. "God loves and hears such holy ones as she was."

"Whence came she?"

"From the South they say, but none know how. Angels led her the people think, for she had no guide, no money, no friends, no food."

"Her name?"

"Luisa. May the Holy Father one day enrol it with the saints."

"They tell that she died in glory, and the women with her heard angel music, and she saw heavenly sights none else could see."

It was a heavenly sight that the strange priest saw, when at last he reached the bier lying before the high altar. Always strikingly beautiful, the face which had been worn by fast and vigil was soft and fair now like a little child's, and upon the lips the smile still rested which had greeted the vision of her Lord.

At the head of the bier, motionless, absorbed in prayer and thanksgiving, with his eyes fixed upon the saintly face as if thereby he drew each moment nearer to the Lord she saw, an aged priest of the order of our Lady of Ransom was kneeling. Calmly, as if it were by right his place, the stranger knelt at the bier's foot, and undisturbed by all the tumult round him, entered also into deep communion with his God. When word was given for the people to depart, still he knelt there, and at last only they two were left with the dead before the Sacred Heart. Then the stranger spoke low and reverently in the hallowed stillness.

"My brother," and then for the first time Father Jerome saw him. "My brother, you may not remember me, but twenty years ago this very month you preached in my little church beside the sea. This holy woman heard you."

Father Jerome looked at him with his whole soul in his eyes, as if sure of some great blessing coming with his words.

"She had mourned her sister's child because she thought him forever lost. I bade her wait God's time patiently."

"She learned to do it," Father Jerome said.

"And she kept her vow? Though indeed I need not ask."

"To the utmost; to the end."

"I have travelled far, in my old age, to find her," said the padre. "I baptized her when she was a baby, and I loved her eager, holy soul. I had news to tell her."

Wistfully the other priest bent forward. "Tell *me*," he cried. "Tell me; perhaps she also hears."

"Two weeks since," slowly the aged, reverend voice went on, "some fisher-lads, idling in their boats below the cliffs, found, hidden by vines, a rocky cleft where none of them had ever been before. Mounting to it in foolhardy fashion, yet guided by God's providence, they found there the bleached bones of a little child, and close beside them a quaintly carven rosary. Had there been any doubt, those beads must have proved that we had found Paolo. We knew them well for those Luisa loved the best, and it was I who blessed them. I too it was who had baptized that child, and twenty long years after, stainless as when the dews of baptism were not dry upon his brow, I buried him. Then I came to find you, brother, and to see if you knew aught of her. I am too late, alas!"

Too late! Suddenly an exquisite, unearthly odor, a radiant, unearthly light drew their eyes to that holy face once more. Around the head they saw the saintly halo shine, the whole body was luminous with a mystic glory, and the priest, grown old in heavenly lore, knew well that she who had seen her Lord in death was gazing forever on the beatific vision. What need to tell her that

the soul for whose ransom she had given her all had been spotless and pure with God those twenty years, wholly and forever His, and His alone? What need to tell her now, that while she had served and suffered for its sake on earth, it had served God painlessly with angelic service face to face with Him? Far better than they knew it she knew all; nor could they grieve that here she had not known it, since through that path of pain and mystery she had been transformed into the likeness of her Lord.

"THE CHRONICLE OF ST. ANTONY OF PADUA."

GIVE to a man of culture, not a Catholic, certain books of the *Quarterly series* now in process of publication in England—the *Life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal*, for instance—he may take exception to it here and there, but it is easy to suppose that he will be able to find enjoyment in the study which he can make of the character and life of this clear-headed, earnest-minded, womanly woman; she has much with which he can sympathize, much which will win his love, admiration, and respect, even while he coolly condemns her because she carried out that which eternal wisdom and truth justified,—the leaving of father and children, houses and lands, for the love of God. Like a personal friend she stands before us, drawn by a woman's skilful hand. She and her portrayer are alike Catholics; *ergo*, of course, mistaken; but candid criticism will admit that there is truth and helpfulness in such a book.

Or give this critic the *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier*. Miracles are here, and hints of matters which are foreign to ordinary life and quite suspicious in their nature, but there is a strong counterbalance of more general and harmless topics; the reviewer will tell us that the work is scholarly, historical, moderate; that the letters are well worth reading, to gain an idea of the practical working of a singular system which, in spite of hatred and scoff and with all the powers of the world arrayed against it, lives and works among us with undaunted will. So, too, the *Life of Donna Luisa de Carvajal* may win a not unkindly notice, if the critic be inclined to candor, and has a taste for hearing both sides of a disputed question; and the simplicity and sweetness of the *Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka* may waken the poetic element of his nature.

But, with the fifteenth volume of the series, the case is different. Notwithstanding touches of exquisite beauty, from first to last there is something here, unavoidable, prominent, even thrust upon our notice, which gives to the *Chronicle of St. Antony of Padua* a tone different from the other books we have named. There is hardly a chapter throughout which does not relate a *miracle*, and, in some, these marvels are told one after the other with hardly a pause to allow one to draw breath and make a sign of amazement; are told too in a calm, matter-of-fact fashion, as if such things were actually true, and all men must credit them as calmly as they are related. You tell us, the critic exclaims, that this saint was a great preacher, the hammer of heretics, but it is little you have to say of his preaching compared with all you tell of his

miracles. This book is a story-book, like the fairy tales we give our children. Do you expect us to believe it all?

Hardly do we open the account of St. Antony's life than we are told, that when he was once caring for a sick man, he was informed by God that the illness was occasioned by the devil. He "immediately laid his habit over the sufferer and he was cured in an instant." From this time on the miracles follow in swift succession. At last we are told, as if it were one of the historical facts we learn at school, like the conquest of England by Julius Cæsar, that, on the evening of St. Antony's death near Padua, as a certain abbot, Don Thomas, was sitting in his room, miles distant from the death-bed, "his old scholar, Antony, came in and said to him, 'See, Father Abbot, I have left my little ass near Padua and am going in haste to my own country;' and so saying, he passed his hand under his chin, caressingly, and cured him of an affection of the throat from which he was suffering. As he disappeared through the door, the abbot hastily followed him to beg him not to be in so great a hurry to depart. But he saw nothing of him, and the persons who were in the antechamber into which Antony had seemed to pass declared that no one had entered it. Don Thomas sent to the monastery of the Friars Minor, inquiring whether he had been there, and when he heard that nothing had been seen of his beloved scholar and friend, he felt sure, of what was soon proved by news from Padua, that Antony had alluded to his mortal remains which he had just left at Arcella, and that paradise, not Portugal, was the country to which he was bound."

Death does not close the list of wonders. Chapters follow, telling of more marvels after death. Is this writer one of us, in full possession of his powers, and in a reasonable state of mind, that he should expect us to believe so much? Does he believe it himself? Nothing contents him. The very preaching of the saint must be supernatural—we are told that he had the gift of tongues; that men of different speech, listening to him at one and the same time, heard him each in his own language; that, however great the crowd, however loud the tumult, his voice was distinct to all; when men refused to hear him, he bade the fish of the sea attend, and they obeyed, coming towards the shore in shoals, and listening attentively. He was seen in two places at the same instant; he predicted of the future, and his prediction was fulfilled; he read the thoughts of men; he penetrated into the wiles of Satan when other persons saw in these wiles only the work of their fellows; he healed the dying and raised the dead; was transported by mysterious power and with marvellous speed from one place to another far away. Satan once employed physical force against him, and almost strangled him; the saint made the holy sign, said as well as he was able the name of the Blessed Virgin and a favorite hymn in her honor, and lo! his cell was filled with light whereby he saw his enemy flee from the place. He who loved the Immaculate Mother, and conquered by her name, won special favor from the Divine Son. A friend named Tiso, passing the saint's room one night, "saw brilliant rays of light streaming under the door, and on looking through the keyhole he saw a little child of marvellous beauty standing upon a book which lay upon the table, and clinging with both arms round Antony's neck. Who was he? But as he gazed, unable to take his eyes away, and saw the flood of heavenly light with which he was surrounded, and the ineffable tenderness with which he embraced Antony, and in return was caressed by him, and he felt his own soul

filled with an ineffable sweetness and rapture in watching the mutual endearments of the saint and his wondrous visitor, Tiso knew with a certainty that needed no further proof that it was indeed the Divine Babe of Bethlehem, who was consoling his favored servant and filling him with heavenly delight." It is also related that at Antony's death "he lifted his eyes to heaven and kept them fixed there, while his whole face beamed with a light and brightness strange to see in a dying man. Fra Ruggiero, who was supporting him in his arms, asked him what he saw, and he answered, very clearly, 'I see my God.'" Soon afterward the eyes closed to earthly things, to open forever upon the beatific vision.

Then suddenly, while still in Arcella the death was thought a secret, the children in Padua learned the truth by mysterious means. "Our Father St. Antony is dead," they cried, going about the city, tearful and sad; crowds hastened to the spot where the body lay. "Whither have you gone, loving Father of Padua?" So the lamentation rose, "Have you really gone away, and left behind the children who repented and were born again to Christ through you? Where shall we find another to preach to us orphans with such patience and charity?" As in a solemn triumph they bore him to the city from the quiet spot where he had died, and they laid him on a shrine. Then the miraculous power so great in life appeared more marvellous still in death. The touching of the very shrine gave healing; even outside of the church cures were effected upon persons who, because of the great crowd, could not enter. Through summer and winter, by day and night, processions came in penitence and prayer to honor Antony and seek his aid, and it was said that they who dared approach in a state of sin received no relief for their bodily ills, but after being cleansed in the sacrament of penance the help they sought was granted. So great was the devotion, and so resplendent God's witness to Antony's sanctity, that, notwithstanding Rome's usual caution in such matters, this saint was canonized before the first anniversary of his death came. All the bells in Lisbon, his native place, rang of their own accord just at the time when in far-off Rome the sentence was pronounced. Year by year the miracles went on; diseases were cured, things lost were found, dangers at sea were escaped, infidels were converted, the dead were raised, and in this "practical," skeptical, nineteenth century, it is claimed by learned and God-fearing men that St. Antony's power is still exercised. What does all this mean?

Remember that not only worldlings display surprise and doubt in this regard. They are joined by myriads who call themselves Christians. Protestants, evangelical and unevangelical, are, for the most part, united here, that, granted miracles were ever wrought at all, the age of miracles is past, and a claim put forth for them is ordinarily regarded as proof positive that the claimant is either a deceiver or a dupe.

But down below this question lies the real difficulty. In this world, and on this day, men find themselves face to face with a Church which claims for herself, and for herself alone, all they are and all they have. She will give no quarter in the ceaseless war she wages. They must either be arrayed beneath her banner, or they must be her foes, whom, by weapons not of this world, but far more subtle, sure, and potent, she seeks with unremitting effort to conquer to her will. Greek, Russian, Anglican, Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian, may hold out the right hand of fellowship to one another as they please, embracing in their strivings after unity each new sect as it rises, but persistently this

church of iron refuses every such advance. Those who ask to be united to her, she receives with the robe and the ring and the joyous feast, but it is noted of her that she receives none at all unless they come like the prodigal, with the prodigal's humble cry. These hate her as they hate nothing else on earth, far more than they hate sin. They dread her far more than they dread Satan. Everywhere they find her. Put forth the strong hand of civil law and banish her from one land, she rises in another, buoyant, unflinching. Nay, banish her, and behold she fears neither law nor death. With or without disguise, cunning as serpents, when men fancied themselves rid of her, her priests are among them, where only yesterday they were driven from the land.

Strange as the church they serve her servants are. The soldier, armed to the teeth, finds them unarmed among the Indian tribes; the savant meets them in his wanderings; they are side by side with, and often far in advance of the explorer and the adventurer. You cannot move them by the tender pleas which conquer other men; the name of wife or child is as nothing to them. Threaten them with loss of worldly goods, and they tell you that their very badge is poverty; send them to prison, and they count it honor; sentence them to death the most shameful, or load them with lifelong disgrace, and they thank you for a transcendent joy and glory which they declare they gain thereby. Talk of miracles as fairy tales! the things which her enemies say of her might rank in a like category, then, by their constant contradictions. She is tawdry and a sham, says one, and at the same instant another is bidding you beware of her exquisite beauty, her deadly charms. They accuse her of destroying Bible truth, yet have no choice but to grant that if they possess a true Bible at all today, it was she who preserved it for them during ages commonly styled dark ages, but which she regards as glorious with Divine light. They say she gives an undue honor to saint and angel, yet find nowhere else such passionate devotion to Christ the Lord. They call her ambitious, and behold, the poor are crowding round her altars; they call her a tyrant, and her slaves declare such bondage to be better far than freedom; they call her a foe to science, and her scholars stand up with earth's wisest and surpass them all. Poetry and art and music have lavished for centuries their choicest treasures at her feet; she is adorned with all that is most rare and precious; yet she is found in the haunts of sin and squalor, among the poorest and the vilest, taking with serenest patience the lowest place. A beggar's son may win her highest honors, and emperors cannot escape her stern rebuke.

Men strive hard to silence her, to cast dishonor on her reputation, to tear her children from her arms and lead them into other folds, or leave them desolate with no abiding-place. They declare themselves her equals and superiors; claim that they too send forth missionaries, that they too have sacraments and ministers, that they too pray, praise and give thanks. But speak of miracles wrought continuously, with no breaks and no doubts, from the time of Christ even to this very hour, and something is found at last which compels them to change their mode of warfare. It would be a dangerous thing indeed for them to grant the truth of such marvels, for they would thus tacitly concede to the Church which they rank as evil a power for good and strength and healing, which would shine forth in strange contradistinction to these sects which have it not. And so men calling themselves Christ's people do not shun to give her the lie; men saying week by week, and some of them day by day, "I believe in God . . . Almighty,"

protest that the servants of the Almighty have no power now to do what Jews could do before the world's Redeemer came with grander might; men claiming that the Bible, and the Bible only, is their religion, read there of One whose promise was that greater works than his had been his followers should do, and then limit the words of the Omnipotent to a time that suits themselves.

They have lost, God help them, the very meaning of the creed they often profess to hold. Refusing to hear the only voice that can guide us infallibly through the tangled maze of time, their minds comprehend no longer what their lips speak. They cannot fathom the depth of meaning, the glory and the strength of the last clause of the creed, the belief in God the Holy Ghost. Speaking to men unmistakably today as of old, speaking through a human instrument chosen by the Lord Himself, it is the unfailing and active presence of God the Holy Ghost that makes the Holy Catholic Church mistress and queen of nations, through honor and dishonor, through infamy and good name, dying, and behold, she lives, having nothing and yet possessing all things. She cannot be uprooted, in whom the very Lord and Giver of life dwells. She must work wonders when he is in her. Unabashed by the wild tumult round her, she puts forth her steady persistent declaration that she is "the Catholic Church of God, which he has established by innumerable miracles, and illustrated by the lives and deaths of innumerable saints."

But men who will not receive this, men who claim that a visible unity is not needful, or who are striving to gain back by their poor human devices the unity they have parted from, but could not break, have lost, too, the practical belief in the Communion of Saints, and have little or no practical conception of what the Catholic Church is. The statesman of the time of Louis XIV would find his old ideas of statesmanship sadly out of place were he set down in the French cabinet of to-day, but he could a thousand times better undertake to guide the ship of state over those stormy seas, than Protestants can comprehend the animus and working of the Church of the Living God. She puts no limits to the power of her Supreme Master, sets no time when the signs of his omnipotence shall fail, deems it no marvel that miracles are wrought. To her great faith the only marvel she is capable of feeling, is that more are not wrought, and for this she never dreams of supposing that God is the cause, but while men are branding her with the stigma of gross superstition, or are calling her a liar, she is reproving her children with the Lord's tender reproof of old: "O ye of little faith, why do ye doubt?" She uses in her sciences another alphabet than man's. Her Communion of Saints implies a union with God, which wins the use of the very powers of God. His true Church lives upon His word. What has He not promised to faith? what has He denied to prayer? If leagues and mountains lie between His people and the accomplishment of His will, He who has made England and America talk together to-day as men talk face to face, shall make distance nothing, and bring mountains low at the prayer of faith.

Do we count Plato a babbler because he knew nothing of steamboats and engines, or Euripides an idiot because he never heard of the telescope and telegraph? But a veil which hung before their eyes has been withdrawn for us. It is not that we have more genius than they; it is that more knowledge has been revealed to us. Electricity and steam existed through all the centuries; it is a special use of them which we are enjoying. What finite mind can know, or predict, or so much as

fancy the hidden powers which an omniscient God still holds in reserve till He chooses to let us grasp them? He who made time and space, light and darkness, life and death, can do what He will with each and all. Had one ventured to tell the first settlers of Massachusetts, that a time was coming when across that ocean which they had struggled over wearily for weeks, a message would be sent in a moment, and men would read in their New England homes at night what had taken place in Old England only the night before, it is strongly to be suspected that he would have been denounced in Puritan meetings as a "light person," and a liar. Yet, that to them preposterous idea is an ordinary fact today. Shall the mind of God accomplish no more than His creature man can do, or shall He promise that whatever we ask we shall receive, and then fail in His promise because the usual human means have failed? The God in whom we trust is an Almighty God.

One important point in regard to one subject demands attention from us as citizens of the United States. It is true that Protestants in general have lost faith in that which is implied by the Communion of Saints, but it is also true that there exists among them a vague, hungry sense of that loss, and a reaching after something to fill the void. Spiritualism is the fruit of this, but still deadlier fruits are ripening for the future. We are told again and again that ours is a marvellous time and land, but hear it as often as we may, we are not capable of grasping the awful extent of the marvel. All through our South dwells a people among whom it is stated that the smouldering fires of their natural, Afric heathenism, are breaking out into a lurid flame. Upon our prairies, many red men, smarting with cruel wrongs, worship their Great Spirit still. Asia is sending her children among us, and the Chinese joss-house is found in this land which in common parlance bears the name of Christian. We are seeing the dawn of a terrible day.

Satan has greater knowledge than any scholar among us; he knows well that there is in the marvellous a mighty power for good or for ill; he has a patient cunning and a ready wit. Time and again he has striven to match himself with God; he is gathering his forces to try the deadly war again. When the hour comes that he "shall show great signs and wonders," what shall be able to cope with him except a Church that can, like Moses and Aaron in Egypt, and our blessed Lord and his disciples in Palestine, do works more wondrous? And how shall there be pointed out to discordant sects and infidels and heathens the only path that leads to truth? What shall avail to snatch them from error as brands from the burning, except a voice which is infallible and unmistakable, the very centre of unity, the present and unfailing instrument of God the Holy Ghost?

The Chronicle of St. Antony bears on the page which corresponds to an ordinary dedication page a prayer of the saint, which later in the volume is translated thus:

"O Light of the world, infinite God, Father of eternity, Giver of wisdom and knowledge, and ineffable Dispenser of every spiritual grace, who knowest all things before they are made, who makest the darkness and the light, put forth Thy hand and touch my mouth, and make it as a sharp sword to utter eloquently Thy words. Make my tongue, O Lord, as a chosen arrow, to declare faithfully Thy wonders; put Thy spirit, O Lord, in my heart that I may perceive, in my soul that I may retain, and in my conscience that I may meditate; do Thou lovingly, holily, mercifully, clemently, and gently inspire me with Thy grace; do Thou teach, guide, and strengthen the comings in and the goings out of

my senses and my thoughts, and let Thy discipline instruct me even to the end, and the counsel of the Most High help me through Thine infinite wisdom and mercy. Amen."

Though more than six hundred years are gone since the great saint prayed this prayer, may it receive even in our day an answer, while he preaches to us one great lesson of the faith.

AT LAST.

My life, it has been long,
And the years have sped away,
And in my youth, although they ran,
I wished them not to stay.

But the prime of youth did pass,
And I said to Time: "Run slower.
O bear not away the spring of life,
That cometh to me no more!"

But Time made answer grave:
"The summer doth follow spring;
If ye have sown in the early year,
The summer the fruits will bring."

But I smote my breast in grief,
For not a seed had I sown,
And I knew no fruits are for idle men,
But for him that has toiled alone.

The summer did come and go,
And lonely and sad was I.
I said to myself: "When autumn comes
I will lay me down and die."

And I said to Time: "O Time,
My sorrow is great to bear.
Will autumn seeds not bring forth fruit,
If tended with tears and care?"

But Time made answer grave:
"The winter cometh fast.
What! can ye hope for a harvest still,
When ye let the seedtime waste?"

At the calm, cold words of Time,
There fell on my heart a chill;
[redacted] autumn winds swept over the land,
[redacted] roused my sleeping will.

I said: "It is *not* too late;
 I will not sit still and sigh;
Others have reaped in the waning year;
 It is better to do than die."

Deep down in the dark chill earth,
 I digged a pit for the seed;
I loved the hope that sprung in my heart,
 And strengthened my soul in need.

Day after day I worked,
 And tended it night by night,
And loosed the soil for the tender plant
 That was springing out of sight.

But the winter snow did come,
 And the chilling wind and frost;
My pulses throbbed as I watched the storm,
 For I feared that my hope was lost.

Despair would knock at the door,
 But I never would let him in;
I thawed the ice with my own warm tears,
 And remembered distrust was sin.

Slowly the plant would grow,
 And the little shoots appear,
And "Alas!" I cried, "for the wasted months;
 Alas! for the wasted year."

And I said to Time: "O Time,
 I would I could make thee wait;
I would I could turn thy footsteps back,
 For I fear I have toiled too late."

And Time made answer cold:
 "Thou bringst me evil repute;
I warned thee spring was the time for seed,
 And autumn the time for fruit."

* * * * *

As waters that bound by frost
 Take life again from the sun,
So thus my heart when I heard the words:
 "Thy labor and work is done.

"Thy faith and thy sleepless nights,
 Thy tears and thy prayers are known;
Turn thee; behold the golden fruit,
 From the little seed thou hast sown."

I turned—'twas an angel; lo!
 He had bound the fruit in a wreath;
I saw his face, and I knew him then—
 I knew that his name was Death.

HALF A LIFETIME AGO.

A LOVE STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE vehemence with which Susan Dixon threw herself into occupation could not last forever. Times of languor and remembrance would come —times when she recurred with a passionate yearning to past days, the recollection of which was so vivid and delicious, that it seemed as though it were the reality, and the present bleak bareness the dream. She smiled anew at the magical sweetness of some touch or tone which in memory she felt and heard, and drank the delicious cup of poison, although at the very time she knew what the consequence of racking pain would be.

"This time, last year," thought she, "we went nutting together—this very day last year; just such a day as to-day. Purple and gold were the lights on the hills; the leaves were just turning brown; here and there on the sunny slopes the stubble-fields looked tawny; down in a cleft of yon purple slate-rock the beck fell like a silver glancing thread; all just as it is to-day. And he climbed the slender swaying nut-trees, and bent the branches for me to gather; or made a passage through the hazel copses, from time to time claiming a toll. Who could have thought he loved me so little?—who? who?"

Or, as the evening closed in, she would allow herself to imagine that she heard his coming step, just that she might recall the feeling of exquisite delight which had passed by without the due and passionate relish at the time. Then she would wonder how she could have had strength, the cruel self-piercing strength, to say what she had done; to stab herself with that stern resolution, of which the scar would remain till her dying day. It might have been right; but, as she sickened, she wished she had not instinctively chosen the right. How luxurious a life haunted by no stern sense of duty must be! And many led this kind of life; why could not she? O, for one hour again of his sweet company! If he came now, she would agree to whatever he proposed.

It was a fever of the mind. She passed through it, and came out healthy, if weak. She was capable once more of taking pleasure in following an unseen guide through brier and brake. She returned with tenfold affection to her protecting care of Willie. She acknowledged to herself that he was to be her all-in-all in life. She made him her constant companion. For his sake, as the real owner of Yew Nook, and she as his steward and guardian, she began that course of careful saving, and that love of acquisition, which afterwards gained for her the reputation of being miserly. She still thought that he might regain a scanty portion of sense,—enough to require some simple pleasures and excitement, which would cost money. And money should not be wanting. Peggy rather assisted her in the formation of her parsimonious habits than otherwise; economy was the order of the district, and a certain degree of respectable avarice the characteristic of age. Only Willie was never stinted or hindered of anything that the two women thought could give him pleasure for want of money.

There was one gratification which Susan felt was needed for the restoration of her mind to its more

healthy state, after she had passed through the whirling fever, when duty was as nothing, and anarchy reigned; a gratification, that somehow was to be her last burst of unreasonableness; of which she knew and recognized pain as the sure consequence. She must see him once more,—herself unseen.

The week before the Christmas of this memorable year, she went out in the dusk of the early winter evening, wrapped up close in shawl and cloak. She wore her dark shawl under her cloak, putting it over her head in lieu of a bonnet; for she knew that she might have to wait long in concealment. Then she tramped over the wet fell-path, shut in by misty rain for miles and miles, till she came to the place where he was lodging; a farm-house in Langdale, with a steep stony lane leading up to it: this lane was entered by a gate out of the main road, and by the gate were a few bushes—thorns; but of them the leaves had fallen, and they offered no concealment: an old wreck of a yew tree grew among them, however, and underneath that Susan cowered down, shrouding her face, of which the color might betray her, with a corner of her shawl. Long did she wait; cold and cramped she became, too damp and stiff to change her posture readily. And after all, he might never come! But, she would wait till daylight, if need were; and she pulled out a crust, with which she had providently supplied herself. The rain had ceased—a dull still brooding weather had succeeded; it was a night to hear distant sounds. She heard horses' hoofs striking and plashing in the stones, and in the pools of the road at her back. Two horses; not well-ridden, or evenly guided, as she could tell.

Michael Hurst and a companion drew near; not tipsy, but not sober. They stopped at the gate to bid each other a maudlin farewell. Michael stooped forward to catch the latch with the hook of the stick which he carried; he dropped the stick, and it fell with one end close to Susan—indeed, with the slightest change of posture, she could have opened the gate for him. He swore a great oath, and struck his horse with his closed fist, as if that animal had been to blame; then he dismounted, opened the gate, and fumbled about for his stick. When he had found it (Susan had touched the other end) his first use of it was to flog his horse well, and she had much ado to avoid its kicks and plunges. Then, still swearing, he staggered up the lane, for it was evident he was not sober enough to remount.

By daylight Susan was back and at her daily labors at Yew Nook. When the spring came, Michael Hurst was married to Eleanor Hebthwaite. Others, too, were married, and christenings made their firesides merry and glad; or they travelled, and came back after long years with many wondrous tales. More rarely, perhaps, a Dalesman changed his dwelling. But to all households more change came than to Yew Nook. There the seasons came round with monotonous sameness; or, if they brought mutation, it was of a slow, and decaying, and depressing kind. Old Peggy died. Her silent sympathy, concealed under much roughness, was a loss to Susan Dixon. Susan was not yet thirty when this happened, but she looked a middle-aged, not to say an elderly woman. People affirmed that she had never recovered her complexion since that fever, a dozen years ago, which killed her father, and left Willie Dixon an idiot. But besides her gray sallowness, the lines in her face were strong, and deep, and hard. The movements of her eyeballs were slow and heavy; the wrinkles at the corners of her mouth and eyes were planted firm and sure; not an ounce of unnecessary flesh was there on her bones—every muscle started strong and ready for use. She

needed all this bodily strength to a degree that no human creature, now Peggy was dead, knew of: for Willie had grown up large and strong in body, and, in general, docile enough in mind; but, every now and then, he became first moody, and then violent. These paroxysms lasted but a day or two; and it was Susan's anxious care to keep their very existence hidden and unknown. It is true that occasional passers-by on that lonely road heard sounds at night of knocking about of furniture, blows, and cries, as of some tearing demon within the solitary farm-house; but these fits of violence usually occurred in the night; and whatever had been their consequence, Susan had tidied and red up all signs of aught unusual before the morning. For, above all, she dreaded lest some one might find out in what danger and peril she occasionally was, and might assume a right to take away her brother from her care. The one idea of taking charge of him had deepened and deepened with years. It was graven into her mind as the object for which she lived. The sacrifice she had made for this object only made it more precious to her. Besides, she separated the idea of the docile, affectionate, loutish, indolent Will, and kept it distinct from the terror which the demon that occasionally possessed him inspired her with. The one was her flesh and her blood,—the child of her dead mother; the other was some fiend who came to torture and convulse the creature she so loved. She believed that she fought her brother's battle in holding down those tearing hands, in binding whenever she could those uplifted restless arms prompt and prone to do mischief. All the time she subdued him with her cunning or her strength, she spoke to him in pitying murmurs, or abused the third person, the fiendish enemy, in no unmeasured tone[illegible]ing the [illegible] and he would fall asleep, perhaps only to waken with evil and renewed vigor. But when he was laid down she would sally out to taste the fresh air, and to work off her wild sorrow in cries and mutterings to herself. The early laborers saw her gestures at a distance, and thought her as crazed as the idiot brother who made the neighborhood a haunted place. But did any chance person call at Yew Nook later, or in the day, he would find Susan Dixon cold, calm, collected; her manner curt, her wits keen.

Once this fit of violence lasted longer than usual. Susan's strength both of mind and body was nearly worn out; she wrestled in prayer that somehow it might end before she, too, was driven mad; or, worse, might be obliged to give up her life's aim, and consign Willie to a madhouse. From that moment of prayer (as she afterwards superstitiously thought) Willie calmed—and then he drooped—and then he sank—and, last of all, he died, in reality from physical exhaustion.

But he was so gentle and tender as he lay on his dying bed; such strange childlike gleams of returning intelligence came over his face long after the power to make his dull inarticulate sounds had departed, that Susan was attracted to him by a stronger tie than she had ever felt before. It was something to have even an idiot loving her with dumb, wistful, animal affection; something to have any creature looking at her with such beseeching eyes, imploring protection from the insidious enemy stealing on. And yet she knew that to him death was no enemy but a true friend, restoring light and health to his poor clouded mind. It was to her that death was an enemy; to her, the survivor, when Willie died: there was no one to love her. Worse doom still, there was no one left on earth for her to love.

You now know why no wandering [illegible]ould persuade her to receive

him as a lodger; why no tired traveller could melt her heart to give him rest and refreshment; why long habits of seclusion had given her a moroseness of manner, and care for the interests of another had rendered her keen and miserly.

But there was a third act in the drama of her life.

Chapter V.

In spite of Peggy's prophecy that Susan's life should not seem long, it did seem wearisome and endless as year by year slowly uncoiled their monotonous circles. To be sure, she might have made change for herself, but she did not care to do it. It was, indeed, more than "not caring," which merely implies a certain degree of *vis inertiæ* to be subdued before an object can be attained, and that the object itself does not seem to be of sufficient importance to call out the requisite energy. On the contrary, Susan exerted herself to avoid change and variety. She had a morbid dread of new faces, which originated in her desire to keep poor dead Willie's state a profound secret. She had a contempt for new customs; and indeed her old ways prospered so well under her active hand and vigilant eye, that it was difficult to know how they could be improved upon. She was regularly present in Coniston market with the best butter and the earliest chickens of the season. Those were the common farm produce that every farmer's wife about had to sell; but Susan, after she had disposed of the more feminine articles, turned to on the man's side. A better judge of a horse or cow there was not in all the country round. Yorkshire itself might have attempted to jockey her, and would have failed. Her corn was sound and clean; her potatoes well preserved to the latest spring. People began to talk of the hoards of money Susan Dixon must have laid up somewhere; and one young ne'er-do-well of a farmer's son undertook to make love to the woman of forty, who looked fifty-five, if a day. He made up to her by opening a gate on the road-path home, as she was riding on a bare-backed horse, her purchase not an hour ago. She was off before him, refusing his civility; but the remounting was not so easy, and rather than fail she did not choose to attempt it. She walked, and he walked alongside, improving his opportunity, which, as he vainly thought, had been granted consciously to him. As they drew near Yew Nook, he ventured on some expression of a wish to keep company with her. His words were vague and clumsily arranged. Susan turned round and coolly asked him to explain himself. He took courage, as he thought of her reputed wealth, and expressed his wishes this second time pretty plainly. To his surprise the reply she made was in a series of smart strokes across his shoulders, administered through the medium of a supple hazel-switch.

"Take that!" said she, almost breathless, "to teach thee how thou darest make a fool of an honest woman, old enough to be thy mother. If thou com'st a step nearer the house, there's a good horse-pool, and there's two stout fellows who'll like no better fun than ducking thee. Be off wi' thee."

And she strode into her own premises, never looking round to see whether he obeyed her injunction or not.

Sometimes three or four years would pass over without her hearing Michael Hurst's name mentioned. She used to wonder at such times whether he were dead or alive. She would sit for hours by the dying embers of her fire on a winter's evening, trying to recall the scenes of her youth; trying to bring up living pictures of the faces she had then known, Michael's most especially. She thought that it was possible, so

long had been the lapse of years, that she might now pass by him in the street unknowing and unknown. His outward form she might not recognize, but himself she should feel in the thrill of her whole being. He could not pass her unawares.

What little she did hear about him all testified a downward tendency. He drank, not at stated times when there was no other work to be done, but continually, whether it was seed-time or harvest. His children were ill at one time; then one died, while the others recovered, but were poor sickly things. No one dared to give Susan any direct intelligence of her former lover; many avoided all mention of his name in her presence; but a few spoke out either in indifference to or ignorance of those bygone days. Susan heard every word, every whisper, every sound that related to him. But her eye never changed, nor did a muscle of her face move.

Late one November night she sate over her fire, not a human being besides herself in the house; none but she had ever slept there since Willie's death. The farm-laborers had foddered the cattle and gone home hours before. There were crickets chirping all round the warm hearth-stones, there was the clock ticking with the peculiar beat Susan had known ever since childhood, and which then and ever since she had oddly associated with the idea of a mother and child talking together, one loud tick, and quick—a feeble sharp one following.

The day had been keen and piercingly cold. The whole lift of heaven seemed a dome of iron. Black and frost-bound was the earth under the cruel east wind. Now the wind had dropped, and as the darkness had gathered in, the weather-wise old laborers prophesied snow. The sounds in the air arose again, as Susan sate still and silent. They were of a different character to what they had been during the prevalence of the east wind. Then they had been shrill and piping, now they were like low distant growling, not unmusical, but strangely threatening. Susan went to the window, and drew aside the little curtain. The whole world was white, the air was blinded with the swift and heavy downfall of snow. At present it came down straight, but Susan knew those distant sounds in the hollows and gullies of the hills portended a driving wind and a more cruel storm. She thought of her sheep; were they all folded? the new-born calf, was it bedded well? Before the drifts were formed too deep for her to pass in and out, and by the morning she judged that they would be six or seven feet deep, she would go out and see after the comfort of her beasts. She took a lantern, and tied a shawl over her head, and went out into the open air. She cared tenderly for all her animals, and was returning, when borne on the blasts as if some spirit-cry, for it seemed to come rather down from the skies than from any creature standing on earth's level, she heard a voice of agony; she could not distinguish words; it seemed rather if some bird of prey was being caught in the whirl of the icy wind, and torn and tortured by its violence. Again! up high above! Susan put down her lantern, and shouted loud in return; it was an instinct, for if the creature were not human, which she had doubted but a moment before, what good could her responding cry do? And her cry was seized on by the tyrannous wind, and borne farther away in the opposite direction to that from which that call of agony had proceeded. Again she listened; no sound; then again it rang through space; and this time she was sure it was human. She turned into the house, and heaped turf and wood on the fire, which, careless of her own sensations, she had allowed to fade and almost die out. She put a new candle in her lantern; she changed

her shawl for a maud, and leaving the door on latch, she sallied out. Just at the moment when her ear first encountered the weird noises of the storm, on issuing forth into the open air, she thought she heard the words: "O, God! O, help!" They were a guide to her, if words they were, for they came straight from a rock not a quarter of a mile from Yew Nook, but only to be reached, on account of its precipitous character, by a roundabout path. Thither she steered; defying wind and snow; guided by here a thorn-tree, there an old doddered oak, which had not quite lost their identity under the whelming mask of snow. Now and then she stopped to listen, but never a word or sound heard she, till right from where the copsewood grew thick and tangled at the base of the rock, round which she was winding, she heard a moan. Into the break, all snow in appearance, almost a plain of snow looked on from the little eminence where she stood, she plunged, breaking down the bush, stumbling, bruising herself, fighting her way; her lantern held between her teeth, and she herself using head as well as hands to butt away a passage, at whatever cost of bodily injury. As she climbed or staggered, owing to the unevenness of the snow-covered ground, where the briers and weeds of years were tangled and matted together, her foot felt something strangely soft and yielding. She lowered her lantern; there lay a man, prone on his face, nearly covered by the fast-falling flakes; he must have fallen from the rock above, as not knowing of the circuitous path, he had tried to descend its steep, slippery face. Who could tell? It was no time for thinking. Susan lifted him up with her wiry strength; he gave no help—no sign of life, but for all that he might be alive; he was still warm; she tied her maud round him; she fastened the lantern to her apron-string; she held him tight, half dragging, half carrying; what did a few bruises signify to him, compared to dear life, to precious life! She got him through the break and down the path. There for an instant she stopped to take breath; but as if stung by the Furies, she pushed on again with almost superhuman strength. Clasping him round the waist, and leaning his dead weight against the lintel of the door, she tried to undo the latch; but now, just at this moment, a trembling faintness came over her, and a fearful dread took possession of her; that here on the very threshold of her home she might be found dead, and buried under the snow, when the farm-servants came in the morning. This terror stirred her up to one more effort. She and her companion were in the warmth of the quiet haven of the kitchen; she laid him on the settle, and sank on the floor by his side. How long she remained in swoon she could not tell; not very long she judged by the fire, which was still red and sullenly glowing when she came to herself. She lighted the candle, and bent over her late burden to ascertain if indeed he were dead. She stood long gazing. The man lay dead. There could be no doubt about it. His filmy eyes glared at her, unshut. But Susan was not one to be affrighted by the stony aspect of death. It was not that; it was the bitter, woful recognition of Michael Hurst.

She was convinced he was dead, but after awhile she refused to believe in her conviction. She stripped off his wet outer-garments with trembling, hurried hands. She brought a blanket down from her own bed; she made up the fire. She swathed him up in fresh, warm wrappings, and laid him on the flags before the fire, sitting herself at his head, and holding it in her lap, while she tenderly wiped his loose, wet hair, curly still, although its

color had changed from nut-brown to iron-gray since she had seen it last. From time to time she bent over the face afresh, sick and fain to believe that the flicker of the firelight was some slight convulsive motion. But the dim, staring eyes struck chill to her heart. At last she ceased her delicate, busy cares, but she still held the head softly, as if caressing it. She thought over all the possibilities and chances in the mingled yarn of their lives that might, by so slight a turn, have ended far otherwise. If her mother's cold had been early tended, so that the responsibility as to her brother's weal or woe had not fallen upon her; if the fever had not taken such rough, cruel hold on Will; nay, if Mrs. Gale, that hard, worldly sister, had not accompanied him on his last visit to Yew Nook, his very last before this fatal stormy night; if she had heard his cry—cry uttered by those pale, dead lips, with such wild, despairing agony not yet three hours ago! O! if she had but heard it sooner, he might have been saved before that blind, false step had precipitated him down the rock! In going over this weary chain of unrealized possibilities Susan learnt the force of Peggy's words. Life was short, looking back upon it. It seemed but yesterday since all the love of her being had been poured out, and run to waste. The intervening years, the long monotonous years that had turned her into an old woman before her time, were but a dream.

The laborers coming in the dawn of the winter's day were surprised to see the firelight through the low kitchen window. They knocked, and hearing a moaning answer, they entered, fearing that something had befallen their mistress. For all explanation they got these words:

"It is Michael Hurst. He was belated, and fell down the Raven's Crag. Where does Eleanor, his wife, live?"

How Michael Hurst got to Yew Nook no one but Susan ever knew. They thought he had dragged himself there with some sore, internal bruise sapping away his minuted life. They could not have believed the superhuman exertion which had first sought him out, and then dragged him hither. Only Susan knew of that.

She gave him into the charge of her servants, and went out and saddled her horse. Where the wind had drifted the snow on one side, and the road was clear and bare, she rode, and rode fast; where the soft, deceitful heaps were massed up, she dismounted and led her steed, plunging in deep, with fierce energy, the pain at her heart urging her onwards with a sharp, digging spur.

The gray, solemn, winter's noon was more nightlike than the depth of summer's night; dim purple brooded the low skies over the white earth, as Susan rode up to what had been Michael Hurst's abode while living. It was a small farmhouse, carelessly kept outside, slatternly attended within. The pretty Nelly Hebthwaite was pretty still; her delicate face had never suffered from any long-enduring feeling. If anything, its expression was that of plaintive sorrow; but the soft light hair had scarcely a tinge of gray, the wood-rose tint of complexion yet remained, if not so brilliant as in youth; the straight nose, the small mouth were untouched by time. Susan felt the contrast even at that moment. She knew that her own skin was weather-beaten, furrowed, brown—that her teeth were gone, and her hair gray and ragged. And yet she was not two years older than Nelly—she had not been in youth, when she took account of these things. Nelly stood wondering at the strange-enough horsewoman, who stood and panted at the door, holding her horse's bridle, and refusing to enter.

"Where is Michael Hurst?" asked Susan, at last.

"Well, I can't rightly say. He should have been at home last night, but he was off seeing after a public house to be let at Ulverstone, for our farm does not answer, and we were thinking—"

"He did not come home last night?" said Susan, cutting short the story, and half-affirming, half-questioning, by way of letting in a ray of the awful light before she let it full in, in its consuming wrath.

"No! he'll be stopping somewhere out Ulverstone ways. I'm sure we've need of him at home, for I've no one but lile Tommy to help me to tend the beasts. Things have not gone well with us, and we don't keep a servant now. But you're trembling all over, ma'am. You'd better come in, and take something warm, while your horse rests. That's the stable-door, to your left."

Susan took her horse there; loosened his girths, and rubbed him down with a wisp of straw. Then she looked about her for hay; but the place was bare of food, and smelt damp and unused. She went to the house, thankful for the respite, and got some clap-bread, which she mashed up in a pailful of lukewarm water. Every moment was a respite, and yet every moment made her dread the more the task that lay before her. It would be longer than she thought at first. She took the saddle off, and hung about her horse, which seemed somehow more like a friend than anything else in the world. She laid her cheek against its neck, and rested there, before returning to the house for the last time.

Eleanor had brought down one of her own gowns, which hung on a chair against the fire, and had made her unknown visitor a cup of hot tea. Susan could hardly bear all these little attentions; they choked her, and yet she was so wet, so weak with fatigue and excitement that she could neither resist by word or by action. Two children stood awkwardly about, puzzled at the scene, and even Eleanor began to wish for some explanation of who her strange visitor was.

"You've maybe heard him speak of me? I'm called Susan Dixon."

Nelly colored, and avoided meeting Susan's eye.

"I've heard other folk speak of you. He never named your name."

This respect of silence came like balm to Susan; balm not felt or heeded at the time it was applied, but very grateful in its effects for all that.

"He is at my house," continued Susan, determined not to stop or quaver in the operation—the pain which must be inflicted.

"At your house? Yew Nook?" questioned Eleanor, surprised. "How came he there?"—half-jealously. "Did he take shelter from the coming storm? Tell me,—there is something—tell me, woman!"

"He took no shelter. Would to God he had?"

"Oh! would to God! would to God!" shrieked out Eleanor, learning all from the woful import of those dreary eyes. Her cries thrilled through the house; the children's piping wailings and passionate cries of "Daddy! Daddy!" pierced into Susan's very marrow. But she remained as still and tearless as the great round face upon the clock.

At last, in a lull of crying, she said,—not exactly questioning—but as if partly to herself,—

"You loved him, then?"

"Love him! he was my husband! He was the father of three bonny bairns that lie dead in Grasmere Churchyard. I wish you'd go, Susan Dixon, and let me weep without your watching me! I wish you'd never come near the place."

"Alas! alas! it would not have brought him to life. I would have laid down my own to save his. My life has been so very sad! No one

would have cared if I had died. Alas! alas!"

The tone in which she said this was so utterly mournful and despairing that it awed Nelly into quiet for a time. But by and by she said, "I would not turn a dog out to do it harm; but the night is clear, and Tommy shall guide you to the Red Cow. But, O! I want to be alone. If you'll come back to-morrow, I'll be better, and I'll hear all, and thank you for every kindness you have shown him,—and I do believe you've showed him kindness,—though I don't know why."

Susan moved heavily and strangely. She said something—her words came thick and unintelligible. She had had a paralytic stroke since she had last spoken. She could not go, even if she would. Nor did Eleanor, when she became aware of the state of the case, wish her to leave. She had her laid on her own bed, and weeping silently all the while for her lost husband, she nursed Susan like a sister. She did not know what her guest's worldly position might be; and she might never be repaid. But she sold many a little trifle to purchase such small comforts as Susan might need. Susan, lying still and motionless, learnt much. It was not a severe stroke; it might be the forerunner of others yet to come, but at some distance of time. But for the present she recovered, and regained much of her former health. On her sick-bed she matured her plans. When she returned to Yew Nook, she took Michael Hurst's widow and children with her to live there, and fill up the haunted hearth with living forms that should banish the ghosts.

And so it fell out that the latter days of Susan Dixon's life were better than the former.

EARLY CHRISTIAN ART.*

In a season of conflict, at a time when the forebodings of Christian hearts are full of trials and sorrows, the Italian Jesuit, Father Raffaelle Garrucci, has girded himself to the labor of collecting and illustrating the monuments of early Christian art, and of grounding on them an authentic and exhaustive history of art during the first eight centuries of our era. As far as may be gathered from what he has already given to the public, the author's plan may be thus described, He first presents us with a well-filled pictorial atlas, consisting of finished engravings of all the monuments of plastic and pictorial art, belonging to that epoch. The paintings of the Catacombs and others preserved to us from that date, the tracings on glass, the mosaics of architectural monuments, the various *rilievi* and figures on sarcophagi, shrines, vases, and jewels, will each be represented in this collection. Every engraving is accompanied by an explanation of its subject and purport. The whole work will close with a systematic history of art, in which the development of art will be treated with special reference to the history of the Church and of civilization.

Of the interest attaching to such an undertaking there can be as little question as of its importance. Requiring, as it must, a deep and varied acquaintance with the several branches of sacred and profane learning, it is eminently fitted to cast a

* The History of Christian Art in the first eight centuries of the Catholic Church. Illustrated by a collection of all the monuments of painting and sculpture, graven on copper, on five hundred plates, etc. Prato: Fransoni Giachetti, 1872–1876.

new and searching light on most of the problems with which they are concerned. Waiving, for the nonce, our interest in them as Catholics, it is obvious that the art monuments of Christian antiquity are of no less importance to history, philology, and æsthetics, than the Egyptian monuments, the inscriptions and the colossal remains which Layard's Assyrian researches have recently brought to light. Nay, more; they are in closer contact with the present stage of civilization; they bear a special significance for our history, literature, and art; and it is simply narrow-minded to ignore the deep interest with which the monuments of the Catacombs and of early Christian art may claim to inspire every man of cultivated mind.

But whatever its importance for the mere student of art, as the connecting link between the Græco-Roman art of classical antiquity and the mediæval and *Renaissance* periods, there can be no question as to its deep significance for Catholics, who possess the key to the varied symbolism of this particular period, and can discern in it the idea and the dogmatic germs which it infolds. The theologian may here find, not only the veneration of the saints and of their memorials, but the adoption of art in the divine liturgy, as a means of expressing the central truths of redemption, of the nature and operation of grace, of the constitution of the Church, of baptismal regeneration, of the Eucharist, penance, and the resurrection. The dogmas inculcated by the holy Fathers in their homilies and catecheses are here pictorially displayed; and of no less value to biblical exegesis are the numerous correspondences between the Old and New Testaments, the prophetic types and utterances, and the realities they foreshadowed, which witness to the keen insight of our forefathers in the faith into the depths of Sacred Scripture. The canonist, too, will here meet with many an illustration of the laws and usages of the early Church. But while thus increasing the goodly store of ecclesiastical science, it embodies for us the message of those early ages, telling us of our lot in the inheritance which they have handed down to us, at the cost of all that the world and human nature hold dear, setting forth to us, in visible, palpable shape, the mysteries of that faith which welds the present with the past, the outward signs of sacramental grace, the fellowship of the saints, the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church—in a word, the whole economy of the Incarnation. Not only is such a collection a mute, but irrefragable apology, it is an exhortation, an encouragement, quickening anew failing hope, whispering to the weary and faint-hearted, "The Lion of the tribe of Judah has conquered; the Church went forth from the Catacombs to take possession of the world, even the selfsame Church that is now struggling with the powers of darkness!"

It is no disparagement to the author to set forth his obligations to his predecessors in the same line of research. These are Bosio, Arringhi, Marchi, De Rossi, Perret, and Serioux d'Agincourt. With the exception of the last named, their studies were confined all but exclusively to the Roman Catacombs. As may be gathered from the title of his book, Father Garrucci's investigations range over a far more extensive field; yet, so far forth as he deals with the same subject-matter, his work is not to be deemed as a merely perfunctory reproduction of results previously obtained.

Of the writers above named, the oldest is Bosio, a Maltese, who has bequeathed to us in his *Roma Sotterranea* the fruits of five-and-thirty years' unwearied, conscientious, and thorough exploration of the Catacombs. He was not spared to complete his great work, which is not

devoid of the shortcomings attaching, of necessity, to a first essay. The artists he employed to copy the pictures in the Catacombs were not very careful of accuracy, and in many cases they omitted, added, or altered details, those of costume, for instance, according to their tastes or whims. As regards the written commentary on these early paintings, we must bear in mind that Bosio had not at hand the works of Marchi or De Rossi. The study of history in its sources, the divers other helps to an accurate investigation of the monuments of bygone ages, which are so abundantly supplied to us, were unknown to him. He did not live to see the publication of his own work, the first edition of which appeared in 1632, three years after his death. It was republished with a Latin text some nineteen years later, by Arringhi. By order of Pope Clement the Twelfth, Bottari sent forth a new edition of Bosio's engravings, to which he appended a new text, leaving, however, the illustrations just as he found them. It is thus that, despite their shortcomings and imperfections, they remained until lately the common source of information concerning the paintings and art-history of the Catacombs.

This state of things has been considerably modified by Father Marchi and the Cavaliere de Rossi, the former of whom submitted many of these engravings to a serious revision, besides discovering and copying many new pictures. De Rossi, too, corrected and explained a large number of these points, both in his *Roma Sotterranea*, in his pictures of the Madonna, and in his *Bolletino Archeologico*. Yet it must be said, that for obvious reasons, the revision of De Rossi has hitherto left untouched the greater portion of Bosio's drawings,—enough to show that room has been left for Father Garrucci to make for himself a high position among the explorers of the Catacombs. We may form some notion of the range of his labors, by taking into account that the pictures contained in De Rossi's *Roma Sotterranea* fill but eighteen out of the ninety Roman plates of Father Garrucci; four others are taken from the *Bolletino*, six from Father Marchi's works and manuscripts, three from various monographs by other writers. The destruction of the monuments rendered impossible the revision of some fourteen plates. Thus one-half of the collection, in other words, no less than forty-five plates, containing in all about one hundred and fifty pictures, have been, for the most part, subjected by Father Garrucci to a most conscientious and critical revision; that is, they have been collated with their originals in the Catacombs, and thus every one of the engravings published by Bottari has either been corrected in its least details, or, when needful, replaced by new and carefully taken copies. The like improvement is discernible also in the accompanying explanations and descriptions.

But Father Garrucci's researches are not confined to the Roman Catacombs; he has also taken in hand those of Naples, which he inspected in person, accompanied by an eminent Roman artist, for the purpose of getting accurate copies of the paintings and sculptures therein contained. He has further enriched his valuable Neapolitan collection with cemeterial paintings from Milan, Alexandria, Cyrene, and Lybia. His plan, moreover, included the early Christian remains of France, Sicily, Egypt, and Mesopotamia. But the celebrated crypt at Rheims had been destroyed in 1802, the dawn of our present period of culture and of free thought, and it could be studied only in the incomplete description De Pouilly has left us. He could obtain but some faulty drawings of the Syracusan Catacombs, and as for Alexandria, he had to make the most of the, to him, doleful news of the

wholesale destruction of its early Christian memorials, and to content himself with Layard's bare assurance, that in the course of his explorations in Mesopotamia, he had met with some early Christian tombs.

Despite, however, these drawbacks, Father Garrucci's collection far surpasses, both in extent and accuracy, those of his predecessors in this line of research. Its value to science is further enhanced by the well-tried critical acumen and the personal weight of the author. Like De Rossi, he was the friend and disciple of Padre Marchi, who opened to him the mysteries of underground Rome, and fired him with his own inextinguishable ardor for that line of study, schooling him meanwhile in that laborious yet fruitful method of his, which has been productive of results most precious for archæological science. We may now account for his not having devoted himself to one or the other branch of Christian archæology, which he has enriched in more than one of its most important parts with discoveries of much value.

His first publication on the *Mysteries of Phrygian Syncretism** solved a most intricate archæological problem, which had hitherto baffled the subtlety and perseverance of many an investigator, and given grounds for ascribing to Paganism an undue influence over the development of Christian art. While engaged on this subject he took occasion thoroughly to master the distinctive features of Pagan, Jewish, Christian, and Gnostic burial-places. The publication of the collection of l'Heureux, which had been prepared for the press in 1605, and had waited full two centuries and a half for an editor, afforded him the long-wished-for opportunity of studying the earlier contributions to the literature of the Catacombs. Herewith were connected various studies of epigraphy and iconography, which stood him in good stead in his dissertation on the crucifix. He further submitted the gilt glass vessels of the Catacombs to a thorough investigation, the results of which he published in a work still held in high esteem, and which, having been twice edited, remains to this day the great authority on this branch of the antiquities of art. The discovery of the Jewish cemetery in the Randanini vineyard led him to devote himself anew to the special study of the cemeteries, and has brought to light many valuable data bearing on what may be styled the critical treatment of the subterranean tombs. Thus the work to which we call notice, the matured fruit of a thorough acquaintance with the monuments of early Christian art, is the result of the comprehensive archæological studies to which the author has devoted his life.

We will now endeavor to give the reader a few summary indications of the plan and contents of the *History of Christian Art*, as far as it has yet appeared. One volume of the portfolio of engravings has already been published under the title, *Pitture Cimiteriali*, which contains, on one hundred and eight plates, well-nigh three hundred mural paintings from the Catacombs of Rome and Naples, to which are added a selection of others taken in other parts of Christendom, and arranged in topographical order.

The first impression arising, even from a cursory glance at this collection, is one of amazement at its wealth and magnificence of ornament. No one could have imagined, *a priori*, that so much beauty, ele-

* The following is a list of Father Garrucci's earlier publications: Les Mystères du Syncrétisme Phrygien (Paris, 1854); Hagioglypta: sive picturæ et sculpturæ sacræ antiquiores, præsertim quæ Romæ reperiuntur, explicatæ a Johanne l'Heureux (Macario, Paris, 1856); Mélanges d'épigraphie Chrétienne (Paris, 1856); Il crocifisso grafito (Roma, 1857); Vetri ornati di figure in oro trovati nei cimiteri dei Christiani primitivi di Roma (Roma, 1858, 2 Ediz., 1864); Cimitero dei antiqui Ebrei scoperto recentamente in Vigna Randanini (Roma, 1862). There has lately appeared: Sylloge inscriptionum Latinarum ævi Romanæ Reipublicæ usque ad C. Julium Cæsarem (Taurini, 1875).

gance, and grace were to be found in these dark underground passages, extending for leagues in all directions. The magnificence of the Roman palaces has, so to speak, filtered down here, and invested the walls of this vast necropolis with the charms of new-born art. Not only are the walls adorned with symbolic figures, decorative designs, and sepulchral inscriptions, but the roof also bears traces of adornments we should scarcely seek save in the state-apartments of a Roman noble. Vine branches, laden with ripe clusters, are most gracefully intertwined on the surface of the calcareous tufa, enlivened by birds and winged genii fluttering among their tendrils. Elsewhere the roof is divided into several compartments, of which the central circle, or octagon, is surrounded with graceful festoons, or framed in a series of paintings, while garlands of flowers fill up the intervals between the several designs. In the collection before us we may meet with fifty such specimens, each presenting a marked variety of design and detail.

The larger portion of the sepulchral paintings, properly so called, are to be met with in the *arcosolia*, or semicircular niches over the tombs. We have here the same variety as in roof-paintings. In some cases the concavity of the arcosolium presents but one subject, in others it is divided into several compartments more or less decorated by festoons, or other paintings. On one arcosolium we find represented the family whose remains are entombed beneath it. The infant daughter, Nonnosa, with a graceful diadem and robe bedecked with pearls, is the central figure; on the left is her mother, Mary, in the usual garb of a matron; on the right, the father, Theotecnus, in the fulness of his manhood, bearded, and gracefully draped in his pallium; all have their hands stretched out in the attitude of prayer. On other

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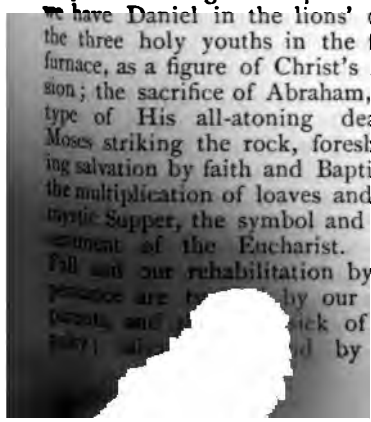
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same motifs

the rock, the raising of Lazarus, and the like.

As regards their artistic perfection, these paintings may be easily distributed among three distinct periods, the first of rudimentary attempt, followed by one of high finish, which in its turn was succeeded by a rapid degeneracy under the heirs of Constantine. Yet the student cannot fail to be impressed by the predominance throughout the collection of one unchangeable typical character. The central figure in these typical representations is the Good Shepherd, that moving presentment of the fundamental dogma of Christianity, the redemption of man by God made manifest in the flesh. The pencil of these ancient limners lingers fondly on a type expressive no less of the world-wide dominion of the Son of Man, than of His overflowing compassion for duped and enslaved humanity. For them it was not a cold allegory, but the loving delineation of a Divine utterance welling up from the Saviour's heart, recorded by the Apostle of love, foreshown by the Prophets, and filling the hearts of countless believers with gladness, hope, and the courage required for self-immolation.

The subjects of next importance to this, are the story of Jonas and the raising of Lazarus, those telling types of the resurrection of Christ, and of the members of His mystical body. Following close upon these, we have Daniel in the lions' den, the three holy youths in the fiery furnace, as a figure of Christ's Passion; the sacrifice of Abraham, the type of His all-atoning death; Moses striking the rock, foreshowing salvation by faith and Baptism; the multiplication of loaves and the mystic Supper, the symbol and presentment of the Eucharist. The Fall and our rehabilitation by re- by our first ick of the d by the



Church founded by Christ, is foreshadowed in Noe's ark; in a word, we find here, within a brief compass, the main articles of Catholic teaching. The desire expressed in the Tridentine Decree, that the pictorial and plastic arts should minister to the instruction of the faithful people, is thus seen to be in conformity with primitive practice, and to have been fully realized in the Catacombs.

Among the subjects which are less frequently met with, we have the mystic fisherman, the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well, Tobias, Moses with the volume of the Covenant, the burning bush, Susanna, Elias's ascension, Job, the wise and foolish virgins, David with the sling, the healing of the man born blind, the manna, the unjust steward, the miraculous draught of fishes, the heavenly bride-chamber, the prize in the race-course, in fact, a complete "Bible of the poor" (*Biblia pauperum*), tastefully, yet simply illustrated with designs, of which, while some are merely ornamental, others veil a deep typical significance. Amid all these varieties, we never fail to meet with the picture of the female *Orans*, the veiled, praying woman, with hands outstretched, the symbol of the Church here below, breathing that heavenly piety which hallows the forms traced by Fra Angelico.

Another point which deserves attention is that, as Father Garrucci shows, the paintings on the ceilings, walls, and arcosolia, mostly (though not always) coalesce in what Father Garrucci has aptly named a homiletic, or catechetical whole. He illustrates his view by the mural paintings of the cemetery of Thraso a S. Saturnino, which are arranged in close succession on three distinct lines, as follows: Moses smiting the rock, Christ with the seven baskets (the multiplication of loaves), the three Magi in Persian costume bringing gifts to the Mother of God, who

with her Divine Child is seated on a throne, a man praying between two children, Noe with the dove returning to the ark, the mummy of Lazarus in a temple-shaped tomb, with Christ rousing him to a new life, Daniel standing naked between two lions, Tobias the younger about to take the fish at Raphael's command, and in a second scene dragging it out of the Tigris.

Let us hear how Father Garrucci blends these divers paintings into a harmonious whole. We are brought to Christ, the heaven-sent Bread of God,* by him who, smiting the rock, opens to us the mysteries of faith. The relation of the Epiphany to our knowledge of the God-Man, and the belief of the Gentiles in him, results from the connection indicated by Christ himself between the faith in himself and the mystic import of the multiplication of loaves, a connection which is in nowise incompatible with its sacramental significance. Further, the Magi travel to Bethlehem to find Christ, Tobias journeys to the banks of the Tigris to find the mystic "fish," which was food on the way, and a remedy for blindness. Christ gives his Body for the ransom of the world, and his sacrifice is figured by Daniel amid the lions. This series of dogmatico-sacramental truths quicken and foster in believers a steadfast hope in the peace and everlasting bliss to which they are called, and remind them of the crowning victory over death, in the resurrection of the body, both of which truths are here presented under the type of the ark and the raising of Lazarus. No less ingenious is his construction of the homily in pictures which he had discovered on the tomb of a consecrated virgin in the Cemetery of St. Cyriaca.

Among the paintings devoid of a typical purpose, we find the well-known head of Christ from St. Domitilla's, the favorite model of the masters of the [illegible] other monuments; the author [illegible] on the criticism and scarcely less beautiful one from St. Pontian's, where Christ is first depicted with a nimbus divided by a Greek cross. A third most interesting picture of the same kind is taken from the Neapolitan Catacomb of St. Gaudioso. We may next claim notice for a series of pictures of the Epiphany reaching back to the threshold of the Apostolic age, and valuable too, in that they show that, in the early Church, our Blessed Lady was held in highest veneration, the Madonna of St. Agnese and others, for which we must refer to Father Garrucci's collection.

In justice, however, to the third, or post-Constantinian period, which, as we have observed, was one of rapid decline, it must be acknowledged that many of its productions witness to a genuine love of art, to a certain taste and power of origination. There was never any real divorce between the Church and art, but she soon had to gird herself to the herculean task of building up a new civilization out of the ruins of the Roman Empire, and the chaos which followed the inroads of the barbarian hordes.

The second volume of the collection of engravings has already reached the number of thirty plates, and mainly consists of the oldest legendary portraits of Christ and his most Blessed Mother, of the most ancient series of the pictures of the Popes from St. Paul without the walls, and of several miniatures from biblical manuscripts. It is needless to say more until the volume is completed.

The letter-press which accompanies the engravings explains those elements which are not immediately obvious, as, the costume, attitude, action, the symbolism and connection of the figures. These explanations are not unfrequently borne out by quotations from the Fathers, from profane history, and by comparisons

history of the paintings, the defects or excellences of previous copies, the authenticity and value of the present editions, in all which we find abundant proof of the writer's varied reading and deep acquaintance with his subject. In his explanatory remarks, he takes his stand on the indications presented by the picture itself, or on the observation of contemporary writers; failing which he naturally does not neglect such considerations as may warrant well-grounded inferences as to the idea of the early Christian artists. Thus, for instance, a passage from Tertullian and another in the *Hexaëmeron* of Dracontius * enable him to explain a painting in which the Good Shepherd is represented with the emblems of the four seasons. He shows that they were taken as a symbol of the resurrection. We may hereby perceive how the appeal to history throws light on the poetic conception embodied in these emblematic paintings, and helps to an insight into the profound and devout intuitions of the early Christians.

The other part of the work, containing the history of art, is not sufficiently advanced to allow us to speak of its general plan, but from what has hitherto appeared, we may feel sure that no pains will be spared to render this department of the work as full and complete as the collection of prints we have heretofore been engaged with. We will, however, give a brief account of what is already published.

The first book, which might be called the "Prolegomena," treats of the "Character of Christian Art;" in connection wherewith it deals (1) with the historical beginnings and the dogmatic bases of Christian art; (2) with architecture considered as a necessary preliminary to the other arts; (3) with the theoretical and technical principles of painting and sculpture, so far as is needed to enable even "laymen," so to speak, to understand the work; (4) with the æsthetic theory or characteristic of Christian art in particular. These preliminary treatises are concise and clear and well suited to the purpose of an introduction.

It would be difficult to find anything excelling the three chapters on the ecclesiastical architecture of the first centuries; or to meet elsewhere with so many valuable details on the building of basilicas and baptisteries. The same may be said of the appended treatise on cemeteries. But we must pass on to the historic-dogmatic introduction, which may be summed up in the following theses: (1) Christian art, from the very outset, has had, under the influence of the Church, a universal and natural development, while between it and the early Church there was and could be no antagonism; (2) Protestant authorities have greatly exaggerated the aversion of the Jewish tradition from the use and veneration of images, and hence from Christian art; (3) the peril of idolatry was, on the whole, very slight for the converts from heathenism; for the early Christians were as well able as we, to distinguish between idolatry and the lawful veneration of images; (4) sculpture was not, as the modern Greek schismatics assert, forbidden by the Church or excluded from religious uses; the nature of the art and material difficulties are sufficient to account for its comparative rarity in the early centuries. These several points are discussed with great erudition; and the result effectually disposes of a theory current in some of the lower planes of Protestantism, and, while throwing light on the dogmatic bases of Christian art, refutes the false notion that it was smuggled into God's house, to the unspeakable displeasure of the converts from Judaism, and with no slight danger to the spiritual welfare of those of pagan antecedents.

Father Garrucci assigns as the two

* V. dog.

main distinctive features of Christian art, its return to the ideal of moral worth, and its typical and prophetic character, resulting from its central object, that is, revealed truth, and influencing its ideals and the form of their presentment. In consequence of the former characteristic, Christian art has entirely broken with the sensual lasciviousness of antiquity, and subordinated the elements of the beautiful, that address themselves to our senses, to the inner ideal, while regulating by the moral law the exercise of art. If it limited thereby the circle of its operations, the typico-prophetic character of the revelation of God spread before it a boundless horizon and opened to it an ocean of divine-human, and human-divine poetry. The Divine, the Eternal, the Supernatural are susceptible of a visible presentment, since the Word was made Flesh, and imparts to us of his fulness, by means of tangible signs; since mankind is bound together in the visible fellowship of the saints, and the course of our daily lives works out the fulfilment of that which was dimly foreshown in the signs and wonders of bygone ages, serves as an earnest of that which will overwhelm the heart of man with bliss in the bosom of undying love, of never-fading beauty.

This wondrous variety of types, the inexhaustible source at which Christian art draws its inspiration, has nought in common with heathen mythology, for the heathen apotheosis of man was a hideous lie, while the deification of man by Christianity is grounded on eternal truth. The types, allegories, personifications, symbols, etc., of Christian art are not, like those of its heathen counterpart, mere coinings of man's fancy; they are taken out of the revelation of God, and serve to clothe in visible shape Divine ideas, realities old yet ever new. It has been too much the fashion to ascribe the symbolism of the Catacombs to the pressure of persecution, the discipline of the secret, the want of forms suited to the artistic rendering of the Christian idea, and to the influence of pagan art. Without wholly denying the influence of these several causes, Father Garrucci lays special stress on the typico-prophetic character of Revelation as the main source of the symbolism of early Christian art. According to the Apostle,* the Old Covenant throughout was a vast allegory of the salvation to be wrought by Christ. Christ himself spake in parables and similitudes: for him the Church is a building, a kingdom, a sheepfold; its chief visible Pastor a foundation-stone, or a bearer of the keys. What are the Sacraments, but a wondrous web of allegories, which, apart from their inward workings, invest our lives, from the cradle to the grave, with a heavenly poetry? The life of the individual, that of the Church itself, what is it but a foreshadowing of everlasting bliss and glory? The public worship of the Church is but a vast system of allegorical acts. Bearing in mind these facts, the utterances of the Fathers, the ecclesiastical liturgy, the Christian poetry of the early centuries, we must needs agree with Father Garrucci in assigning to Christian art, as its essential feature, the fundamental law of its development, the master-key to its enigmas, this typico-prophetic character. The correctness of this view is further established by the results of its concrete application to the monuments themselves; it affords a simple and natural explanation of many of the peculiarities of artistic expression, which can hardly be otherwise accounted for, while the pictorial series, apart from this typical or doctrinal sequence, would be an insoluble enigma. The two next chapters deal in detail with the peculiarities resulting from this special characteristic.

The Second Book of the *History*

* 1 Cor. 10: 11.

of Art treats of the representation of the human form, and may be resumed under the following heads: The representation of the nude; that of the ordinary draped figure; the vesture of Christ and his apostles; ecclesiastical vestments.

This much will suffice to give some notion of Father Garrucci's gigantic undertaking. We grieve to be compelled to say in conclusion that the material difficulties besetting his path render it likely that he may be unable to complete his work. The natural Mæcenas of Christian art, the second Damasus, as Pius the Ninth is deservedly styled, is now a prisoner in the Vatican; "regenerated" Italy has ends in view far other than the furtherance of Christian art and science. Catholic nations, groaning under the despotism of revolution, are cramped in every work of genuine Catholic tendency. In this state of things they should deem it a point of honor to support a publication of this class, and to aid its circulation. Christian art lay hidden and ignored for centuries under the rubbish of the Catacombs, meanwhile, Protestantism has proclaimed that primitive Christianity eschewed all images. Rationalism has reproached the Church with the decay of classical taste; it may well, therefore, be hailed as a triumph when we behold the hitherto unappreciated and despised art, which owes to her its origin, rising from the Catacombs, resplendent with the sheen of classic beauty, to quicken within us the æsthetic conceptions and the religious enthusiasm of our forefathers in the faith, to nerve us to follow them in the path along which they advanced to victory over the world and over the powers to whom it has pledged its allegiance.

THE FIRST SISTER OF MERCY.

THE visitor who enters the parlor of any one of the numerous convents of the Sisters of Mercy, will probably soon find himself looking at a plain engraving of moderate size and no very high artistic merits, which is nearly sure to occupy the place of honor over the mantelpiece, or at least to be found somewhere in the room. It presents an elderly religious with an expression of frankness and benevolence upon her countenance, and her hand resting upon the open volume of the rule of the Order, at the chapter which speaks of charity. It is in some respects a provoking portrait; one of those indifferent pictures which just give the idea of their own insufficiency. It is clear that there was more in the face of the person it portrays than the painter has been able to catch; and, in fact, we have an impression of having seen a better one on a smaller scale somewhere. But still it breathes simplicity, playfulness, charity, and patience; and there is also an air of quiet decision and shrewd commonsense, refined and elevated by unwonted gifts of faith and grace. So far it expresses well enough the character of her whose features it is meant to hand down to hundreds of her spiritual children who never saw her face—Catharine McAuley, the foundress of the Institute of the Sisters of Mercy.

Her life is full of singular, though quiet, interest. It has been written by one of her own religious, with

much of that simplicity and inartistic plainness which characterizes the portrait of which we have spoken. Happily the book is sufficiently rich in detail, and dwells at some length on the life of Mother McAuley before the foundation of her first convent. She was then between forty and fifty years of age. These earlier years were in reality her preparation for the work to which she was unconsciously called—we say unconsciously, for up to the very last she had no idea of founding a religious order in the Church. Born in 1778, she was the daughter of a most excellent father—a man given with all his heart to charity and piety; one of a class of laymen to be found here and there in those days in Ireland, who were the providential instruments of keeping alive the faith in many souls besides their own. Notwithstanding the social disadvantages which then, to a far greater extent than at present, weighed upon all Catholic gentlemen who openly and zealously exerted themselves for religion, he was not only remarkable for his charities, but also for his endeavors to supply to some extent the dearth of priests in his part of the country, by assembling the poor of his neighborhood from time to time and giving them the best instruction he could. This excellent man, whose spirit was inherited by his daughter Catharine, died while she was quite a child, leaving two other children —another daughter and an infant son—to the care of his widow, a person by no means equal to him in her devotion to her religion. She removed to Dublin, and allowed Protestant influences to be brought to bear on the children, which ended in the disturbance of the faith of the two younger. Catharine, however, persevered; and she used to attribute the grace which enabled her to do so to the Sacrament of Confirmation, for which she made a devout and fervent preparation. Her own life was afterwards continually coming back to her in the needs of those who were the objects of her work of mercy; and she has left her own diligent care in preparing children for confirmation as a special legacy to the sisters of her Order. She grew up a bright, affectionate, winning girl; with a special gift of comforting and cheering others, strong impulses to piety, a love of reading, and a great dislike for the usual amusements and enjoyments of young people like herself. She was about half-way through her teens when her mother died. The children fell into the hands of a Protestant friend, who brought them up well in other respects, but without the slightest attention to the religion to which they belonged. Those were days too in which Protestant families spent their conversation in nothing more commonly than in abuse of the Catholic Church. The boy, Catharine's brother, became a Protestant; her sister afterwards married a Protestant, and conformed to his religion. Catharine herself, unable to answer the statements and objections urged upon her without mercy, was in great trouble of mind; but she fell in the way of a man of much eminence in those days—Dr. Beytagh—who instructed and consoled her, lent her good books, and thus helped her to surmount the trial. She began again to listen to her impulses to devotion, though she was under so many restrictions in her new home as to make the frequentation of the Sacraments difficult to her. These restrictions, however, were but little in comparison to the disadvantages under which she was soon placed in this respect. At eighteen she was adopted, as their daughter, by a wealthy Protestant couple, who had no children of their own, and their house in the country, at a distance from any Catholic church, became from that time her home.

The years which intervene between eighteen and forty-four are in

most lives by far the most important part. No doubt the character is to a large extent formed before that time; but it is within that interval that the greater part of most careers is included; and the years of youth and supple growth are over soon after its beginning, and the lot and path in life of nine persons out of ten is irrevocably fixed between twenty and thirty. When we are within a few years of a half century of existence, it seems as if we could not change or turn ourselves to new habits of life and new pursuits, especially if they require greater restraint, more methodical exertion, and exact greater sacrifices from our liberty. Hence it is a rare case for "postulants" to be received in religious orders after forty or even thirty-five. The character is then too far fixed and pronounced to bend and mould itself easily to the requirements of discipline and a life in community. Most people will remain for the rest of their lives what they have been between eighteen and forty-four. And yet it seems as if there were certain special classes of work in the world and in the Church that are often best begun by people of mature age. The "late-flowering" plants are not the least beautiful or the least robust. Lord Macaulay has remarked somewhere on the number of great literary productions which have not been begun till after the eighth lustre. Some of our most successful statesmen and generals have been comparatively unknown till they were past their prime; though Wellington's military career was over before it, and Napoleon was his contemporary. In great spiritual works it is the same. St. Teresa was some years past forty when she began her reform; St. Ignatius was not "converted" till he was thirty, and it was many years later that he laid the foundations of his society. In our own century, many of the religious institutions which are now most flourishing and most useful have been founded by persons who have undergone a long previous training in secular life. There is, no doubt, a certain disadvantage in every such new work, from the want of experience and training in the details of religious life on the part of its first members; but it is compensated for by a certain authority and firmness of character which deals more happily with difficulties and opposition from without than could be expected in the case of a set of young persons; and there is often a peculiar grace given to the beginners of such undertakings which fits them for their office as well as if they had inherited the traditions of centuries and spent a long life in obedience before they were called on to command. Catharine McAuley spent no less than twenty-two years of her life in her new home at a distance from a church, with very scanty liberty to approach the Sacraments, and under the imperative necessity of hiding in every way even the less obnoxious parts of her religion. It was a life that would ordinarily be hardly recommended, perhaps hardly permitted to a Catholic under her circumstances. Yet we find her at the end of the time admirably trained to begin her great work in the Church, not only by the constant practice of humility, patience, charity, and sweetness, which those years had imposed on her, but with a great amount of actual experience as to the mode of dealing with the miseries she was to provide for. The ample fortune left to her by her adopted parents was but the least of her qualifications for the beginning of the work of mercy.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Callaghan of Coolock House, who had thus taken Catharine for their child, gave her full liberty in everything but her religion. But she used her new position for the benefit of the poor. She went into society as much as she was obliged, and no more; but for miles

round she was known as the angel of comfort and relief to the sick and needy. She seems to have been often quite unable to get to Mass herself. The church was too far for her to walk, and her friends could not send her in their carriage. She could not even keep a crucifix or a pious picture; but she knelt with a Catholic servant before the cross made by the partitions of the doors, and found the holy emblem in the branches of the trees. She managed to practice some mortifications, especially that which she continued all her life,—to eat and drink nothing from Holy Thursday till Easter-eve. She prayed very much; and the poor repaid her charities by fervent prayers, for they knew her faith, and the difficulties she had in practicing what it required. Things went on in this way for some time—we are not told how long—then she was able to get to the Sacraments secretly, during some shopping visits to Dublin; and by the advice of her confessor, she took courage to petition for greater religious liberty, which Mr. and Mrs. O'Callaghan did not refuse.

She was, in fact, to be the means of their conversion. Her character was perfectly radiant with the light of grace and faith, though she said nothing, and her influence gained an ascendency of which they were unconscious. Mrs. O'Callaghan fell ill, and lingered long. Then Catharine was able to win her to consider the Catholic faith, which she had already pressed on her in daily life by the most efficacious of all arguments—a saintly example. The fear of displeasing her husband was the last hindrance to be overcome. She thought, moreover, that her conversion would induce him at once to dismiss Catharine from his home. Catharine implored her not to hesitate on her account, and managed to introduce a priest while Mr. O'Callaghan was absent. Mrs. O'Callaghan died almost immediately after her reconciliation to the Church.

Catharine's position was not changed by the death of her adopted mother. Mr. O'Callaghan trusted her entirely; and she was now able to resume her active works of mercy among the poor. The experience she thus acquired was the source from which she afterwards drew largely; and she then composed the substance of what is still the manual used by the Sisters of Mercy in their visits to the sick. After some time—the good Sister whose work lies before us is rather careless about dates—Mr. O'Callaghan came to be confined to the house, and at last to his bed. This was the opportunity for which Catharine had so long prayed. She tended him with the utmost sweetness and affection, speaking to him of common religious subjects without mentioning matters of controversy. At last he began to inquire about her faith, but, as it seems, at first without the slightest misgivings as to his own belief. One morning she knelt by his bedside and burst into tears. She had been told by the physician that his state was extremely uncertain; and her confessor had exhorted her not to let another day pass without urging on Mr. O'Callaghan the danger of his soul. She was unable to speak till he asked her to tell him whether he was in danger of death. She told him the truth; and then spoke of religion. He said he had no doubts as to the religion which he had always professed, and had endeavored to serve God uprightly in it. Still she insisted; and he consented to receive the visit of the priest, who, after a short time, received him into the Catholic Church. His death left Catharine the sole heiress of a large property, at the age, as we have said, of forty-four.

The circumstances of her life had cut her off from any large circle of Catholic acquaintance. Her chief adviser was the good priest, Mr. Armstrong, who had reconciled Mr.

O'Callaghan on his deathbed. Catharine looked upon the fortune of which she was now the possessor as a trust placed in her hands by Providence; and she determined to spend it entirely in the service of God and of the poor. Her own experience suggested the kind of misery which it should be devoted to relieve. Ignorant children, in danger of being badly brought up, or losing their father; servants out of place; persons of good character without a home; and the sick and dying, in need of comfort and spiritual assistance—these she had already frequently come across, and desired to help more than had then been in her power. One day, at a later time than this, she had seen an orphan child turned out of one of the cellars in which the poorest of the poor live; its parents had lately died, and the cellar had been let to another family. From that time dated her devotion to the relief of orphans—taken up as it has so nobly been by her spiritual children. The "Houses of Refuge" had their origin in her mind in a sadder tale. Before the death of Mr. O'Callaghan, she met with a foolish girl of good character whose imprudence had exposed her to great danger of ruin. She sought at once to place her in the established House of Refuge in Dublin; but it was one of those institutions governed by boards and committees; and the poor girl was lost before the regular machinery for admitting her could be put in motion. Her first idea as to the use of her fortune was to provide some permanent establishment for such cases as hers, and for the education of children. She bought at a very high price, the ground on which the present convent in Baggot Street stands; and the first stone of her building was laid in July, 1824. It was more than a year and a half after the death of Mr. O'Callaghan. She had but little definite plan as to the requirements of her building. The architect gave it a conventual character and arrangement; but she had merely required large school-rooms and dormitories, a room that might serve as a chapel, and some accommodation for ladies who might undertake to help in the work which she hoped to found. We see thus that the work of mercy, in her mind, preceded the design of a religious order devoted to it. It was not, in fact, till some years after the work had been begun that a religious rule was adopted by Catharine and her assistants, and even then it was more as a matter of necessity than as a part of the original design. The account of the gradual progress and extension of the work begun in this simple manner is very interesting; but we should exceed our limits if we were to dwell on it in detail.

Catharine's building was not completed till after three years from its beginning. In the meantime she resided with her married sister, who as has been already said, had conformed to the Protestantism of her husband, and brought up her children in the same religion. Catharine devoted herself, as usual, to works of mercy, teaching children in the schools, and visiting the sick. There is a touching story at this part of her life of the care which she lavished upon a poor maniac who had formerly been in good circumstances. Meanwhile her prayers and silent influence were doing their work. Her sister's health was rapidly failing, and she determined to return to the Church. She managed to remove to Dundrum for change of air, and was there reconciled without her husband's knowledge, exhorting her eldest daughter, who was with her, to follow her example as soon as she could. She soon after died. Catharine continued to live with her brother-in-law, and her niece soon attached herself entirely to her. A chance conversation on the subject of her influence over his children revealed to the father that his wife had died a Catholic. He was in such

a paroxysm of fury at the news, that it seems as if her sudden flight from the house alone saved him from killing his sister-in-law in his passion. She continued, however, to reside with him after this, and her niece was ultimately received into the Church, and became one of the earliest postulants of the Order of Mercy.

Meanwhile the building in Baggot Street was nearly completed, and was opened on the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, 1827. The schools were served, and the young women admitted into the "House of Mercy," as it was then called, were watched over by pious ladies, who had volunteered to assist Catharine in her good work. Two of them lived in the house. Catharine herself still resided with her brother-in-law. The residents wore a semi-religious dress, and practiced many austerities. Gradually other ladies joined in the work of instruction in the schools, which soon numbered about three hundred children. The inmates of the House of Mercy were not at first occupied during the day within its walls; they went out to work every morning after prayers and instruction, and returned at night. A few orphans, wholly provided for, lived in the house from the first. In 1828 Dr. Armstrong, who had all through been Catharine's great adviser and supporter, died. It was just at the time when, as it seemed, he was most necessary for the protection of the work, for which he had hitherto secured the countenance of the Archbishop of Dublin. The new institute was beginning to attract attention, and, of course, opposition. Still all went on well for a time. In the course of the autumn the Archbishop allowed the house to be called after Our Lady of Mercy, and towards the close of the year the associates received leave to visit the sick. Not being religious, and presenting themselves as simple ladies, they even obtained entrance into some of the hospitals of the city. Early in the following year (1829), Dr. McAuley, Catharine's brother-in-law, died, and she took up her own abode in the house in Baggot Street, accompanied by her niece. Her residence there, where she was at once recognized as a kind of superior, led to the introduction of a regular *horarium;* and the little company of ladies, who all dressed in the same plain habit, and called each other Sister, assumed very much to outward appearance the guise of a religious community. In the course of the summer the chapel was finished, and arranged so as to be open to the public, as there was then no church in the neighborhood. A chaplain was appointed, and the confessors came to hear confessions in the chapel. By the middle of 1830 the number of "Sisters" had increased to twelve.

It could not be denied that what was practically and in all externals a religious community had risen up no one exactly knew how. It was drawing to itself ladies who might otherwise have entered religious orders; and its work, it was supposed, might interfere with that of the Sisters of Charity already established in Dublin. It is not at all surprising that so anomalous a state of things should have seemed objectionable to many, as it was, in fact, hardly in accordance with the strict rules by which the Church regulates the formation of such bodies. Some rather high-flown praises of Catharine, from the mouth of the priest who preached the sermon on the occasion of the dedication of the chapel, seem first to have kindled the smouldering opposition into an open flame. The Archbishop was at last appealed to, and he admitted the many inconveniences of the existence of a practically religious body which was bound by no authorized rule. His expressions were, however, exaggerated; and the tidings flew to Catharine's

ears that he intended to hand the institution over to the Sisters of Charity. It gave her an opportunity of showing how deeply grounded she was in humility, obedience, and detachment; how pure had been her intention in the work which had absorbed all her care as well as all her fortune. She quietly turned to her informant, and said that she would yield to whatever the Archbishop decided; and then immediately wrote to his grace to the same effect. The result was such as might have been expected: he disclaimed the intention imputed to him; but after some negotiation he decided that the ladies attached to the house must either drop the appearance of a religious profession, or submit themselves to the realities of rules and vows. This decision was the real foundation of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy; the associates chose to become really religious. The rules of several orders were consulted and studied; offers of affiliation to the Carmelites and Poor Clares were declined; and at last the rule of the Order of the Presentation—an order of Irish origin—was chosen as that by which the new institute should be governed, with certain modifications rendered necessary by the peculiar object of the Sisters of Mercy. It was arranged that Catharine, with two other ladies, should make a novitiate in the Presentation Convent, George's Hill. Meanwhile application was made to the Holy See for the faculties necessary for the establishment of the new order.

When we consider that Catharine was at this time fifty-two years of age; that she had spent the greater part of her life in affluence, and without any other restraint on her inclinations than was imposed by her adopted parents, both devotedly fond of her; and that since Mr. O'Callaghan's death, eight years before, she had been her own absolute mistress, and recognized, moreover, as a superior by the ladies whom she had gathered round her,—we may be able to some extent to understand how great a trial it would have been to her to become all at once a novice and a subject, if the foundations of spiritual perfection had not already been deeply and securely laid in her heart. The Sisters of Mercy date the beginning of their institute from the day of her profession, December 12th, 1831. It is not merely that from that time the Order became really established, and its members subject to rule. Her year of novitiate—though in many respects, no doubt, she did not require many of the lessons that were then taught her—was her real qualification for the work of a foundress and a superior. Works of that kind have sometimes been undertaken by persons who have shown but too conspicuously the danger of beginning to teach what they have not first practiced themselves. These failures reach far beyond the persons whose characters they immediately affect. Or, let us rather say, the humility and docility practiced by persons in the position of Catharine McAuley, and the thoroughly religious spirit in which their souls are, as it were, steeped by means of such a novitiate as hers, last on beyond their lives as heirlooms and traditional instincts in the bodies of which they have been the first superiors. No one can impart to others what he has not received; no stream can mount higher than its source. The Institute of the Sisters of Mercy has not yet been in existence for forty years, yet its convents generally seem haunted by the traditions of a long line of saints; and, with all the constant intercourse with the external world which is imposed on their inmates by their laborious works of charity, they breathe an air of peace and recollection which seems like the inheritance of many generations of cloister-life. This, the most precious of all gifts to religious communities,

they owe, under Providence, to the wise humility of their first Mother, which made her not merely submit to her novitiate as a necessity, but welcome it and profit by it in the spirit of a child. Persons called to works like hers have, to a striking degree, the gift of impressing their own character on those around them, and thus creating in a short time what afterwards becomes a living tradition. In her case, perhaps, the individual character has not so much perpetuated itself as that of the Sister of Mercy—gentle, patient, hard-working, humble, obedient, charitable, and, above all, simple and joyous.

Her novitiate was not at all free from trials. The mistress of novices took great pains to humble her, often reproving her severely before others. Her cheerfulness and gayety were very great; so much so, as at times to appear even excessive. Then there were troubles reported from Baggot Street, where the remaining "Sisters" were not quite able to manage one another without her. Some of them took occasion from her absence to give themselves to excesses of mortification, or to work too hard for their strength. One very promising member of the little community died; two others—one of whom was Catharine's niece—fell dangerously ill, but rallied for a time. Then there were some difficulties about the profession of the three postulants, as they were not to remain in the Order of the Presentation. Catharine was in great anxiety, and had recourse, as usual, to earnest prayer. At last all obstacles were overcome, and she, with her two companions, pronounced their vows in the Presentation Convent, with a clause stipulating that the rule of that Order was in their case to be subject to any changes which might be necessary for the new Institute of Mercy.

The story of the remaining years of the life of Catharine McAuley is in a great measure the history of the progress of the Order of which she had, almost unwittingly, become the foundress. There is a wonderful simplicity and absence of design about the gradual growth of an institute which, having first started in 1831, has now, after an existence of thirty-five years, between 150 and 200 houses in almost every part of the world where the English language is spoken. Its first progress was, of course, in Ireland; but it soon crossed St. George's Channel (Bermondsey being the first English foundation); and was not long in fixing itself firmly in the United States and the British North American provinces. It is to be found in California, in Australia, in Brazil, and in New Zealand; it has confronted, in its mission of mercy, the great scourge of our time, the cholera; and its habit was seen side by side with that of the children of St. Vincent of Paul in the care of the hospitals in the Crimean war. It does not appear that this world-wide extension was at all contemplated by Mother McAuley when she began. The reality of her work, and the blessing of Heaven upon it, has been manifested by another far more precious sign than that of material progress; for the Sisters of Mercy have carried with them to the most distant lands, and have displayed under the most varied and difficult circumstances, the thoroughly religious spirit which animated their first mother. Having been originated entirely at the suggestion of the Archbishop, the first house was of course dependent on him; and there never seems to have been any desire in the Order to exempt its houses from the jurisdiction of the ordinary prelate. Thus it is essentially a diocesan institution; and indeed there is no necessary connection, save that of charity, between separate convents in the same diocese, except in the case of what are called branch-houses, the as yet incomplete off-

shoots from some particular convent. Each convent, when fully formed, has to provide itself with its superiors, who are not allowed to remain permanently in office, its mistress of novices, and other officials. There are no "provinces" of the Order; no authorities higher than the superiors of the several convents, who are immediately under the rule of the bishop in whose diocese they are settled. It is not improbable that the spirit of the institute is opposed to any more complete organization of the Order as a whole; and many of the causes which make such arrangements desirable in other cases do not exist in that of the Sisters of Mercy. The few years during which Mother McAuley lived after her religious profession—about ten—did not, at all events, give time for further developments in this direction.

Gradually, as occasion arose, one feature after another was added to the original plan of her House of Mercy in Dublin. At first there were no lay sisters; but after a short time she was touched by the needs of the class of young women from which they are recruited; and her convent had every reason to be grateful for their introduction. Then came a call from the populous parish of Kingstown—in great want of the many services which the sisters were rendering in Dublin; and in this way the first branch-house was formed in 1834. It was not till a year later that the formal approval of the new institute was obtained from Rome. Up to that time the sisters had been simply a creation of the Archbishop's, who had, of course, obtained the necessary powers to begin the work. The first convent, after that in Baggot Street, was founded at Tullamore in 1836. The same year saw the second foundation at Charleville; Carlow and Cork followed in 1837. Each of these convents became the mother-houses of numerous colonies. Bermondsey—the oldest house in England—was founded from Cork in 1839; some English ladies having passed their novitiate there in order to learn the rules and catch the spirit of the Order. Birmingham—or, as it should now be called, Handsworth—was founded in the same way, in 1841, from Dublin; several English postulants having been previously trained at Baggot Street. It was the last foundation made by Mother McAuley herself, as she died a short time after its completion. Each of these two houses has sent out numerous swarms to other places; but the call for the Sisters of Mercy in this country has been far too great for them to supply, and a considerable number of houses have been founded from Ireland. Other religious orders have sprung up in the present century on the same soil, so fruitful in everything that is Christian and Catholic; but none have developed so rapidly or spread themselves so widely as the Sisters of Mercy. The reason is obvious enough, in the great needs that call everywhere for work such as theirs. As St. Francis de Sales is reported to have said that a community of Capuchins would find a living anywhere, we may say of the Sisters of Mercy that they find work wherever they may be planted; for their vocation calls them wherever there is ignorance, poverty, sickness, and misery. A peculiar feature of their institute—which is probably to be accounted for by the derivation of their rule from that of the elder Order of the Presentation—consists in the amount of what may be called cloister and community duties, which they combine with their active employments. Thus they have to recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin every day, and have other calls on their time of the same kind. In this, as in their longer novitiate, their perpetual vows, their diocesan constitution, and notably in the character of their spiritual exercises, they differ very widely from the Sisters of Charity, with whom they were at

one time accused of interfering. Of all religious orders whose members are not only not cloistered by obligation, but may ordinarily spend many hours of the day outside their convent in school teaching or in visiting the sick, they are probably the most frequently recalled to the choir, and the most abundantly supplied with practices that secure recollection and defend the interior life. They are thus enabled to bear the really hard, and often very thankless work imposed upon them by their charity.

The simple memoir from which we have drawn the materials for this sketch of the life of the first Sister of Mercy is full of interesting recollections which illustrate her character during this last stage of her career on earth. Charity was her favorite virtue; and we are told that towards the close of her life she was able to say of her religious sisters, that the sun had never gone down on the anger of any, and that there never had been a breach of charity among them. She could not possibly have said anything more significant of the solid perfection to which she had trained them. She was herself a pattern of condescension and humility. Though the superior and mother of all, she did whatever she was asked, as to tell a story or sing in recreation for the amusement of the rest. She seldom reproved severely. Once, after having done so, her conscience smote her with the thought that she had spoken too strongly; she sent for the sister, and begged her to bring with her all that had been present when the reproof was given, and then, when they were all assembled, knelt down at her feet and asked her forgiveness. She was always perfectly serene and cheerful, even under the gravest external trials; and when her last surviving niece died, in the middle of one of the convent-retreats, she went on attending at all [redacted] as if nothing had happened. Never, under any trial or care, did she let a trace of vexation or sadness appear in her countenance or demeanor at the ordinary recreation; her cheerfulness and winning playfulness were always the same. One so penetrated with charity could not but be deeply grounded in humility. She thought so little of her own importance in the work of establishing the Order, that at the time when everything was beginning to prosper, after the early difficulties had been overcome, she offered to go and found a community in Nova Scotia, and to remain there herself. Her love of mortification was great; and her biographer mentions several exercises of that virtue which she habitually practiced. Her devotion was deep, tender, and very simple; her favorite prayers were such as the Litany and Psalter of Jesus, and the Thirty-Days' Prayer.

It is easy to see that a person of such a character must have made herself intensely beloved by her religious children and companions. At the time of her death, in 1841, there were but fourteen houses of the Order in existence, and all of these but the two English foundations were in Ireland. She was therefore personally known to almost the whole Order. Her death was not sudden, and she had for some time before, as it seems, been aware of its approach. She had, up to that date, had a great fear of dying, which was now, as is often the case, changed for a most perfect serenity and courage. But her loss was unexpected by her children, who could not persuade themselves that she was in danger. She, in fact, returned from the foundation of the Birmingham convent, in the autumn of 1841, only to prepare to die. "For the last six months," writes one of the sisters present at her death, "she was herself well aware that she was dying; and since her return from Birmingham she cautiously avoided

anything like business. It is only by her acts that we can judge her mind. She was perfectly silent as to what she thought; arranged all her papers about a month or six weeks before, and said to Sister Teresa, on leaving the parlor, '*Now they are ready.*' About four on Thursday she desired the bed to be moved to the centre of the room, saying that she would soon want air. About seven she desired the sisters to be brought to her; said to each one individually what was most suited to her; but her first and last injunction to all was to preserve union and peace with each other; that if they did, they would have great happiness, such as to make them wonder whence it came; told Sister Genevieve particularly (a venerable sister, who entered Baggot Street in 1833 at the advanced age of fifty-three) that she felt exceedingly happy, as if to encourage her to die. She recognized all; told little Sister Mary Camillus (her godchild Teresa) to kiss her and go away, that she would see her again. She sought thus to prevent her from weeping. The Holy Sacrifice was offered in the room at about half-past eight. I think her agony commenced about eleven o'clock. She spoke very little. . . . About five in the evening she asked for the candle to be placed in her hand; we then commenced the last prayers. I repeated one or two that she herself had taught me. She said with energy, 'May God bless you.' When we thought the senses were going, and that it might be well to rouse attention by praying a little louder, she said: 'No occasion, my darling, to speak so loud; I hear distinctly.' In this way she continued till ten minutes before eight o'clock, when she calmly breathed her last. I did not think it was possible for human nature to have such self-possession at the awful moment of death."

The character of Catharine McAuley, as handed down by memory, and preserved in the artless and humble biography on which we have been drawing, is the most precious legacy that her children can inherit from her. Its chief strength seems to lie in its simplicity. It was this that probably preserved her through the trials to which her faith was exposed during her younger years, and kept her from being chilled and hardened while, for so long a period of her life, she was unable to practice her religion except in mere necessaries, and was hardly allowed to make any open profession of it. Yet we find her, after she had passed forty, able to begin the work of mercy with which her name will now be connected forever. What is still more remarkable is the pliancy and gentleness with which she allowed herself and her work to be moulded and directed by authority, without claiming any rights or dictating any conditions on the ground of the large fortune which she brought with her to the undertaking. It is to such characters that great providential works are often intrusted; and we often find them, as in her case, led on step by step without knowing whither they were going, because they have the privileges of the true children of him who bids us take no thought for the morrow, and depend on his fatherly guidance with absolute confidence and perfect docility. Without knowing it they find that they have established some institution which is to shine brightly in the annals of the Church; and have been used to give an impulse to some movement which swells into a mighty stream by gathering into itself the charitable yearnings of thousands of hearts. The history of the foundation of religious orders is frequently the same. A need exists; and up and down the Christian community there are a number of souls prepared by the instincts of charity and zeal to work for its supply. At one time they are waiting for the call of Dom-

inic, at another for that of Ignatius, to enrol themselves into a sacred army for the defence of the truth; or Francis is to raise for them the standard of gospel poverty, or John de Matha and Felix de Valois to invite them to a crusade of mercy for the rescue of Christian captives. The bond of religious charity must knit them together; they must vow themselves to the following out of the evangelical counsels, and then the great work will be carried on, by the blessing of God, from generation to generation. The instruments chosen by Heaven for the beginning of such undertakings are often quite unconscious of the designs of Providence. St. Francis of Assisi little understood his first call; the plan of St. Ignatius, though conceived so long before its execution, grew upon him, and the original scheme of preaching in the Holy Land was abandoned; St. Francis de Sales meant to institute an active order—much like what the Sisters of Mercy were to be afterwards—and found himself, in reality, the father of a glorious race of cloistered religious. The simple-hearted foundress of the Sisters of Mercy was led to her work by the most ordinary method of providential guidance, that of ecclesiastical authority; but neither to the Archbishop nor to herself was the religious character of the institution anything but an afterthought. Here, again, was a great call on her simple docility, which enabled her to adapt herself to a novitiate, to embrace a rule not made for work such as hers, and to carry on her Order to its complete establishment with an organization that had, as it were, to be supplied piecemeal.

The Order seems at present to be quite in the state in which she left it, both as to the spirit that animates it and the work which it undertakes. Wherever we have had the pleasure of knowing them, whether in large or small convents, whether popular and successful or laboring under disappointment and difficulty, the Sisters of Mercy uniformly bear the deeply religious character stamped on them at their beginning, and their demeanor breathes the quiet peace, unaffected charity, and humble simplicity which marks them as the true children of their venerated and beloved foundress.

"MAN, know thyself!" All wisdom centres there,
To none man seems ignoble but to man.
Angels that grandeur men o'erlook admire;
How long shall human nature be their book,
Degenerate mortal, and unread by thee!
The beam dim Reason sheds shows wonders there;
What high contents, illustrious faculties!
But the grand comment, which displays at full
Our human height scarce severed from Divine,
By Heaven composed, was published on the Cross.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE condition of Catholicity in Turkey is attracting much attention. A European contemporary writes of it as follows:

"It is but natural that the Church should watch with peculiar interest over these lands, full of the most sacred reminiscences. She cannot forget either the hills of Judea or the Isle of Patmos, or the great names of Antioch, of Smyrna, or of Ephesus, which filled the annals of the Church in the first centuries. The apostasy of eighteen hundred years has not weakened her hopes. In the Levant especially the Lazarists, supported by France and Austria, have pushed forward their missionary work with considerable success. The schools which they, together with the Jesuits and the Franciscans, have founded, contribute largely to their beneficent influence. The necessity for a regular system of education for their children is recognized now by the followers of Islam, and such an education is only to be obtained in the Christian schools. To the mild teaching of Christianity, and to its influence over the minds of the young, it is hoped that the fierce spirit of Mussulman fanaticism must eventually yield. In the Apostolic Vicariate of Aleppo the Capuchins have established an excellent school; the Sisters of Mercy are carrying on the work of education with great success in Smyrna, whilst in Syria the Jesuits have founded many missionary stations. The reunion of several of the Oriental sects with the Church is proceeding quietly and without exciting much attention. But the work of conversion is often frustrated by the intrigues of the schismatic leaders, as well as by the fanaticism of the Turkish officials. Jealousy of the influence of the Catholic Church outweighs considerations of policy, not to speak of patriotism; for even Protestant writers acknowledge the superiority of the education imparted in Catholic schools, and the higher degree of civilization obtained by those Oriental sects who have returned to Catholic unity."

PREACHING in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Father Trainor said: "Beginning with St. Patrick and Boniface, and Xavier, who brought millions of heathen into the faith, the Catholic Church has through all the centuries been the great agency for converting the heathen. Under Protestant auspices it costs several thousand dollars per head to make converts to Protestantism, because of the many expenses attending the missionary himself. He has his wife and family, and must have his bank account. The priest receives an order from his superior, starts out with a little bundle, with a few pictures, crucifixes, rosaries, etc., and lives as best he can after his pocket-money has given out. The Methodists, the other day, met and decreed $500,000 for foreign missions for 1877. That was only one sect. Fifty years ago a very few persons assembled and formed the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. To-day this Society supports thousands of missionaries. The little mustard-seed that was planted then has grown to be the great tree with branches spreading over China and Japan, India and Australia, and away to the wilds of the American frontier. And how had this been fostered? By the weekly subscription of one cent from every Catholic. There are in New York 400,000 Catholics, and if only 100,000 subscribed during the year, $52,000 would be contributed towards the conversion of the poor heathen and infidel." After the benediction the vast congregation dispersed.

IT is impossible for any thoughtful man, we care not if he is Democrat or Republican, not to see that the present condition of affairs is one that brings to a focus and shows plainly to view the dangers and difficulties of administering a republican form of government. As the late President Lincoln expressed it, "it is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people." For its successful administration it necessitates an intelligent, a patriotic, and a religious people. It requires an intelligent people, because without intelligence a correct judgment is impossible to be formed on questions as they exist. It requires a patriotic people, because it is often necessary to sink differences of opinions on minor matters in obedience to the interests of the country. It requires a religious people, because without religious or moral principles communities become corrupt, self-interest rules all, and the people become the prey of demagogues and schemers. We believe, also, that a certain equality in riches and possessions (as far as is possible in human society) also contributes greatly to the successful administration of a republic.

Now, what are the most prominent peculiarities of the United States? First, a vast territory peopled by diverse races following a variety of pursuits. Secondly, a rapid increase of wealth, which tends to accumulate in few hands. Thirdly, an extensive system of secular education.

THE relations of Catholic Societies to the Church are occupying a good deal of attention lately, and as the following extract from a pastoral lately issued by the Right Rev. Bishop Ryan of Buffalo contains very good rules, it deserves a wide knowledge. These societies, whether Temperance, Beneficial, or Literary, are becoming numerous, and as they may and do exercise influence, the conditions on which they are recognized are very important to be known.

"These various organizations may be a tower of strength to the Church, of immense advantage to the local pastor, and the congregations to which they are attached, a mutual support, encouragement, and edification to their own members, provided always a good spirit animate them, and they be Catholic in deed and in truth. To secure this most desirable consummation and avoid all occasion of possible misunderstandings, we deem it most useful, if not indeed absolutely necessary, to define the relations of Catholic Societies to the Church and determine the conditions on which societies in our diocese may be recognized as Catholic. Their objects must be such as the Church indorses and approves, and to insure this, their constitution and by-laws must be submitted for approval to the Ordinary of the diocese. The society and its members must recognize the jurisdiction as well of the bishop of the diocese as of their immediate pastor, and in everything that concerns their spiritual interests be subject to their authority, and we constitute the local pastor, moderator, or spiritual director of every society established in his parish. All the members of a Catholic society must be practical Catholics, and it is the pastor's right and duty whenever any doubt or question on this score arises, either in regard to candidates for membership or members, to determine the point, and to veto the admission of the one and to demand the expulsion of the other, whenever such candidates or members have forfeited their title to the name of Catholic, and have cut themselves off from communion with their Church by neglect of their Easter duty, or by joining a secret, forbidden society. Though the pastor may not intrude in the business matters of the society or meddle with temporal and financial affairs, as our delegate, he shall have the right to assist at all meetings and the election of officers, and shall have access to the books and archives of the society, whenever it may be necessary or useful. Henceforth no Catholic society can have a fair, picnic, excursion, etc., without the previous permission of the local pastor, and through the pastor of the bishop, and we take this occasion to notify all concerned, that under no consideration will we grant permission to hold anything of this kind on a Sunday or holiday of obligation."

WE observed lately that at a meeting of a Sodality in Limerick an address was delivered, in which the Rector of the College of Limerick said:

"Amongst the difficulties of our position as Catholics in these countries, the absence of a Catholic scientific literature and Catholic scientific press is one of the foremost. The result of this privation is that we are flooded with writings from the pens of men, highly educated and singularly gifted, but alien to the one true Church, and often, alas, bitter enemies of God himself and of his Christ. Now there is great danger that many wrong ideas on subjects of the highest moment, conveyed through publications of great attractiveness, should make their way, either openly or covertly, into our very homes. You have reason, then, to be upon your guard. You have to fortify yourselves in the knowledge of the truth, that setting it side by side with error, you may be able to discern the tares which the enemy has sown from the good wheat which alone springs up to have life temporal as well as eternal. Our friends of the medical profession will not, I am sure, object to my taking an illustration from their department of science. They, I think, will bear me out in the statement that he who visits an infectious case with safety to himself must be in good health and must have the strength which results from taking a sufficient quantity of nourishing food. And how can we with impunity breathe the poison of error with which the air is impregnated if we are not strengthened against it?

"We propose to help you to the best of our power to counteract the evil influences which beset you as Catholics, by special instructions, suited, as we may judge, to your position. The spirit of our instructions will not be combative and controversial in the main, though they will tend to the refutation of error in the best of all ways, by the direct exposition of truth. Error is manifold, and it would be a waste of time to pursue falsehoods which, if left to themselves, are often mutually self-destructive, but truth is one, and its single light is enough to chase away the darkness of error. The late Cardinal Wiseman, who took such a prominent part in the great Oxford movement, which brought

so many into the Church, made it a rule not to enter into controversy with any of those who applied to him. He gave to each one a Catechism, and asked him to read it over attentively, and then to return to him. And he found that the simple explanation of Catholic doctrine answered all objections to the satisfaction of every sincere inquirer. And the celebrated Father Lacordaire, who was so long engaged in combating error in the France of this century, has left it on record that he had been very little engaged in controversy, being convinced that the direct exposition of Catholic truth ruins beforehand all the objections brought against it. Catholicity, he goes on to say, 'is like an old monument with deep and solid foundations, and controversy is like the sand driven against that indestructible mass by the wind.'"

IN the year 1452 the Turks under Mahomet II captured Constantinople and extinguished the Empire of the East, which had existed for a thousand years under the Greek emperors. It is the fashion with certain historians to sneer at "priestly government," yet the statesmanship of a St. Dunstan in England, and of Cardinals Wolsey, Ximenes, and Richelieu has been vindicated by the ablest modern historians, and the present condition of Eastern Europe is entirely owing to the neglect with which the Pope's exhortations met with four centuries ago.

Pope Nicholas V endeavored to arouse the European nations to a sense of their danger, and to unite them against the common foe. His successor, Callixtus III, sent as legate St. John Capristan, who roused the Hungarians under Hunniades to resist the Turks, who by that time had advanced to Belgrade, now the capital of Servia. Mahomet II attacked that city with one hundred and fifty thousand men, and was defeated by forty thousand Hungarians. The celebrated Eneas Piccolomini, Pope Pius II, who succeeded Pope Callixtus, assembled a Congress at Mantua in order to reconcile the European princes and induce them to save Christendom. But with a few exceptions they were too busily engaged in the mutual slaughter of one anothers' subjects to heed the voice of the Pope. The English and French were at war, and none but the Venetians were willing to do anything to resist the Turks. Bosnia and Herzegovina, the present seat of insurrection, were invaded, and the last Christian king was flayed alive.

IT is impossible not to notice that the subject of Church *music* is attracting more and more attention. Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, treated of this question at great length in his recent pastoral.

It is unquestioned and unquestionable that Gregorian chant has received the highest indorsement, and is the only real ecclesiastical music. It is almost equally clear that, on the other hand, figured music has received the approval of the Church, and is not unlawful. If the one dates from early ages, and has been used by generations of saints, who can forget that Haydn, Mozart, Lambillotte, and Cherubini, have produced noble strains, and such that can never be forgotten or disused.

Gregorian chant, to be appreciated, should be well performed, otherwise it is drowsy and drawling or monotonous. On the other hand, how often do we not hear choirs of amateurs murdering Mozart's Twelfth! Gregorian chant seems more appropriate for Lent, Advent, and Holy Week, while more joyous strains harmonize with Easter and Whitsuntide.

The diocese looks to the Cathedral or mother church as its model. Here, if anywhere, should the true Gregorian be well heard. In the Cathedral of Philadelphia, to mention only one out of many, every Holy Week is to be heard each year such a rendition of the ecclesiastical music as leaves nothing to be desired.

SPIRITUALISM has fallen under the ban in England! one Dr. Slade having been convicted of vagrancy, and sentenced to three months imprisonment. Spiritualism is a humbug; but we suppose that, in this country, it would be neither possible or desirable to send the professors of it to jail. The cry of persecution would be raised, and a conviction would be difficult to secure.

Divested of its technical form, the sentence condemns Slade for pretended communications with the spirits of the departed, and for professing to receive messages written on a slate by the spirits of the dead. That such a gross superstition should be practiced in the nineteenth century, and that English Protestants in such numbers should be found among the votaries of this "new religion," is a fact which deserves more attention that it has yet received. Had this degrading superstition broken out among the "benighted" Catholics of France or Spain, Italy or Belgium, or more especially Ireland, what an outcry and what denunciations should we not have heard from the enlightened Protestant press in England and America!

THE armistice so peremptorily demanded by Russia on the last day of October was conceded by Turkey, who has also agreed to a conference of the great powers. Events, however, have followed fast. At the Lord

Mayor's banquet, Lord Beaconsfield made an address which gave great offence to the Russian Czar, who replied by one of equal vigor, addressed to the citizens of Moscow. 100,000,000 of roubles were asked of the Russian people by way of loan, and more than this amount was subscribed in a week. Armies are concentrating on the Danube and pontoons are ready to transport troops over that river. All the railways in Southern Russia are in the hands of the government, and the passage of troops and material of war is incessant. On the side of Turkey there is equal warlike activity. English engineers are assisting in laying out defences for Constantinople. A motley array of soldiers drawn from the Asiatic provinces are assembling at Adrianople, Sophia, Widdin, Trebisond and other places, and torpedoes are being laid down in the harbors.

IT is a fact that in the West and South of America there exists often a scarcity of priests. The children are growing up uninstructed in their duties, and ignorant of all that relates to the next world.

To supply this want of priests, it has been proposed to establish a society similar to "The Work of Our Lady of Help" at Rome. This society takes from poor schools, orphan-asylums, and other institutions, such boys as give evidence of possessing the germs of those qualities that go to make a good priest. These boys the "Work" educates and prepares for holy orders, leaving them the choice of becoming secular, regular, or missionary priests. Last year one hundred children were thus under training, of whom thirty-five completed the course, and were ordained. Twenty-one of these Levites chose the foreign missions, eight entered religious orders, and six became secular clergymen.

A similar society established in every diocese of America would, no doubt, be equally good.

A CONTEMPORARY has taken up a subject we have several times referred to, viz., the bad taste often displayed in religious pictures. And, indeed, what silly-looking representations, it says, of sacred subjects painters, sculptors, and engravers do often produce! The Virgin is given a doll's head, and a doll's expressionless face. The other saints, the angels, and even our Lord himself, are as cruelly ill-treated. Where the sublimity of the subject should inspire the artist, and beauty and expression should be most apparent, ugliness and distortion reign. The tawdry daubs in the print shops, the wretchedly drawn figures in engravings in prayer-books, the ill-favored sculptures in a number of churches, excite more disgust than veneration. The beholder cannot help his aversion, when he thinks that, in beauty and expression, the pictures on brands of cigars and paper-collar boxes surpass the representations of the saints and angels of God.

THE Bishop of Gap, in France, has issued another pastoral, in which he defines still more plainly the Catholic position as regards political parties. The Church is not confined to any one party, nor obliged, at all times and seasons, to defend any particular form of government. She has existed in the pagan Roman empire, where pure absolutism prevailed. She flourishes in England and Belgium, where a constitutional monarchy is the accepted form. For a century she has existed in the Federal Republic of the United States. In the middle ages the holy Roman empire had an elected and not an hereditary sovereign. In France, now, she does not oppose a conservative republic, as long as that republic does not attack her Divine-given rights. If it did, she would oppose the republic not because it was a republic, but because it was unjust. She has often opposed kings, and often has resisted the popular will when that will was not founded on justice and right.

As the English Parliament is not now in session, the Irish members have an opportunity of addressing their constituents. Mr. Mitchell Henry and Captain Nolen addressed the people of Galway at Ballinasloe, and Lord Francis Conyngham those of Clare at Ennis. Mr. O'Conner Power, M.P. for Mayo, has been lecturing lately in Philadelphia with great acceptability. His name suggests the mention of the fact, that the *Freeman*, the *Dublin Nation*, the *Irishman*, the *Belfast Examiner*, the *Wexford People*, and other organs of Irish opinion, comment very severely on the refusal of Grant to receive the Irish address. One of them, however, is of the opinion, that indirectly it will do good, as the world is thus advertised of the fact that Ireland still exists, and protests against the English connection.

THE death of Cardinal Antonelli has called forth many tributes to his ability as a diplomatist, and his virtues as a man and a Catholic. These tributes came from all sources, the English press, bigoted as it is, contributing to swell the chorus. The *Times*, *Daily News*, *Telegraph*, and *Saturday Review*, are particularly eulogistic.

The late work of Pomponio Leto on the Vatican Council has called forth diverse criticism; the *London Quarterly* reviewing it, and with a rehash of the old, stale, and disproved arguments about the council being

intimidated into voting Papal Infallibility. The Dublin *Review* simultaneously published an exposure of this work.

WHEN real dangers do not menace our Canadian neighbors, imaginary ones startle them from their equanimity. A "Fenian scare" terrified the inhabitants of Granby and St. Albans lately. Nothing could well be more foolish or unlikely than another raid into Canada. Its only result would be to inflict great injury upon the social and political interests of Catholics and of Irishmen in Canada. The Orangemen in Canada are always too glad to get any pretext to air their exuberant "loyalty" to the British crown, and on that ground to claim special privileges and immunity in insulting their Catholic fellow citizens.

ANOTHER of the devoted band of Missionary Priests who came to America to evangelize the colored people is dead. Rev. James Gore, a priest of the Missionary Society of St. Joseph's of the Sacred Heart, Mill Hill, London, died on Nov. 16th, at Charleston. He was one of the first to volunteer for the work, and came to America in 1871. After laboring four years in Baltimore he visited Charleston, where he has since toiled to save the souls of the negroes. In this work he died in harness. He was a native of Woolten, near Liverpool, England.

THE new St. Patrick's Church at Hartford, Conn., was dedicated on Sunday, Nov. 26th, by Right Rev. T. Galberry, D.D.O.S.A. It is a splendid building, and cost $150,000, built from the designs of Mr. P. C. Keely, of Brooklyn, being the 365th large church edifice he has constructed; one for every day of the year. At its dedication, three bishops and a large number of priests assisted.

Corner-stone layings and dedications occurred lately at Guildford, Conn.; Thorndike, Mass., and other places.

HIS Eminence Cardinal Patrizi is dead. He studied for the sacred office of the priesthood, and, after a brilliant career, was ordained. He was created a cardinal on the 11th of July, 1836. He became Dean of the Sacred College, and also held the titles of Archbishop of Ostia and Velletri, Archpriest of the Basilica of St. John of Lateran, and Grand Prior of the Order of Malta. He was zealous, learned, and pious. His Holiness, Pius IX, was warmly attached to him, and his decease is the subject of great sorrow.

ON Nov. 22d, Rev. F. E. Boyle, Pastor of St. Peter's, Washington, celebrated his silver jubilee. He opened the first free Catholic and public school in Washington, with 400 pupils.

Rev. Alexander Cznitkovicz, C.S.S.R., the patriarch of the renowned Redemptorist Order in America, celebrated his golden jubilee in New Orleans, on Sunday, Nov. 19th. He is 70 years of age, and made his religious vows in Vienna, Austria, 1826.

THE situation in South Carolina is one calculated to try the patience of the people of that State, to unsettle public opinion, and to discredit the republican form of government. Two legislatures sitting simultaneously in one city, indicates a condition of affairs which in any other country would lead to riots and bloodshed. That it has not yet done so speaks well for the forbearance of the educated portion of the population and the respect they have for law.

IT is gratifying to observe the fact that the Catholic custom of being married at a Nuptial Mass is spreading and increasing. Among recent ones, Mr. Kelly, the well-known leader of Tammany Hall, was married on the 21st of November, to Miss Theresa Mullen, niece of His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey. The marriage was private, only a few friends being present.

The custom of night marriages is un-Catholic and should not meet with favor.

BISHOP O'CONNOR is hard at work in Nebraska, and the Jesuits have just been giving a mission at Omaha, which has been remarkably successful.

Archbishop Bayley's health is improving. Bishop Hendricksen has returned from a visit to Ireland. Bishop Manucy of Brownsville, and Bishop Pellicier of San Antonio, both in Texas, are working like heroes, in very difficult fields of labor. The results are already apparent.

CARDINAL SIMEONI has succeeded His Eminence Cardinal Antonelli, as Secretary of State. He is 60 years of age; created Cardinal Priest on March 15th, 1875, the same day as Cardinal McCloskey, he was Nuncio in Spain last year. He was Secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda when Cardinal Barnabo was Prefect.

NEARLY $14,000 has been subscribed in aid of the building of the Hartford Cathedral. The churches not only of Hartford, but throughout the diocese, have responded generously and nobly to the appeal of Bishop Galberry for assistance in the erection of his cathedral.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE VOICE OF JESUS TO THE MIND AND HEART OF CHRISTIANS; A Book on the Passion. Divided into Two Parts. By a Passionist Missionary Priest. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher. 1876.

The author of this excellent work has adopted as the basis of his plan the following directions of St. Teresa: "Represent to your imagination Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, present to you, near you, in a sensible form! Look at him devoutly in that state or condition wherein he really was in the mystery of his holy life and passion, on which you desire to meditate. Listen to him attentively; for Jesus speaks to the heart of those who lovingly wish to converse with him. He will inspire you with the words and sentiments which he desires to hear from your heart."

In accordance with this plan the author has thought it proper "to place in the blessed mouth of our Lord Jesus the dolorous narrative of his sufferings," believing that thereby, first, "pious Christians will pay more respectful attention to these sacred truths, when announced by Jesus Christ in person; secondly, in consequence of this, the history of the passion will remain more deeply impressed upon their devout hearts;" and, thirdly, "the narrative of these bitter sufferings learned from the sacred lips of the Divine Victim will move the soul to sentiments of heartfelt compassion and love for Jesus suffering, to sorrow for sin, to acts of self-immolation and penance, to the practice of virtue, and to an active zeal for the salvation of souls that have cost so dear to Jesus crucified."

In the fulfilment of his plan, the author has taken from the four Evangelists the whole history of the passion. From the mystery thus proposed for meditation, he draws some reflections, pointing out the fruits that should be gathered from it, the resolutions that should be made, and the pious practices that should be followed. Each meditation is concluded with a prayer to Jesus suffering, and a short aspiration to our Blessed Lady.

As a manual of devout meditations, especially to religious, and to others who aspire to a life of special devotion, the work cannot but be highly useful.

IRELAND: POEMS OF PLACES. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

Mr. Longfellow's other volumes of *Poems of Places* have evinced such just poetic discrimination and taste that it would have been matter of great surprise, if, with the wealth of materials which poetry descriptive of Ireland affords, he had failed to compile an acceptable volume.

Among the authors who have been laid under contribution, are Mangan, Campbell, Moore, Aubrey de Vere, Gerald, Griffin, Davis, Joyce, Allingham, D'Arcy McGee, Milliken, Frazier, Simmons, Swift, Callavan, C. G. Halpine, Goldsmith, F. Mahony (Father Prout), and others. Almost every place in Ireland remarkable for beauty or associated with its history is commemorated in one or another of these poems. To persons of Irish descent, and to all others who care to acquaint themselves with the scenery of Ireland, with its sad history, legendary or authentic, so far as it is embalmed in poetry, or with the peculiar genius and spirit of its people, this volume will be a delightful companion in their leisure hours.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC FOR THE UNITED STATES, 1877. Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren Street, New York. P. F. Cunningham, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

The Illustrated Catholic Almanac for 1877 contains, as usual, a great variety of interesting reading matter, and many useful tables. The lists of the Roman Pontiffs, the Early Irish Kings, Catholic Bishops of America, Presidents of the United States, etc., will be found useful; the sketches of the lives of Pope Pius VII, Dr. Brownson, Bishop Verot, Dr. Moriarty, Archbishop Connolly, and of interesting places in Ireland and America, are well written, and illustrated with cuts. The *Almanac* will be found convenient in every Catholic household.

EXCERPTA EX RITUALI ROMANO PRO ADMINISTRATIONE SACRAMENTORUM, AD COMMODIAREM USUM MISSIONARUM. In Septentrionalis Americæ Fœderatæ Provinciis. Editioni Quinta. Baltimori: Apud Kelly, Piet et Socios. MDCCCLXXVI.

This volume of excerpts from the Roman Missal, published with the approval of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Baltimore, is well adapted both as regards selection and arrangement of matter, beautiful, clear typography, binding, compactness of form, and small size, as a pocket manual for the use of priests upon the mission. It contains, in Latin, English, and German, the directions and prayers for the administration of all the sacraments, together with other important matter, and also several blank pages for memoranda.

THE AMERICAN

Catholic Quarterly Review

This periodical has now completed the first year of its existence, and has unquestionably, to say the least, made good its right to a continued existence. What place it occupies in Catholic periodical literature is sufficiently manifested by the commendatory notices of the non-Catholic, as well as Catholic press, extracts from which we have published from time to time, and a synopsis of those which refer to the last (October) number, will be found below.

The publishers and conductors of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* did not expect to be able to *make* it from the start all that they hope it will eventually become. They labored under no such delusion. They were well aware that a *Review* must *grow;* grow not only in the estimation of the public, but also in its hold upon its readers, and in its influence upon their opinions. They knew well that it was impossible at once to *create* a staff of regular contributors, or to realize at once the conception on which the *Review* is based. But they believed that, as there was an urgent necessity for such a publication as the *Review* aims at becoming, and to some extent has already become, they would not fail to receive the required literary, as well as financial support. In this belief they have not been disappointed. And, as regards the future, they hope that as the usefulness of the *Review* comes to be more clearly perceived, and its character as an able and dignified exponent of Catholic principles, in their relations both to the fundamental, unchanging truths of Catholicity, and also to the practical applications of those truths to the momentous questions of the day, comes to be more widely known, both these forms of support will be enlarged.

Of one thing the patrons of the *Review* may rest assured. That is, that the publishers and conductors will continue their efforts to obtain as contributors to the pages of the *Review* the ablest and most eminent writers they can possibly secure. That they have measurably succeeded in this during the first year of the *Review's* existence is ground not only for encouragement to persevere, but also for expecting a still greater degree of success in the future.

The following extracts are taken from some of the many notices by our contemporaries of the October number of the *Review:*

[From the Southern Cross, Savannah.]

. . . . This number is more than usually replete with highly interesting articles.

[From the Chicago Pilot]

. . . . The October number of this able Quarterly Review is at hand and it fully confirms the promises held out by the publishers. . . . It merits not only the support of our people, but our separated brethren, who desire to give a candid hearing to the arguments advanced in favor of Catholicity, would be very much benefitted by perusing its exhaustive articles.

[From the Boston Pilot.]

. . . . The fourth number of the American Catholic Quartesly has been published. From what we have read of it we think it is the most interesting number yet published. . . .

[From the Irish-American.]

WITH the October number the American Catholic Quarterly Review closes its first volume, presenting probably the most interesting and valuable number yet published. The success of the first volume of this model publication augurs well for it a glorious future.

[From the Catholic Visitor.]

We have received the American Catholic Quarterly Review for October, which is filled with good things and replete with interest to the reader. Its perusal to any Catholic would be instructive, as many of its articles treat of subjects intimately connected with our holy religion. . . .

[From the Catholic Journal, Pittsburgh.]

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The October number of this meritorious and solid Review completes the first volume. We earnestly urge upon our Catholic fellow-citizens, and all our readers, the very great claims which the Quarterly has upon them for their pecuniary support.

[From the Texas Catholic.]

. . . . We are in receipt of the October number of the Review, which fully sustains the high character that that most excellent periodical has established among educated Catholics. It supplies a place long vacant in the Catholic literature of America, and will be a welcome visitor in every intellectual Catholic family in the land.

[From the Pittsburgh Catholic.]

. . . . These are all excellent articles, and should be carefully perused by all who can appreciate the beautiful and truthful in literature. The present number closes the first volume of this much esteemed periodical, and we trust that the incoming one will meet with a more extended patronage than the one just brought to a close.

[From the Lake Shore Visitor.]

"This periodical, undoubtedly among the most meritorious contributions to American Catholic literature, which the present century has produced, has now completed its first volume. The current number is already in the hands of subscribers and will be found to contain carefully written, and learned articles on subjects of pressing importance at the present time.

[From the Catholic Mirror.]

. . . . The October number of this Review completes the first volume. Looking back at the work already accomplished, we can only express our wonder and great gratification at the excellence of the contributions, characterized as they are by sound logic, incisive vigor of thought and expression, timeliness and profound erudition. From the past we augur a brilliant career for this much-needed Catholic periodical, and we earnestly urge upon Catholics the necessity of a hearty support.

[From the New York Independe

. . . . The American Catholic Q
Review (published by Hardy & I
Philadelphia), has completed its fi
and has proved to be a worthy succ
Brownson's Quarterly. It is a large
cal of 200 pages and the type is le
clear and pleasant to the eye. As the
of the best thought of the best mind
Roman Catholic Church, the Review
interest for those outside that gre
The articles, while of a sectarian t
always candid and courteous in thei
ences to Protestant men and matters.

[From the Lockport Visitor.]

. . . . This number completes t
year, and, if we may judge from th
of praise bestowed upon it from all q
the past twelve months have demo
that the American Catholic Quart
view meets a want in the literary wo
that its future is assured. The pu
have evidently spared no pains to m
Review acceptable to the public. In
typography and general appearan
much superior to any Catholic pe
which has come under our notice.
serves, and we hope will receive, a g
support.

[From the Toronto Globe.]

. . . . The American Catholic Q
Review for October is the fourth issu
exceedingly able publication, desig
bring before the intelligence of the
the views and ideas of the Catholic
or, at least, of leading Catholics
Church, on the great questions of t
The first number was issued in Janu
and the one now before us is the clos
for the year. Such an able Re
this is must be generally read by int
Catholics, and cannot fail to greatly
the Church, as even intense Protesta
take pleasure in perusing the view
great questions of the day of candid,
and educated Catholics. The t
phical appearance of the Review is
ing with its high literary tone.

[From the Chicago Post.]

. . . . The American Catholic Q
Raview for October affords a fair rep
tion, we presume, of what Catholic
are capable of accomplishing in pe
literature. Typographically the Qua
one of the handsomest publication
country. Its contents, though mad
subjects treated too broadly from a
national standpoint, are scholarly a
resting. They show a depth of resea
a force of scholarship that make the
more than ordinary value. There is
of reasons why Catholicism should
quarterly. It has able scholars and
haustible fund of literary resource,
inaccessible to ordinary writers, fro
to draw. Let all be made available
versal information.

:om the Montreal True Witness.]

When the prospectus was issued an- ıg the intention of publishing the *Re-* ıowing the literary ability of the con- s, we had no hesitatian in recom- r persons to become subscribers. at by the unanimous verdict of the holds a high position among the best als in the land; with greater confi- e recommend it to such Catholics, r lay or clerical, who have not as yet subscribers. It has won this high po- y its calm, dignified and scholarly of discussing subjects. It is needless ıd our readers how necessary a peri- f this kind is, to explain and defend ıd to refute the sophistries of error. cessity being admitted, it is the duty ho have the welfare of religion and at heart, to support it by large sub- ns.

From the Cleveland Herald.]

October number of the American Ca- uarterly Review is the fourth since mencement and completes the first In these four numbers it has amply ed its right to existence. rticles have been scholarly, and ly treated the subjects with great of view. The interest in these arti- y no means confined to members of nan Catholic Communion. Indeed stion whether Protestants of liberal ill not find as much to interest them ages of the *Catholic Quarterly* as will t devoted Catholic. It is of import- metimes to get the Roman Catholic ı disputed question, and in such cases isfactory to get the best presentation side. Such as can generally be de- on will be found in the pages of this al.

[From the Toronto Tribune.]

The Centennial year in the United so pregnant with great events, n rendered memorable to the lite- orld by the establishment of the an Catholic Quarterly Review. It of those events whose far reach- luence for good embraces both ent and the future; for the impress uch a publication leaves upon the f men to-day will ripen into golden d be reproduced in rich and varied ace by generations of men yet un- . Truth once uttered, like a ray of unds ever onward and invits course a radience to dispel the clouds of ich Heresy throws around the path- cience and over the citadel of Re-

ngratulate the publishers, Messrs. & Mahony, of Philadelphia, on the which has attended their efforts to ı magazine which has no superior in glish language, and we wish them re of prosperity commensurate with blic spirited enterprise.

[From the Cleveland Catholic Universe.]

NUMBER four of this new Catholic periodical is issued, and the number more than redeems the promises made by its publishers, and more than realizes the expectations and hopes indulged in by those Catholic Americans who desired to see Catholic intellect have an opportunity to make itself felt in the periodical literature of the day in this country, and to have this intellect utilized for the benefit of the American people. All this is well done by means of this American Catholic Quarterly Review, which has already taken by its merits an enviable position among the periodicals of the day. We are in receipt of the October number of the American Catholic Quarterly Review, the last number of the first volume. . . . This is an excellent periodical, and its present number increases its former high reputation.

[From the Catholic Telegraph.]

. . . A periodical of this kind cannot be reviewed; all we can do is to notice it and most earnestly recommend our readers to subscribe for it. It would be a crying shame should the Review be discontinued for the lack of support. It cannot be gainsaid that the "American Catholic Review" and the "Catholic World" places the Catholics of the United States second to none in periodical literature of the highest order. Let us hold our own, at least, in this one thing. If, in our apathy, we are not superior or even equal to all denominations in other departments, let us be thankful to those editors and writers who vindicate the honor of the Church, and assert her rights at the sacrifice of many comforts.

The Review may be considered as a successor to the deeply lamented Brownson's late Quarterly. The Doctor himself took a prominent part in its inauguration. It has the sanction of that great man. It may be considered as a legacy of his loving heart and ardent soul to his companions in the Faith and to his countrymen, to the nation he admired so highly, served so faithfully, and loved so ardently. Nor can it be denied that so far the *American Catholic Qnarterly* has proved itself superior to the defunct *Brownson's Quarterly*. Nor can it be otherwise, considering the talent that has been summoned to contribute to its pages. Let every priest subscribe to it, and every layman who can, do the same. In fact we do not see how any Catholic layman of culture can well forego the pleasure and the necessity of reading it. As for our clegy, we would leap over the limits of our duty were we to give the reasons why we say that they must support it.

We have said it is impossible to review this Review, unless we undertook to write a volume three times the length of the original matter—a work surely *nostris non æquam viribus*.

But it is a source of painful reflections to find the motives of some of the contributors misinterpreted. A semi religious paper has had the bad taste—to use the mildest terms—to qualify the concluding remarks of Very

Rev. E. Jacker's article on the "Catholic Indians in Michigan and Wisconsin," as malicious. We shall not enter into a defence of the article in question. The writer is very well able to take care of himself, although the best reply we can make, in our opinion, is to let facts speak for themselves. For there are others who are well acquainted with the history of what has been done, and what has not been done, and what should have been done for the poor Catholic Indians. This class of gentlemen need not draw their conclusions from the inspiration of any young knight of the quill, who hopes by running a tilt in a barnyard to curry some favor.

While we are penning these lines, the Very Rev. Edward Jacker, although unfit for work from illness and exhausted physical powers, has yielded to the pressing invitations of his brother priests, who, not knowing the several admixtures of the various Indian dialects, are unable to do what they would be prompted to do by their honest zeal and love of their spiritual children. He is laboring night and day, catechising, lecturing, hearing confessions, far away from his home in a pure labor of love. Little will he care for such aspersions from obscure—we almost said mysterious—sources (for is there not something mysterious in attacks of this kind?), strong in and well-assured by the gratitude and approval of priests and prelates. It is lamentable that his endeavors should have been deemed worthy only of a slur, and what he has uttered as the honest conviction of a mind, supported by many years of missionary experience, such as none but himself could have had, should be qualified as either an accidental or malicious ignorance of facts. The language is both outrageous and silly, hence difficult to qualify. But, after all, is it not an instance of history repeating itself? Just so, many centuries ago, the good deeds of the Master were attributed to the malice of Beelzebub.

[From the N. O. Morning Star.]

"The fourth number of this sterling Review has reached us in good season, and is freighted as usual with scholarly articles, replete with important considerations.

Father Thebaud's article on "The Church and the People," owing to the limited space allotted him, is not exhaustive of its subject, but is so suggestive in its management that the reader is furnished with unlimited food for reflection. The fine irony which gleams, at times, in all his writings, is not absent from this magnificent essay; but the questions discussed are in themselves too grave and important to admit of any but the most serious elaboration.

There is an indescribable charm about this writer's style; he leads the mind irresistibly along his train of thought and unfolds his meaning unequivocally before you. Every word bright and incisive as the electric needle, writes out its startling message in language not to be misunderstood by any man of mind.

The picture drawn of the French "people" is fearful in its vividness and unmistakable in its coloring. We wish it might be seen by those whom it represents, and serve as God's messenger to bring them back to faith and happiness.

"What the Popes have done for the Science of Geography," by John Gilmary Shea, is exceedingly interesting and valuable, and, we have no doubt, will be largely quoted by our Catholic press, so as to bring its excellent lessons before the minds of many readers.

The third article is by Rev. H. Formby, and is an able exposition of Father Thebaud's work on Gentilism. Those who read the review will we hope, be induced to procure the book itself, but in the meantime Father Formby's thoughtful article is in itself a rare treat—"Gentilism" being the inexpressibly rich mine in which lie untold treasures. Father Formby is one of the patient delvers to bring these treasures up to sight; and, as we take them one by one from his hand, we are able to form a just appreciation of the value of the whole.

"A Plan for the Proposed Catholic University," by Bishop Becker, is an article so full of activity, of sound views, of noble ambition for the youth of our country, that we are sure his zeal and learning will yet see the commencement of that higher education which he so much desires, and in which cause every impartial mind must sympathize.

The other articles are of the very highest interest to man, conveying solid information to the reader, and relating in almost every case to some noble work of charity or humanity.

Rev. Edward Jacker's article, for instance, on "Who is to Blame for the Little Big Horn Disaster?" is an apostle's earnest cry for laborers in one of the most neglected parts of the Lord's vineyard, and those who read his earnest article will surely feel like doing something, no matter what it be, to forward the interests, spiritual above all, of our Indian brothers. Mr. McMaster has lately sounded his clarion notes in behalf of this same race, and we know of nothing so appropriate to be studied together as Father Jacker's learned paper and the *Freeman's* practical suggestions on this subject.

We are also particularly pleased with the "Book Reviews" in this number, uniting so much erudition with so much courtesy, so much good sense with so much charity, that we recognize the modesty belonging to genius and the gentleness of the true Christian scholar.

In our opinion, this American Catholic Review has a grand mission before it, one peculiarly appropriate to this second Centennial of American freedom; for, under Providence, it may so enlighten the minds of our people, both in and out of the faith, that while the ones cling closer to the unchangeable Mother Church, the others may yearn for her maternal consolation, and find therein their true happiness and greatness.

But when America is Catholic, then only will we fully appreciate the incalculable good done in their turn by such writers as those that form the American Catholic Quarterly Review.

January 1, 1877.—We are pleased with the success of the Catholic Record, and feel assured that it will continue to receive the patronage of the Catholic public. [JAMES FREDERICK, Archbishop of Philadelphia.

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Philadelphia City loan	197,250 00
Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Co. stock	14,200 00
Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Co. loan	10,400 00
Pennsylvania Railroad Co. loan	40,500 00
Philadelphia and Reading R. R. Co. loan,	15,500 00
Delaware Railroad Co. loan	15,000 00
Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Co. loan,	5,750 00
North Pennsylvania Railroad Co. loan,	12,000 00
Harrisburg, Portsmouth, Mt. Joy and Lancaster Railroad Co. loan	27,500 00
Lehigh Valley Railroad Co. loan	30,000 00
Sunbury and Williamsport R. R. Co. loan,	20,000 00
West Jersey Railroad Co. loan	12,000 00
Pennsylvania and New York Railroad Co. loan	10,000 00
Dutton Canal and Railroad Co. loan	24,000 00
Southern Central Railroad Co. of New York loan	30,000 00
American Steamship Co. loan	15,000 00
Schuylkill Navigation Co. loan	14,000 00
Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co. loan	10,500 00
Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Co. loan	30,000 00
Delaware Division Canal Co. loan	10,000 00
Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Co. loan	15,000 00
United States loan	15,000 00
Pennsylvania State loan	21,400 00
Philadelphia City 6 per cents	55,000 00
St. Louis City 6 per cents	25,000 00
Delaware State 6 per cents	11,500 00
Chamber's county 6 per cents	15,000 00
Cincinnati City loan	61,000 00
Pittsburg City loan	20,000 00
Newark City loan	20,000 00
Philadelphia Stock (par)	24,700 00
United States Centennial Loan	700 00
Pennsylvania Car Co. stock	1,000 00
Rent Rolls	10,000 00
Accrued Interest	16,500 00
Premiums Uncollected	9,000 00
Cash in Manager's hands	30,450 34
Cash in Office and Bank	27,005 11
	$1,050,727 20

WM. G. CROWELL, Secretary

THE AMERICAN
CATHOLIC QUARTERLY
——REVIEW.——

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW will be issued regularly in the first weeks of January, April, July and October.

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"Philadelphia is fast training on some first-class Catholic talent, and the 'Record' is one of the cheering evidences of its intellectual development."—The "Catholic Mirror," Baltimore.

"This is one of the very best magazines in the country, in a literary point of view, and all the while it indicates sound, safe, Catholic doctrine, and a vein of Christian piety runs through all its pages."—The "Catholic Guardian," San Francisco.

"Families wishing a cheap Catholic magazine should subscribe for the 'Catholic Record.' It is full of all sorts of interesting Catholic stories for the younger members of the household, besides its full share of more thoughtful articles for the elder. The price is only $2.50 per annum."—The "Catholic Vindicator."

"One of our prime favorites amongst our American Catholic serials is, and has been almost from its first appearance, the 'Catholic Record,' of Philadelphia. In its well-printed pages you are sure to find every month something very well worth reading and remembering."—The New York "Tablet."

"We have no more emphatic approbation to bestow upon this monthly, which we heartily welcome to our table, than the reproducing of its leading article in our unpretending column. We like its tone, which has the true sound. Its ring vibrates in our ears as that of the genuine metal; its manly Catholicity compels our homage, and in its fearless exhibition of it we find grounds for the justification of our estimate. To all our readers we heartily and earnestly commend this periodical. Its cost is little, but its worth is great. We wish we had many such in our communities."—The "Catholic Propagateur," New Orleans.

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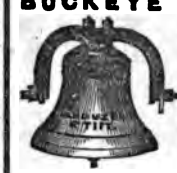
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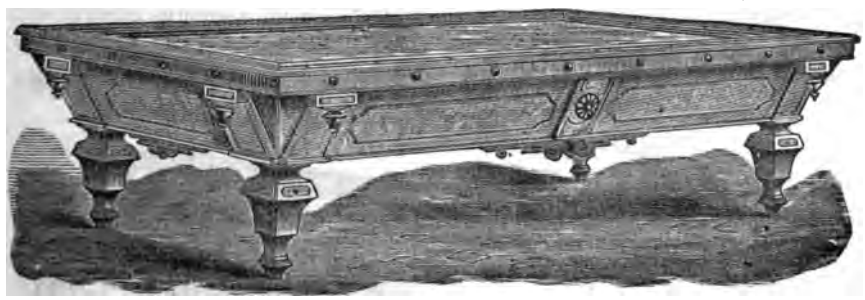
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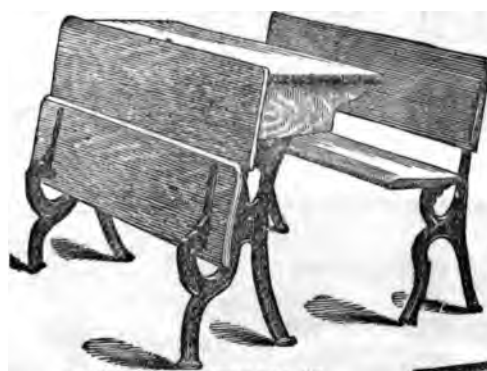
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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XII.—JANUARY, 1877.—No. 69.

A PRESENT NEED.*

LET us turn from the turmoil of our day, its failures and sins, and excessive nervous excitement, to consider for awhile a boy's brief life in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Of all the volumes put forth in the admirable "Quarterly Series," conducted by the managers of *The Month*, we have chosen *The Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka*, because of its marked bearing upon our own time and country.

Stanislaus Kostka was born in the month of September, 1550. His parents were of the high nobility of Poland, and to his father's house belonged an honor higher than that of noble birth, it had never been tainted by heresy or schism. Stanislaus was the second of five children, the manner of whose home training is given in the words of Paul, the eldest son. "They were resolved," he says of his parents, "to train us in the true faith, to have us well instructed in Catholic doctrine, and to keep us from all luxury and self-indulgence. They were rather severe and strict with us, and their own example, as well as that of their dependents, was an inducement to piety, modesty, and temperance, so that not one of our numerous servants might have cause of complaint against us. Every one had as much liberty as our parents to instruct us in our duty, and to administer correction. The result was that we showed respect to every one as to our parents, and were loved by all."

In 1564 the two brothers were sent to Vienna to study in a school conducted by Jesuit Fathers, whose order had then been but twenty-four years in existence. In this city Stanislaus pursued his studies for two or three years, and then, in the December of 1566, a severe illness brought him to the doors of death. Marvellously restored to life again, a great longing, which for some time had possessed his soul, increased to such a degree that he could not resist it, a desire to give himself to his Lord's service in the company of Jesus. In vain did he apply to the Fathers at Vienna. John Kostka had intrusted his son to them; Stanislaus declared that it was useless to ask permission in regard to the step he wished to take, for he was sure it would not be

* The Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka. Edited by Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates. 1875.

granted; they could not consent to receive him thus. Then the boy made up his mind to leave his country and his father's house, and "beg his way as a pilgrim wherever there were any Jesuit colleges, and to go on making his request, first in one place and then in another, till it was granted." For a long while he had been enduring in silent patience taunts and blows and kicks from his brother because his holy life was displeasing to Paul, and a tacit reproof of his evil ways; now, when next ill-used, Stanislaus declared that such conduct would drive him to leave the place. "Go where you like," Paul cried, "only don't let me see any more of you." And so one August morning Stanislaus left the city, and in pilgrim dress proceeded joyfully to go where he liked.

He was pursued in vain. Walking about four hundred and fifty miles, he a noble's son, without money, fed by charity, and housed at night like any beggar, he came to Augsburg, and not finding there the provincial of whom he was in search, went straight on to Dillingen. Here he was allowed to count himself as a novice, but his stay was short, and on the 25th of October, 1567, he was received into the Central Home of the order in Rome. There for ten months his life flowed on in the uneventful monotony, as men would think it, of the noviceship, and there, on the Feast of the Assumption, 1568, Stanislaus Kostka died.

And is this all? Before we search more deeply into this life, let us notice what followed after death. At once, as though the mystical odor of sanctity pervaded Rome, the city woke to the knowledge that a saint had been there; not only the other novices and the fathers of his order gathered around his bier, but crowds of the people visited it. Into the midst of this holy triumph Paul Kostka came, unconscious of what had happened, eager to bear home his despised, ill-treated brother as a captive. But the King of kings had taken his servant into his own safe-keeping. Paul found a silent corpse round which a whole city was telling of the holiness of the soul whose shrine that corpse had been. With a changed heart Paul went home to carry the news, and then "but one sentiment, that of deep joy and gratitude, penetrated the household of Kostka. They all felt that for an earthly relative whom they had lost they had obtained a saint for a brother."

And soon all Poland learned that it had a saint for a child. Word arrived from Rome that Stanislaus had been styled Blessed; his pictures were placed in the churches, his statues in the squares, lamps and votive offerings around his tomb. Fifty years after his death the Poles gained a signal victory over the Turks in an invasion which had threatened the very salvation of the country, and this was attributed to the intercession of St. Stanislaus, a portion of whose precious relics had entered the Polish dominions on the day of the enemies' final rout. Fifty years later still "the great victory of Sobieski over the Turks, near Leopol, in 1676, was attributed by him and his consort to the intercession of the saint, to whom many prayers were made at the time of the battle, the issue of which was decided, in a great measure, by an extraordinary storm of hail and snow (it was on the 24th of August), which drove right in the faces of the Turks, who were far more numerous than their opponents, and who were completely disconcerted and thrown into disorder by the suddenness and violence of the tempest." And fifty years after this event the final rites were celebrated which numbered the holy boy of Poland among the canonized saints revered by the world-wide Church of God.

But what has it all to do with us as Americans, and with this special year which opens a second century

of our national existence? Let us look again upon that life of three centuries ago; look upon it not by the light of events, but to see the real character, the spring of action, the secret of this marvellous influence upon others. Of Stanislaus's childhood we are told that there seemed to be nothing of the child about him save his sweetness and innocence; his whole delight was in holy things and in exercises of devotion. It was said of him lovingly that he was an angel now, and would be a saint by and by. In Vienna he seemed, whether at prayer or study, or in ordinary conversation, to live in the atmosphere of holiness. "For his angelic modesty and piety he was looked upon as an angel." He led a life of severe penance, yet had nothing gloomy about him, "was always bright and joyous, with that indescribable gayety which is the inseparable companion of innocence and holiness."

"But what," says his biographer, "must have been the gladness of that blessed soul, so faintly reflected in his happy face, that soul which for long hours of day and night was rapt in the enjoyment of God, and bathed in the bliss of heaven? Safe with his God 'from the strife of tongues and the provoking of all men,' his secret was known to no human heart." Yet part of that secret we may guess, even as we also know in part how sore was the provoking of men around him. Taunted by the tutor sent with him and Paul to Vienna, told "that a nobleman might lead a Christian life without being singular and extravagant, that God only requires the allegiance of the heart, and that in external matters it was his duty to conform to the ways of the world;" beaten and stamped upon by his own brother, he returned this noble answer: "I was not created for this world but for eternity, and for eternity, not for this world, I will live." Yet, while abating not one whit his prayers and penances, he loved to wait upon his brother as a menial might have done, and tried in things which were not of conscience to adapt himself to his will. To his parents he made no complaints, though his wrongs came from one only a year his senior, and it was to one so near his own age that in the flush of independent youth his obedience was meekly rendered.

There is a special blessing promised to the clean of heart: "They shall see God." The perfect fulfilment of that promise, the complete rapture of the beatific vision in a bliss that shall be endless and unbroken, belongs to heaven, but it has for holy souls its foretaste upon earth. To this child, whose angelic modesty was so intense that he often fell into what seemed a swoon if persons spoke in his presence of matters contrary to Christian purity,—to this boy, who used to walk in Vienna as if he walked with the Boy Jesus in Jerusalem,—so devoted to the Immaculate Mother that all his compositions touched upon some of her glories, and he was wont to write her name on the books he used, that when he saw it he might kiss it, and who never entered or left school without visiting the Blessed Sacrament,—to so sweet a soul a very garden of lilies in its purity, the Lord of holiness delighted to come down. In Stanislaus's great illness while at Vienna he longed exceedingly to receive Holy Communion, but their Lutheran landlord, with whom Paul insisted upon boarding, would not permit the Blessed Sacrament to come into his house. God the Almighty has ministers who are as flames of fire, and to whom bolts and bars and man's will are nothing. Let the boy tell his own story as he told it to a dear friend in Rome. "Once when I was ill, in the house of a heretic, I had an intense longing for Holy Communion, and I recommended the matter to St. Barbara. While my heart was full

of this desire she suddenly appeared in the room accompanied by two angels bearing the Blessed Sacrament, and I communicated with great joy." He supposed that this grace was vouchsafed to him as his viaticum, and he did for a time grow much worse, but God had other work and another rapturous delight in store for him. The Blessed Virgin, her Holy Child in her arms, came to his couch, and laying the divine infant on the bed, he and Stanislaus embraced and caressed each other; and in this visit of exquisite bliss the command was given to the youth that he should enter the Society of Jesus. After this he arose perfectly well.

The command served to quicken into action a flame which had been burning in his heart for months, for in his degree he knew the sufferings of vocation which some souls have to bear to a far greater extent and for a much longer time. There was one calling to him, asking for his whole self without reserve; one who would not endure that father or mother should be loved in comparison with him, and who even asks that father and mother shall be hated for his name's sake. At last, in the might of him who let his Holy Mother seek him three days sorrowing, Stanislaus left all to follow him.

On that journey, once again the Blessed Sacrament was brought to his hungering soul by angels, and the very different experiences which followed these heavenly delights, they were blessings, the exercise of humility and self-abnegation in his life at Dillingen, where the duties of a common servant were apportioned to this son of two noble houses of Poland. These duties he accepted "with the greatest joy and readiness, and discharged them with admirable diligence and modesty. When the news began to be whispered among the young men that the man-servant whose manners they liked so much was equal by birth and breeding to the highest among them, and that he was acting in this lowly capacity simply for the love of God, and to obtain the favor of being received into the society, they regarded him with the utmost veneration, and we are told that many of them were led by his example to leave the world and enter the religious state."

Then came the regular noviceship at Rome. Prayer, lessons, discussions, some manual labor, one simple duty or exercise of devotion following upon another in set order—this was and is the method of such a life. Of his we are told that "what alone distinguishes it from the ordinary course of a Jesuit novice, is the perfection with which its duties were discharged, and the fragrance of exquisite sanctity which it left behind it in the minds of those who were the companions of the saint and the witnesses of his daily actions." We hear of the exactness with which he kept the rules, the prudence and reasonableness which pervaded all he did, the readiness of his obedience even when he was ordered to do things in themselves difficult and repugnant to human nature. We read of his marked sweetness and meekness in conversation—never a word bitter or offensive in any way; of his gravity, and yet his affability; of "the air of purity which seemed to breathe from his face, as if even his fresh beauty had something of a gift of inspiring those who looked on him with the love of the angelical virtue." His love for penance, his progress in the spirit of mortification, are noted, and his marvellous fervor in prayer, where he met with no distractions, but his face glowed with light, and his eyes were moist with tears, and his heart was so on fire with the love of Christ that he had to apply cold wet cloths to allay the heat. And his devotion to our Blessed Lady increased with his holy life.

So the month of August came, and they looked forward and talked

among themselves of the great Feast of the Assumption, which glorifies that month. "I hope," said Stanislaus, "that I shall be up there (in Paradise) myself to enjoy this feast that is coming." Once already in that month he had said that he should die before its close, but then and now they heeded him not, little dreaming that the darling of their Roman home was ripening fast with the glowing summer for the heavenly home. On the feast of St. Lawrence it is related that he went to communion with a letter on his heart addressed to the Queen of Angels, asking her to obtain for him that he should be in Heaven on her approaching feast. The rest of that morning he spent in humble service in the kitchen, meditating holily meanwhile. That day illness came upon him, slight at first and for some days; yet to one and another he said that he should die. On Sunday, the 14th, alarm was felt for him, a deadly faint came upon him, then other dangerous symptoms. His prayer was to be answered, his faith rewarded, for he was truly dying. He asked pardon of all about him, and received the last sacraments devoutly. Let us lose not one word of the exquisite closing scenes.

"A few sayings and anecdotes are all that remain to us to help us to paint to ourselves the quiet hours as they passed on, bringing death every moment nearer and nearer. Father Ruiz asked him about his rosary, which he still held in his hand, though he was no longer able to recite the prayers. 'It belongs to my Blessed Mother,' said the dying youth. 'Courage,' said the father, 'for you will soon be in your Mother's presence, and be able to kiss her hands.' The words sent a thrill of joy through his frame, and he raised his hands and eyes to heaven in intense thanksgiving. Again and again he kissed the medal which hung at the end of the father's rosary as he knelt by his side, as well as a little picture of Our Lady which was alway before him. He was asked if he had anything on his mind which gave him trouble, and he replied that there was nothing; he had placed all his confidence in the mercy of God, and for the rest was entirely resigned to his will. Again and again he repeated the words of the Psalm, 'My heart is ready, O God; my heart is ready!'

"He made his confession again more than once, either at the suggestion of Father Fagio, or of his own accord. He asked after his brother novices, and was told they had all been told to go to bed, so he begged that each one might be greeted in his name, and be asked to forgive him for all the bad example he had given them. 'The time is short' (*tempus breve est*), he said to Father Fagio. 'Yes,' said the other, '*reliquium est*' (it remains), and Stanislaus added, '*ut præparemus nos*' (for us to make ourselves ready). Then they began to recite prayers for the dying, the *Adoremus te Christe*, and the prayer of St. Innocent, *Deus qui pro redemptione mundi voluisti nasci*, and the rest, in which the whole of our Lord's passion is summed up in brief. Stanislaus, with the crucifix in his hand, followed all with great fervor. They asked him if the repetition of the prayers fatigued him, or if he felt weary at waiting so long for death; but he answered that he was full of consolation. After a time, not to tire him, they stopped praying aloud, and then he began himself with some prayers of Dionysius, the Carthusian, which he was in the habit of saying, and broke out into great expressions of thankfulness to God for all the benefits he had received from him, especially those of redemption and creation, and he prayed him to blot out all his faults and receive his soul in peace. Then he kissed most tenderly the sacred wounds of the feet and hands and side on his crucifix, and leaned his head forward on the

crown ot thorns. He got them to bring him a little book which he kept, in which he had written the names of the saints whom it had fallen to his lot to have to reverence specially month after month, and he begged the bystanders to commend him to these, his protectors.

"Stanislaus had begged from the very beginning of the dangerous crisis in which he now was, that he might be laid upon the bare ground, so as to die as a penitent. His request was refused almost up to the last; but he renewed it again, and he was at last placed on the ground, with a small pallet under him. There he lay till long after midnight on the Sunday. The day of the Assumption of his Blessed Mother found him still on earth. The novice-master, Father Fagio, Father Alphonso Ruiz, who, as has been said, had been his master while at the Gesu, with Father Warscewiski, who was the first to write his life, and others, knelt beside him. One more change came over him as the silent hours, broken only by prayers and sobs, flowed on towards the early dawn. He ceased from praying, and a wonderful gleam of joy came over his face. He looked around here and there, and seemed to be inviting his companions to join him in showing reverence to some great and holy person whom he saw present. Father Ruiz bent down to him, and the simple, obedient youth told him what it was that he seemed to see. The secret was divulged after his death. The Blessed Virgin appeared to him in that last hour as she had appeared to him in his perilous sickness at Vienna. Then she had bidden him enter the Society of her Son on earth, and now she came to welcome him to it in heaven. She was accompanied by a band of holy virgins, and they seemed to speak to him and he to them. The vision passed away only with his life. The ineffably happy smile which the sight of Mary had called to his lips was still there as he breathed his last, and even remained on his face as it calmed down into the tranquillity of death. It was soon after three o'clock on the morning of the Feast of the Assumption. The actual moment of death was hardly discernible. Stanislaus lay with his rosary in one hand, a blessed candle in the other, 'as a protestation of faith.' The fathers asked one another by their looks whether he was gone. It was known that it was so by a simple test. The picture of Our Lady always made him smile and light up afresh, but it was now placed before his eyes, and no change could be noted. His soul was in heaven with Our Lady herself."

With the calm of that holy death in the early morning still entrancing us, we turn to the tumult and heat of our own day. Strangely upon our constant hurry, our plans for business, for amusement, for education, comes the memory of this boy's serene, short life, into which no thought of worldly interest seemed even to enter; where his solitary earthly desire was granted when he was received into the Society to which God's voice called him; where not even plans for his future in religion are to be found; a life whose record contains none of those deeds which the world is wont to term acts of charity. Therefore it speaks to us as many saintly lives might fail to speak as clearly, because in them our attention is called in various directions. Here, with absorbing power, we are drawn from time and sense to that which is invisible. To this boy, God and the things of God were the realities; time and the things of time the sham and mocking shadows that they are.

It is a strange contradiction in which we live. Man's business is carried on daily by means which man cannot see. The electricity which flashes important matters from one continent to another, the heat which sets our looms in motion,

the chemical forces which enter into the phases of our hourly existence, are invisible, noiseless, intangible; and who among us thinks of questioning their reality? But, while acting constantly on the strength of such trust as this, men doubt the very existence of angel or spirit or of God himself. Into our turmoils and our doubts the story of St. Stanislaus Kostka comes like a lull in a tempest. And let us bear in mind that all we read and think of him must be read and thought in fair faith. We are not accustomed to go to a ploughman to learn about astronomy, nor to a philosopher to be taught about farming. By that same token, we go, not to unbelievers, but to the saints of God, to learn of the things of God. Before we call their ecstasies mere dreams, and their miracles a delusion, let us ask if our hearts are so clean and our lives so pure, that we are fitted to judge what the sight of God is, or what it can effect.

Men dare to tell us that what we read of such saints belongs to an age long gone by; that simple or blinded races craved the marvellous, but to our free and enlightened people these stories are only stories, and we must adapt ourselves to the need of our day. *It is the very need of our day which is met thus.* The boy of to-day pores over the story book which tells of a runaway's doings by sea or land in search of adventure, or he seeks his heroes in the world's history upon the battle-field, or in the cabinet, or on the exchange; and he turns away from prayer and church and holy books,—they are tiresome and womanish. The secret lies simply here. God never gave more than one Church to men, and that Church alone can win and keep them for him. In that Church Christ the Lord is revealed to them, more real than anything on earth,—hero, leader, conqueror, glorious King, with the wounded heart that wakes the loyal fire in all noble hearts to suffer and bleed like it. In that Church the Communion of Saints is an actual verity, and the Mother of God cares for us, and the angels of God walk beside us by night and day. There the voice of Christ still calls to souls to leave all and follow him, and there still are the men and the women who take that "all" in its full meaning, and leave at once their homes and their riches, their nets and their father, to follow Christ alone. And there still are lives like this saintly one, which bid our turmoils cease, while they remind us that God is glorified by and delights in the life of praise and peace and prayer which men term useless.

The Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka, which we have been noticing, is beautifully but very briefly told. The life of the saint in the library of religious biography, edited by Mr. Edward H. Thompson, while it records the same events in the earthly existence, surrounds them with a larger mass of detail, and devotes many more pages to the intercessory work of the saint after death. Then this boy who, as men would say, "did nothing useful," worked with God in Heaven by a marvellous and loving and steadfast power. Through his intercession the plague ceased its ravages and fire its work of swift destruction, sight was granted to the blind, health to the sick and dying, life to the dead, and so great and signal was the aid which he rendered to his native country, that the title of Patron of Poland was awarded to him by Pope Clement X. And after a long catalogue of these wonderful deeds, "few as they are in comparison with those detailed by his chief biographer, Bartoli, which again, as he says, are scanty as compared with those recorded in the processes," come the following touching words:

"We have limited ourselves to citing those miracles which, from their external character, admit of

juridical proof; but it would be a great injustice to the saint, and an unpardonable omission, were we to fail to observe that the miraculous assistance which Stanislaus has rendered in the order of grace, has far surpassed in abundance even his temporal interventions. P. Bartoli, who wrote ninety-seven years after the saint's death, asserts that instances were daily occurring, and doubtless many more existed, known only to the individuals themselves, of relief from every species of horrible and afflicting temptation; from scruples, aridity, desolation of spirit; from inability to excite contrition in the heart, and even to offer a single prayer; from danger of despair; in short, from every peril and internal suffering which can menace or oppress the soul, all through the effectual intercession of Stanislaus." And Father Coleridge gives a letter written by the venerable Father Nicolas Lanciski, telling in detail certain great spiritual graces granted him through St. Stanislaus.

"So small a boy and so great a saint;" thus he was spoken of in days that are past, and thus still his praise rings down to us for our profit in this country to-day. There will come a time when it will be known that America is owned by a mightier power than banner of England or France or Spain or the widespread stars and stripes denote; there will come a time when from north to south and from east and west the King of kings, immortal and invisible, shall claim his own. But for this, and for all his work, he has other weapons besides those plain and tangible ones which impress the world. Among his saints are princes and counsellors indeed, souls of flame like holy Xavier's, and souls of steel like holy Loyola's, and the soul of the seraph like the great saint of Assisi; but he has also flowers in his eternal garden, who serve him by their lowliness and loveliness, their praise and prayers and penances, their very *living*. Against other holy ones the powers of the world can struggle hard, but before these they are impotent. No human weapon can fight prayer; no human strength can hurt a holy life; no human subtlety can cope with the simplicity of those who, secure from all evil, are hidden with Christ in God. What a check to our eager pursuit of wealth and our wild political excitements, is the thought of this boy's calm seventeen years of life on earth, and his prevailing power with God afterward for the benefit of his people!

Have we no need of saintly intercession in the seething chaos of our new world? Ever since the second holy Christopher bore Christ across the stormy waters to the much-desired land, holy men and women have lived here who loved and died for Christ alone, and many of them have died for him the martyr's death. Is there nothing for us to do, either by the active hand or powerful prayer, to rend the veil of falsehood from the past, and raise these soldiers of the great King to their true places nobly won in his Holy Church? Derided and neglected though they be on earth, they live this day and plead this day for us and for our country before the Eternal Throne. What added force would be given to their pleading, were we fervently striving that God should here be glorified in his saints! What truer, tenderer love would be ours for our country, if far and wide the truth was known and prized, that this land was sought for and found and claimed in the Name of names for the Cross of our Lord! Will the boys of America be the worse men of America, when they know that the discoverer of this western world was more than a discoverer; that he was truly Christopher, the Christ-bearer, a Bayard among God's soldiery, a great-hearted crusader yearning to win the world for his Divine Master? Will they be the

better or the worse when they count as their patterns and patrons men who loved poverty rather than riches, and purity rather than self-indulgence, and humble obedience rather than self-will? Will they be the better or the worse if they learn to say, "I was not created for this world but for eternity, and for eternity, not for this world, I will live?"

LEGEND OF THE BEST BELOVED.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

THE Mother Abbess knelt before her throne,
And heard the last, low dulcet monotone
Of the night-office into silence fall;
And saw around her in each ancient stall,
(Like shrouded statues of the saints at prayer),
The nuns and novices prostrated there.

II.

Then said she to her Spouse: "Of all these dear
And chosen worshippers assembled here,
Which is Thy best beloved?" Thro' the gloom,
A shape upon the altar seemed to bloom,
(As luminous as amber, and as clear
As crystal ice upon a mountain mere),
Whose open side revealed the fiery dart
Piercing the holy, thorn-encircled Heart!

III.

And sweetly stole His answer on her ear,
"My best beloved is not here, not here!"

IV.

Rapt was she then in speechless ecstasy,
But heard the voice adjure her, "Follow Me!"
And so was lifted from the choir-floor,
(Lightly, as might a floating feather be),
The while the shining Shape went on before,
A shadow in His wake, she seemed to soar

Through many a dusky crypt and corridor,
Lit by the radiant feet as by the sun,
As up and up He sped; the wondering nun
Had passed the winding staircase to a cell,
(Hid like a chamber in a spiral shell),
Close to the tower of the convent bell.

V.

Here lay upon a pallet, small and hard,
The cloistered leper, Sister Lutigarde;
The little dwarf whom no one loved or praised
Save for the sweet Christ's sake; a Savoiard,
Repulsive in her mien, as one half-dazed
With her strange thoughts; her hidden, helpless air,
Her halting speech, her vagaries in prayer,
Had tried the novice-mistress in her day,
More than a hundred souls that owned her sway,
So useless seemed the little maid, so dull
In all the works that nuns deem beautiful.

VI.

No broideries on jewelled silk *her* hand
Had ever shaped to vestments rich and grand;
Or wondrous banners where the needle paints
The miracles and legends of the saints.
The weaving of old laces, frail as those
Bright, shining webs the garden spider throws
Over the dewy roses; spinning threads
Of snowy linen for the august beds
Of noble houses; or with skill antique,
Illuminating books in honeyed Greek
And liquid Latin; moulding flowers and fruits
From painted wax; or touching silver lutes,
(With holy hymn and canticle divine),
Before Madonna Mary's lilied shrine,—
All these, and other crafts as high and hard,
Were occult arts to poor dull Lutigarde.

VII.

But, when the foul distemper on her fell,
(Requital of a love that healed the sores
Of leprous beggars at the convent doors),
She hid her, henceforth, in that lofty cell,
Up where the lichens and the building birds
Brightened the bondage of the abbey bell,
But did not miss the sweets of life (kind words,
And loving sympathy bestowed by good
And gracious souls); the pitying sisterhood
Did what they dared to ease her heavy cross,
Yet reckoned not her absence as a loss.

VIII.

And thus the weary suffering years had trailed
Their wounded length; and suns arose and paled
A thousand times upon the tower of stone,
Beneath whose shade the leper lay alone;
Hearing from out the belfry, ivy-veiled,
(Or, in its season, leafless and forsaken),
The great bell ever solemnly intone,
"Oh! love to be unknown, unknown, unknown!"
Albeit that her very bed was shaken
Whene'er the ponderous chimes began to waken,
She only seemed more strange and silent grown.

IX.

For all those mighty throes and shudderings
That rocked the roof and down the rafters leapt,
She no more heeded than such airy things
As leaves, or snow-flakes, or the burnished wings
Of happy birds that past her window swept.
The leper's eyes ('twas doubtful when they slept),
Were ever fixed upon an object small,—
A crucifix upon the whitewashed wall.

X.

The stigmas on the Christ were rude and brown,
But all day long, from rise to set of sun,
The leper's languid eyes went up and down
From head to feet, from feet to thorny crown,
With one dull gaze; and when the nursing nun
Crept in the night-watch to the lonely one,
The moonlight or the taper's flickering flame,
Showed that the large dark eyes were on the same
Blest rood. A whispered "*Veni, Jesu mi!*"
(It mattered not how oft she went or came),
"*O Veni, Jesu! Veni, Amor mi!*"
The list'ner heard with awe; and often stood—
Her trembling hand upon the massive latch—
Resolved to rouse the sleeping sisterhood,
And summon them to share the wondrous watch.
But, straightway stealing from the dusky spot,
The vision and the words remembered not;
Alone with God, and all things else debarred,
In choir and crypt, in cell and cloistered yard,
Forgotten was the Sister Lutigarde.

XI.

Forgotten? Yea, by all save One alone;
And now the Abbess saw how *that* Blest One
Remembered His elect; for, as she passed
The lintel of the room, behold! a vast

And sparkling glory had begun to dart,
Out of the centre of the burning heart
Of Him who stooped above the tiny bed,
And laid His hand upon the suff'rer's head.

XII.

Was it a nimbus in the odorous air,
Around the little leper's tangled hair?
Was it a gust of heav'nly harmony?
" O Veni, Jesu ! Veni, Amor mi !"

XIII.

The nervous limbs were decently composed,
And all the waxen face supremely rosed
With beauteous blushes; the large, patient eyes
Fixed in a joyous and most tender wise
Upon the glorious Visage o'er her bent;
While one grand Voice throughout the chamber sent
The chanted words, melodious and slow:
" Blessed are they that go
Into the hidden life of prayer and pain,
And there with Me upon the cross remain!
True to the end, from creatures far apart,
Locked in the sweet cloister of My Heart,
They shall perfected be (in ways most hard
To flesh and blood), as this sweet Lutigarde.
O, best beloved! thou art near to Me,
O, best beloved! thou art dear to Me,
Come to thy lover, little Lûtigarde!"

* * * * *

XIV.

A blindness fell upon the Abbess. Lo!
She felt a piercing wind across her blow,
As if from open graves. A moaning wind,
(Pathetic, yet most tenderly resigned),
It filled the silent place. In mute alarm,
She wakened with a hand upon her arm;
And, while the current from the corridor
Fanned to a flare the taper that she bore,
In trembling tones the infirmarian said,
" Dear Mother, Sister Lutigarde is dead!"

THE DREAM OF PÈRE SYLVESTRE.

CHAPTER I.

PÈRE SYLVESTRE was the curé of the little village of St. Lys.

His was one of those pure, simple, holy natures that are found here and there in all countries and in all churches alike—the true shepherd of his flock, the friend and father of every man, woman, and child in the village that nestled among the hills of fair France. St. Lys was like a garden tended by the curé's hands, and in all that garden the fairest, sweetest flower was Lisbette Lamotte. Such a dainty little maiden!

Fatherless and motherless while yet a babe, she had been even nearer and dearer to the old priest's heart than any other of his flock. Lisbette lived in a tiny cottage at the corner of the street, near where the fountain splashed and trickled over the rocks; ferns grew lovingly about the streamlet that came from the hills above, and bent their graceful fronds caressingly towards the rippling cascade that on a summer's day sparkled in the sunlight as though a shower of diamond dust was being scattered by some genie's hand, or an undine had dropped her silvery veil as she passed. It was a pretty sight to see the girl Lisbette filling her pitcher at this fountain, her fair hair curling in delicate tendrils about her brow, her little *sabots* peeping out from under her gray skirt, and her white bodice now and again adorned with a pale pink oleander blossom—a piece of natural coquetry born half of the knowledge that she was fair, half of a childish love of pretty things.

You may be sure the young men of St. Lys were not slow to see into what beautiful maidenhood the orphan child, the little soft pink ball of a baby that had been at once the idol and plaything of the whole village, had grown.

And yet, strange to say, girls with far less real beauty than Lisbette had more lovers. There was a strange refinement about her that the simple villagers felt, and hardly understood; she never lingered at the fountain to laugh and joke with the boys like other maidens, and would far sooner walk slowly through the still summer's evening to carry an offering of sweet veronica to Père Sylvestre as he sat reading his office-book under the shade of the oleander tree in his garden, of which the boundary was formed by a hedge of sweet-scented beans with lovely pale primrose-colored flowers.

Sometimes the good old priest thought to himself: "Lisbette will one day be the bride of heaven," but such thoughts he garnered up as yet in his own heart; for the girl was young, and life was fresh and full of promise, and he knew that the heart that turns to God must turn of its own free will to the religious life as a flower turns to the sun; must forego all lesser joys to bask in the light of His love, only because the very innermost heart acknowledges all other good to be as nothing compared with Him; all earthly happiness as dross compared to the glory of toiling for our dear Lord among the poor, that are his heritage to the Church.

Old Mathilde, a dame of such advanced age that no one in St. Lys ventured to guess at the number of the years of her pilgrimage, lived with Lisbette in the cottage at the corner of the village street near the fountain. On a Sunday or a saint's day you might see her going to Mass, one withered hand resting on the girl's shoulder; and where the road

made a sudden steep ascent to the church that stood half-way up the hill, Lisbette would slip her white arm round her aged companion, and in this fashion they would make the wearisome ascent.

In the evening Lisbette used to seek and drive home the four milk-white goats with tinkling bells about their necks, that formed an important part of Mathilde's worldly possessions, and were looked upon as a certain heritage for her adopted child.

St. Lys was a very primitive village, so far from the noisy centres of human life and progress that but faint echoes of the stir and bustle of great cities ever reached its peaceful nook among the hills.

When any one in St. Lys received a letter by the diligence, that once a week traversed the country and halted for an hour or two at the village *cabaret*, it was an event known to every one before an hour had passed, and the receiver of the missive put on a conscious air of importance as he or she walked to Mass on the following Sunday.

"Hast thou then heard how the good father hath received a letter, and that the child Lisbette is about to make the journey to the distant town of Mervaine-sur-mer, there to remain till after the holy Easter season?"

"Sainte Vierge!" replied the individual to whom this was addressed; "but what a terrible journey for one so young! Is not the child overcome by fear?"

"No," was the reply, "Lisbette is of a nature not at all timid. She goes to the sister of her mother, one Annette Bénoit, who hath never yet seen her, and would do so. It is rumored at church and market that she will make the child her adopted daughter, which will be good luck, for she is rich as they say—"

"Still," urged the other, "it is a marvel for one so young to make a journey of such proportions!"

Thus reasoned the neighbors; but the curé thought it well that Lisbette should visit her mother's people, and when the lumbering diligence, of which the harness was mended in so many places that it seemed to be formed wholly of rope, rumbled slowly away up the hill-road that led, as the peasants said, to where the good God only knew, Lisbette was bravely setting forth upon her journey. Her fair face, tearful as a dew-laden flower, looked back at the villagers assembled *en masse* to see her depart, and the last sight she carried away in her mind was that of the good curé standing a little apart from the rest very grave and sorrowful. His kindly, gentle eyes, his white hair under the broad shady hat, the stout stick on which he leaned, even the gleam of the little silver buckles on his shoes as they caught the sunlight—all remained a picture in her heart; she was leaving behind something the thought of which would guard her from all evil among the strange people she was going to. Just at the turn of the road she waved her hand—many voices called after her in friendly farewell, and then she could see St. Lys no more!

The pink tapering buds of the oleanders burst out into great blossoms that hung their heads as if overweighted with their own luscious perfume; the trees grew dense with fulness of foliage; the ferns became so tall they almost hid the leaping waterfall; green and gold lizards lay basking on the rocks and on the wall of the curé's garden, too deliciously warm and lazy to stir, even when he walked up and down the pathway pondering over his Sunday sermon; nay, they were even proof, these pretty shining creatures, against the *criard* voice of old Marie, who kept house for the good father, proclaiming in shrill accents that Monsieur le curé was served.

It is probable that if this faithful retainer had not summoned her mas-

ter to his frugal meals at all, the old man would never have thought of them himself, but simply wondered as night came on that he felt so weak and weary. So absent was he at times that it was told of him that on one cold day, when the wind swept down the village street and nipped the buds on the trees as cruel spiteful fingers might do, Marie, indisposed with a *migraine* that called for consultation with the wiseacres among her friends, forgot to light the charcoal stove in her master's room, and that he was seen gravely extending his chilly hands above the cold stove, and persistently trying to warm himself where no fire was, smiling gently at the idea of how infirmity and age were growing upon him apace, so that he could no longer derive his wonted comfort from the fire's warmth! Marie called on all the saints in the calendar to pardon this oversight on her part, and it was this vehement adjuration that first aroused her master to the real state of the case.

The hand of summer hung pretty garlands of flower and foliage all about St. Lys; the High Altar was bright and gay with fair sweet offerings from many a garden; but Père Sylvestre missed one simple figure that had been wont to kneel there with bowed head and meekly-folded hands, and his thoughts were often with the wandering lamb of his fold.

For as yet no news of Lisbette had reached the village, though she had now been absent from the church on the hillside for five Sundays, and the sixth was near.

Then an event happened. And this event became in time to come one of the marvellous records of St. Lys; for long after the good curé was laid to rest beneath the soft green turf where the lovely clematis was wont to shed perfumed tears of snowy petals on the dead, the folk would say: "Tell us of the dream of Père Sylvestre."

Chapter II.

This was Père Sylvestre's dream:

He thought he was in a strange country, and that all about him were dreary wastes of sterile plain.

In the far distance, almost like a speck so far away, he saw a figure moving towards him, and lo! it was Lisbette!

But what ailed the child?

Her face was lined and drawn as though years and years of pain had passed over her since the day when in the first young days of summer he had seen her looking back at him, tearful it may be, but if the eyes were wet, the little rosy mouth was smiling as she waved her hand at the turn of the road that hid St. Lys from sight.

This dream-figure was of Lisbette as the curé had never seen her. Lisbette, agonizing, weeping, wringing her hands, and then stretching them out towards him as though for help!

Poor little hands, that not even the hard household work extracted by Mère Mathilde could make anything save soft and tender, pink-palmed like a year-old baby's!

Père Sylvestre tried to move towards this pitiful little figure, but something held him back, and in the struggle against this power he awoke.

"Truly," said the good man to himself as he turned uneasily on his pillow, "I should think I had exceeded in partaking of some savory dish provided for me by my good Marie but that last night was Friday, and I had nothing but *soup maigre* and simple bread."

Then he once more fell asleep.

But again the same sad *traum-bilder* came before him, and this time a dreadful murky mist seemed to brood upon the dreary waste, and the face of Lisbette, as she came toward him out of the shadowy darkness, was streaming with tears. He came nearer than before, so near that he fancied he could stretch out his hand and touch her.

But the same power held him back, and again the struggle against it wakened him. The night was very still and fair; the tender moonlight fell across the room and touched into heavenly beauty the features of the Mater Dolorosa upon the wall of the simple chamber.

"Holy Mother of God!" murmured the priest, crossing himself as he sat up in his narrow bed, "hath any evil thing befallen the child!"

For some time he lay awake muttering softly prayers for the wandering child. Then nature triumphed, and once more his eyes closed gently, and once more his regular breathing told that he was at rest.

At rest? Ah no! for more pitiful than ever the child Lisbette came to him on the dreary waste. This time a blood-red, lurid glow was all about, and as she held out her appealing hands, God of mercy! on the slender wrists were gyves of iron pressing cruelly into the tender flesh!

With a cry of pain the father woke. The night was past. In the east the day-dawn was shimmering,

"Breaking in lines of light across the sky,"

and the pure gray gleam fell upon the pathetic lines of the image of the Crucified over against the curé's bed.

"Dear Saviour!" he said, raising his eyes to the Divine face, "Thou who loved the little ones so well, if evil hath befallen the child guide me to her!"

When Marie took a peep at the new day through her window that was set in a frame of leaves and flowers, she saw her master already pacing up and down the garden, his head bent, his arms folded, his eyes on the ground.

"Dear saints! but it is beautiful to see him: without doubt he prays for the people!" said Marie as she popped her head in again, and began hurriedly to attend to her toilet.

But Père Sylvestre was pondering on his dream, and that day Marie and the village in general were electrified by the marvellous news that the curé was going in the diligence to the distant village of Mervaine to seek the child Lisbette. A strange priest, brother of the notary of St. Lys, and at present paying a visit to the country to recruit health enfeebled by hard toil in a crowded city, would take charge of the church on the hill meanwhile. It was now midsummer, and summer, smiling goddess though she be, coming laden with flowers and fruits to deck the world with beauty, yet brings other less agreeable matters in her company to the sunny lands we are writing of. Of these, dust is perhaps one of the most unpleasant, and when the good priest reached the end of his journey he was sorely travel-stained, and weary enough besides. Then, too, he seldom left his nest, the little village in the hills, and there is something so depressing in finding oneself alone in a crowd, an unknown unit among strange scenes and strange people.

He inquired of a passer-by the road to the home of one Annette Bénoit, a widow well to do, and living near the sea.

"Ah! but it is easy to find the way *there*, father," replied the man, "for was it not with Annette Bénoit the strange maiden dwelt—the girl from St. Lys, who is to be tried for the murder of Antoine Martel, the week that even now comes?"

What more the man might have said remained unspoken, for with a faint gasping sigh the priest sank back and leaned against the rough stone wall that ran along between the village and the sea; his stick fell from his hand, and his face grew white as the silver hair that fell around it!

"But, my father, thou art ill; shall I not get a cup of water for thee?" said the man in great alarm. Then two other passers-by stayed to see what might be taking place, and

to the questions put by Père Sylvestre almost in a whisper, and coming from shaking pallid lips, all three made answer at once with vehement gesticulations after the manner of their countrymen.

As the curé recovered from the first paralyzing effects of the shock he had received, he began to gather up the thread of the triple discourse that flowed on in an uninterrupted torrent of words.

Lisbette was accused of murder; Lisbette was in prison.

One Antoine Martel had seen and admired the maiden of St. Lys, and she had not looked upon him with favorable eyes. On a certain evening he and she had been seen together on the shore, high words had been heard to pass between them, and there was one witness who had seen Lisbette Lamotte clench her hand and stamp her little *sabot* in hot anger.

That evening the girl came home alone; there was blood upon the bosom of her bodice, and upon her hand. A few hours later the body of Antoine Martel was found on the beach, lying where a little later the tide would have crept up and covered this record of a terrible crime, perhaps washed it out into the great open sea that tells no tales of secrets confided to its breast! Martel was stabbed to the heart, and the blood-stained knife with which the deed was done lay beside his lifeless body.

Père Sylvestre listened to every word of this recital; then he stood a moment bareheaded and with eyes raised heavenwards.

"My God, I thank thee!" he said solemnly, and then bowed his head, as though meekly receiving the cross now laid upon him.

"But art thou from this village of St. Lys, father, and knowest thou this wicked maiden?" said one of the women who had now gathered about the little group.

"I am the curé of St. Lys; I know the child Lisbette; she is not a wicked maiden, she is innocent of this crime; and God will show you that she is so in his own good time."

"Holy Virgin! but it is good to hear the father speak!" said another woman, gentler and more kindly-hearted, and who would fain believe that the accused was innocent.

"Come into my house and rest, and take some new milk and fresh bread," she went on, pitying the dusty, weary traveller; but Père Sylvestre put her gently aside.

"God's blessing on thee and thine for thy charity! but I must not rest or refresh myself yet awhile. Will you guide me to the prison?" he added, turning to one of the men.

Of course a dozen offered; indeed all followed him, and all talked without ceasing.

But the curé heard never a word they said.

The prison of Mervaine-sur-mer was not an imposing edifice; it was but a common jail, used for the detention of ordinary offenders, yet now it had assumed dimensions of importance as the place where the girl charged with murder was imprisoned, and the place from whence she would be brought to the village court-house, accused by the public prosecutor, and tried before the judge after the fashion of the time and place.

But had this jail been the terrible Bastile itself, the sound of the key in the door, the echo of his own footsteps in the narrow stone corridor leading to the cells, could not have more appalled the heart of Père Sylvestre.

No one but he was admitted, so the procession that had escorted him thither lingered about the gateway, as though some extreme satisfaction were to be derived from staring through the bars, and entering for the hundredth time into every particular of the crime.

Then they departed to the village and spread the news everywhere that

the reverend father, the curé of St. Lys, had come to seek Lisbette Lamotte, and was even now in the prison with her.

There were kind hearts that rejoiced to know the girl had one friend near in the terrible days that had come upon her; but even the kindest felt that strange pleasure in the excitement and thrill of the whole affair, so characteristic of the French people, and every one looked forward to the trial with delight, secret or avowed.

The arrival of the priest was looked upon as an added feature of interest in the tragedy; and one old woman, with a quaint appreciation of the picturesque position of affairs, remarked: "It is of a marvellous completeness that the good father should arrive! It is as a story one might read!"

Annette Bénoit revelled meanwhile in the notoriety that the coming trial brought her into.

"True," said she, "she grieved for the girl, so young and so unhappy; but Ciel! what would you? Lisbette, no doubt, had evil passions as others have, though her face was so fair to look upon."

Annette pitied herself, however, as being disgraced by such a relative. She pitied herself noisily, vehemently, ceaselessly; she moaned and wailed, and called upon the neighbors to feel for her, and pity her; and wrung her thin brown hands until, truth to say, people got rather tired.

She did all these things, but one thing she never did.

She never visited Lisbette in prison.

"Doubtless," said one neighbor, willing to curry favor with Annette in hopes of hearing every possible particular of the affair, "the good father will come and console thee, neighbor, in thy trouble?"

But Père Sylvestre had little thought of coming to console Annette Bénoit.

When the jailer unlocked the door of Lisbette's cell, and bade the priest enter, the poor child was sitting on the side of a low pallet beneath the grated window, her hands were clasped, her eyes were dull and glazed as though they saw nothing; but as the curé advanced into the light of the window, as she heard his voice speak her name and saw the yearning pity in his face, she gave a quick glad cry, and fell prone at his feet, clasping them with the poor little hands that were encircled by cruel gyves, as he had seen them in his dream!

He raised her tenderly from the ground, he spoke calmly of all that had befallen her, and, in ministering to this poor troubled spirit, he forgot his own weariness and hunger. He told her that he was God-sent in her sorrow by a strange dream of her pain; and then, when the poor child grew quiet and seemed to gain new courage from every word uttered by the dear familiar voice, he drew from her all the pitiful story.

The priest of God knew that the child of his spiritual care was innocent, but he saw that this innocence would be very hard to prove.

In those days, now long past, the investigation of crime and the meting out of justice were not what they are now; often the innocent suffered for the guilty; and, because he knew all this, Père Sylvestre would not buoy the girl's soul up with false hopes, but rather led her to try and feel that though her tender body might be given over to the executioner's hand, her soul would be given to God, and soon, in the rest and peace of paradise, earth's pains and sorrows would seem but as the phantoms of a dream.

As Lisbette listened, her troubled heart grew calm, even as the waters of Galilee sank to rest at the words of that Divine Master, in whose sacred footsteps his anointed servant now followed, sustaining the sorrowful, and comforting the heavy laden.

"I must leave thee now, child," said the curé; "I have to seek a lodging for the night; kneel while I bless thee in thy sorrow and humiliation, as I have done so often in the days of thy joy."

But Lisbette held up her hands, and looked in his face with great sorrowful eyes.

"Father, ask them to take them off," she said, touching the fetters with impatient fingers. "I cannot run away—why then should they chain me like this? and they hurt me so!"

He turned away for a moment, and then said in that quiet slow voice that always tells of emotion held down by an iron will: "Child, hast thou in thy bosom the crucifix I gave thee on the day of thy first communion?"

Lisbette made a gesture of assent.

"Draw it forth: let thine eyes grow to it; reflect if the pain of thy poor bonds is aught to the agony of the nails that pierced thy Saviour's hands; remember that for thy sins and mine he bore the anguish, then shall thine own seem light!"

With hot tears rolling swiftly down her poor changed face, Lisbette kissed the image of the Redeemer, and, flinging herself upon her knees on the cold floor of the prison, cried in her pain: "By thy five wounds that bled for me, O Jesus, grant me patience now!"

As she thus knelt and wept and prayed, the curé laid his hand upon her bowed head; she heard him murmur a benediction, and when she looked up, the door through which he had passed was just closing.

Chapter III.

One day followed another, and the trial drew on apace.

Daily Père Sylvestre visited Lisbette in the prison, and with some difficulty he obtained permission to be with her and by her at the time of her trial.

When he was not with Lisbette, he might be seen kneeling before the altar in one of the churches of the town, pleading ceaselessly that help might be sent to his child in her sore need; pleading in the very presence of Christ himself, for the poor stricken, hunted lamb of his fold!

The people used to steal in softly to look at the curé's kneeling figure; the priests of Mervaine urged upon him that he was overtasking his already feeble strength, represented to him that his years and infirmities called for some relaxation and repose, and that after saying his early Mass he should take rest and refreshment. But he heeded not, and with fast and vigil and prayer, besieged heaven for succor for the child of his love and care. Some one had slain Antoine Martel. Some hand had driven home the knife to his heart; the bloodstained knife that the sea itself had refused to wash clean; for it had been found at the very edge of the tide-mark, yet unwet!

Whose, then, was the guilty hand? Père Sylvestre prayed that the heart of the murderer might be softened, and a full confession at length save Lisbette.

The morning of the trial dawned.

The priest watched the sun rise; his aged limbs had known no repose through all the weary night before. Hour after hour he had knelt before the unshaded window, looking up to the quiet stars, shining in those dark, clear, purple skies, that all who have been in those countries know and love so well. The stars had faded in the day-dawn, and the hour was coming on apace when Lisbette must stand before a terrible crowd of curious, eager faces—a crowd seeming as though all made of eyes, staring at that one slight, pitiful centre figure!

Hours before the trial began every

nook and corner of the court-house was crowded; here and there the shrill voices of the women made a tumult as they fought for places; their high white-winged caps fluttered everywhere, and now and again the officials of the court had to interfere, and deal out a justice somewhat rough-handed. People clambered into apparently impossible places, and seemed to hold on to nothing in marvellous fashion.

Still an eager crowd swarmed about the doors, and on the pavement sundry *mauvais sujets* consoled themselves for their failure in getting places to see this thrilling drama of life and death, by playing *baccaret* with filthy cards and filthier fingers, while an interested group of spectators gathered round each set of players.

It was a sort of *festa* for Mervaine-sur-mer this trial, and if you could not have one sort of amusement, why, *voila!* you must console yourself with another!

When Lisbette—poor, pale, shrinking Lisbette, came into the court, and by her side the venerable figure of the priest, a *tressaillement* went through the densely packed crowd, and tears were shed by the women; but more, it is to be feared, of excitement than of pity; for Antoine Martel, though a wild devil-may-care sort of fellow, had been a popular favorite with the townspeople of Mervaine. He was as handsome as a young Adonis, supple of form, dark-eyed, slender, could play the mandoline, and sing your heart out of your breast!

What if Theophile Le Moine's young sister came to shame, and died in some distant city, whither she had fled to hide herself from the eyes of her kinsfolks—girls are so bold—what would you?

You may blame a woman for a fall like that; hound her from the ranks of decent people, trample her under foot—pass her by—but a man! *Basta!* that is so different! Also, he was a grand sight to see, this *beau garçon*, this dark-eyed young sailor—dressed in his best at a *festa*—mind you that! There are few such men to look at nowadays! Thus reasoned Mervaine.

Where then should pity be found for Lisbette! Into the details of the trial I shall not enter, let it suffice to say that the law took its course—not always in those days a very straight course either!

The story of the murder ran plainly enough; and as the public prosecutor proceeded, the prejudice against the girl deepened and strengthened in the minds of the people. Other causes too had helped to make Lisbette unpopular even before this tragedy occurred. The maidens had been jealous, in that their lovers were ready to desert them to linger about the street near Annette Bénoit's door, in the hopes of catching a glimpse of the violet-eyed maid from the village two days journey across the hills. These attentions Lisbette did not receive in a gracious spirit, and at this the inconsistent ones were again angered.

"*Elle se donne des airs*," said they; it was insupportable that she should do so!

The trial proceeded.

Slowly and distinctly the voice of the prosecutor told of that fatal meeting on the shore—the high words that had been overheard—how one witness had peeped slyly round a rock, and seen Lisbette Lamotte clench her hand, and stamp her *sabot* in hot anger, at Antoine standing by, black and sullen.

Then he spoke of the blood seen on the girl's bodice and on her hand that night.

"True," he urged, "it might be said that the accused made no effort to hide these stains; but, then, terror succeeds to crime committed in a moment of passion, and terror stupefies." Of what motives this murder was the offspring the accused herself only could tell—he owned

this to be a mystery; still, the body of Antoine Martel was found on the shore, and the knife by the edge of the sea. "Providence," continued the prosecutor, "who watches over the affairs of men, hath so ordered it that this wicked woman should be brought to justice!"

When he said this he pointed with one hand to the round window in the roof of the court, and then closed his eyes and shook his head, as though his own eloquence was almost too much for him.

"*Ciel, que c'est beau!*" ejaculated one and another of the audience.

But to Lisbette it seemed as though they must be denouncing some one else in so terrible a manner. Surely it could not be Lisbette! Lisbette, who had so short a time before knelt at the altar of the little church on the hillside. Lisbette, whom the good father had blessed but that very morning!

And watchful eyes saw her increased distress, and fed upon it; but Père Sylvestre took gently in his own the little restless hand that worked and twitched with nervous fear, and guided it to the rosary that hung from the girdle of her peasant's dress; thus silently he counselled the troubled heart to take refuge and seek fortitude in prayer. What a fearful interest, what a horrible fascination had Lisbette's supple swaying figure and tress-laden head for the surging crowd about her!

That wave of blood and anguish that was to sweep across fair France in dread '93, and bring with it the terrible guillotine, was yet to come at the time we write of; but still death at the executioner's hands was a fearful thing.

If the verdict was "guilty," the girl would be torn, perhaps shrieking, who knows, from the hands that would fain hold her back; her slender arms would be pinioned; she would be taken in the tax-cart to a neighboring town more than twice as large as Mervaine; those soft curling tresses would be severed by the executioner's own hand; that graceful head would fall beneath the cruel axe!

"*Dieu, que c'est interessante,*" gasped a shrivelled brown hag, as she thought of these things.

"But will she be permitted to speak?" asked another, her eyes almost starting out of her head with excitement as she spoke.

This question answered itself a moment later, as Lisbette rose to the call of the judge, and came forward to the front of the prisoner's box.

She leaned forward, deathly pale; her great eyes, distended with terror, gazed at the faces of her accusers.

The curé's head sank low upon his breast; his lips moved in secret prayer. For what other weapon had he wherewith to defend the child?

Silence reigned for a short space; such a silence as that in which a man's sigh, or a woman's sob would pierce the ear like a cry.

Then the prisoner spoke:

"I am innocent—I am innocent of this crime! I know not how the man Antoine Martel came by his death; these hands of mine are innocent!" and she held up her poor little fettered wrists.

"You do not, however, deny that you quarrelled with the murdered man?" said the ever-pitiless voice of the prosecutor.

"I deny nothing that is true," replied Lisbette, gathering calmness and courage in her desperate need. "I *did* quarrel with him; he was a bad man; he had a black heart; he followed me to the shore, and spoke words no honest man should say, no honest maiden listen to," and up flew the hot blood to her cheek, and her eyes flashed like diamonds in the sunlight.

Then the men marvelled at her beauty, and thought of the pity it was that so fair a head should be taken off; but the women's sympathy was still with the murdered man.

"*Ciel, si beau garçon!* and to die like a *cochon!*"

"But the blood on your bodice, and on your hand, how came it there?"

"It was evening, sir, and the evil birds of prey are out then; a cruel hawk swooped down upon a linnet, but I scared it with my kerchief, and the linnet fell fluttering at my feet. I laid it against my bosom, but its wing was torn, and its eyes looked like those of Melanie's little baby when it lay dying on my lap. Soon I saw the poor bird was dead, and I laid it down on the soft grass that grows above the rocks. That was how the blood came upon my bodice."

Her clasped hands fell in front of her; the light had faded from her eyes—the poor, sad, tear-dimmed eyes that used to be like those of a happy, trusting child.

Père Sylvestre looked in the face of the judge, but alas! what he sought for, pity and credence, were not there.

The judge did not believe Lisbette.

Her admission of the insult offered by the murdered man had been fatal, and a murmur of wonder at the girl's cunning ran through the crowd.

A subtle sense of the fact that she was losing ground in the minds of her accusers was now borne in upon the girl's soul; she grew paler than ever, and when she tried to speak her voice failed, but making one supreme effort, she turned in passionate appeal to the only human being she had to cling to in that vast assemblage:

"Father!" she cried, "tell them that I am innocent; tell them that never yet had I to confess to thee a lie; maybe they will hear *thy* voice!"

But the curé was silent.

Full well he knew that the law, and righteously, would not permit him to use his knowledge of Lisbette as her spiritual guide to plead for her or proclaim her innocence.

Deserted then, as it seemed, by all earthly powers, the poor child appealed in her agony to heaven.

She stretched her arms upwards to the God who hears the cry of the oppressed, and her voice was filled with an awful anguish as it rung through the crowded court: "My God! thou knowest I am innocent!"

Chapter IV.

"God and our Lady help us, but the girl is surely dead!" cried one to another, as a still white face lay back on the curé's arm, and for the time being Lisbette was at rest from sorrow.

"Give her air!" cried the priest, "she faints! her life fails!"

"But how can that be, to give her air in this crowd, my father?" answered one of those nearest to the prisoner.

And while thus Père Sylvestre gazed with troubled eyes at the white upturned face, the terrible semblance of death upon it, a strange tumult, the sound of wild cries, a rush and stir of many feet, became audible outside the building.

Then the packed assembly surged and swayed and rolled from side to side like a troubled sea, and a man with starting eyes, bareheaded, disordered in dress as if by hasty travel, made his way, where a few moments before one would have said to force a passage was a miracle. He seemed to cleave the people aside as he fought and struggled through their ranks as a mower cuts down the blades of corn with his sickle, and at last he stood beside those two pitiful figures that formed the centre of the scene.

With uplifted arms he claimed a hearing from the judge, and, pointing to the insensible form of the girl who lay as one slain by the cruel hand of calumny, he cried in a voice hoarse with an excitement that touched on madness: "Would you slay the innocent? I—I only am guilty. I—I only am the mur-

derer of Antoine Martel! *This* hand drove the knife into his heart! I knelt upon his breast and looked into his eyes until he knew me for Theophile Le Moine—knew me for the avenger of my sister's shame!"

Triumph, wild and cruel triumph was in the murderer's eyes and voice; he seemed to glory in the deed that had rid the world of a villain.

A silence like the silence of death had reigned while he spoke, but now the sound of countless voices, raised in wild debate and exclamation, drowned the answer of the judge. Yet amid all the tumult Lisbette lay still and white, the violet eyes never unclosed, the little shell-like ears did not hear.

Once more the murderer spoke. He had been asked why he had let the innocent girl be arrested for his crime; why he had so long delayed his confession. "Love of life is strong in a man's heart," said the clear, deep voice of Le Moine; "when the deed is done, then one thinks of the penalty. The fishing-boats were going out in the early morning, mine among the rest; I knew no one could have aught to say at my departure, and that I might escape, for my boat is sure and good; there are other countries in the world than France, and it would have been thought that I was lost, but in the nighttime, as I lay under the quiet heaven, I bethought me of the little maiden arrested for my crime. Perhaps God stirred the thought within me, who knows? that she had a look reminding me of my little Babette, my dear one that was stolen away from my home while I was at sea; I alone am guilty; I alone shall suffer; but she—what hath she done?—and now, behold, I am here to give my life for my crime!"

Then they carried Lisbette from the crowded court, lifting her high above the people's heads. Twenty willing hands were ready to aid in bearing aloft that still form, from which the shackled hands hung lifelessly down; a hundred voices rejoiced in her safety and deliverance, for now the public mind had veered like the wind on an autumn day, and yielding to their impulsive, national character, the people were ready to make of Lisbette a martyr and a saint. They laid her on the soft grass in the court-yard, and some kindly woman's hand unloosed the white bodice about her throat, while another laved her pallid face with fresh spring water.

At last, like opening flowers, the violet eyes unclosed; a faint color returned to her cheeks and lips, and Lisbette sat up and gazed at the people about her, a crowd in which the tall white caps of the women were conspicuous, for the men, with native chivalry of feeling, had retired to the background and let the women close around.

The dark figure of Père Sylvestre knelt beside Lisbette, and her eyes sought his face with wild appeal, as the cruel recognition of all around her came back to her poor confused brain, and filled her with a fresh terror.

"Am I to die, father?" she said. "Why have they brought me here?"

Then the people kept silent, and the curé told her gently, for joy kills as well as pain sometimes, of the marvellous mercy God had meted out to her, and how she was acquitted by the tribunal, and once more known by men as the innocent maiden of St. Lys.

"Father, it was the dear Saviour who heard your prayers," she said, folding her hands, and smiling softly to see that the iron bands were there no longer; she was strangely calm and quiet, hushed into stillness by the nearness of God's hand over her.

Soon a frantic figure burst through the crowd, and would have precipitated itself upon Lisbette's neck, for Annette had heard the news, and Lisbette, innocent and a heroine, must be at once claimed as a dear relative, though Lisbette, a prisoner,

and held in detestation by the little world of Mervaine, was to be avoided, and (had it been possible) disowned!

But the girl shrank from the proffered embrace. Misfortune brings out the truth and the falsehood of the love that is given to us, as the hand of the cutter lays bare the flaw in the jewel.

"Take me back to St. Lys, my father!" said Lisbette, slipping her hand into that of the curé. "I will never leave it more."

So the good priest took his child home to the village among the hills, and a *festa* was held in honor of their return; and still far and near the people told each other the marvellous story of the Dream of Père Sylvestre.

LIBRARY OF GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.

THE college library occupies a room on the main floor at the western extremity of the northernmost of the two college buildings. The structure in which it is placed was erected in the last century, but was only completely fitted up about the year 1806. Even then the library was not placed here, but occupied a room in the south building. The present library-room was used as a study-hall until about the year 1830, when it was prepared for its present purpose and the books were removed into it. The main room is 23 by 33 feet, and connected with it is an octagonal room in one of the two towers which form buttresses to the building on the north side. The space was thought ample at first, but the gradual increase of the library has made it necessary to occupy two smaller rooms at the eastern extremity, second floor of the same building, besides three other rooms in the attic of the south building, which contain duplicates, broken sets, old breviaries and missals, works on law and medicine, novels, translations, bound volumes of large newspapers, unbound pamphlets, congressional reports, and school books. Thus the library, like some other departments of the college, stands greatly in need of increased space in order to bring all its collections together.

In the library-room two projections on each side form alcoves of the intervening spaces. The two upper shelves of these projections are carried across to meet those opposite, and are supported by wooden columns painted to imitate Brazilwood, resting on bases of mahogany and curled maple. Thirty-one pilasters of Brazilwood form the angles of the cases or separate the compartments, and likewise rest on mahogany and maple bases. The Brazilwood used was a present from a former student, a South American. Two wide and very long tables, on which books may be displayed, occupy sides of the room. On one of these tables is a large show-case containing the more remarkable manuscripts, the oldest books, etc., so that these objects can be viewed without being handled. Open shelves, eleven in number, run up to the ceiling, twelve feet in height, or to the cornice under it. The height of the upper shelves is such that they cannot be reached without a ladder, which is a great inconve-

nience, and the projections of the pilasters form dark corners on every shelf, so that convenience has been sacrificed to a fine appearance. A small locked room in one corner of the library-room formerly contained translations and other confiscated books. These have now been replaced by the large number of ancient books, which are rather objects of curiosity than valuable as references. Two windows to the south give the principal light to the room, but the middle alcoves are generally more or less obscured. Panels in the jambs of the four windows are set with engraved copies of Raphael's frescos. In one of the two upper rooms, previously referred to, are kept the ascetical and catechetical works, and Catholic journals, bound and unbound. In the other one are the works on the fine arts and antiquities, on science, on canon law and councils, and works on the pastoral office. It is needless to observe that when the college builds, the defects of the present library, in the matter of space and convenience, will be remedied, and the books will be sheltered all together in a fireproof building. A considerable number of astronomical and scientific works occupy shelves in the observatory, distant a quarter of a mile from the college, and separated from it by a deep valley. The more modern works on English and foreign literature, and the books of reference, occupy the room of the prefect of studies. Each professor is also provided in his own room with all the books he may need for use or reference in the course of the year, so that the works constituting the library are scattered all over the premises. Hence the difficulty even of enumerating them, since the exigencies of the house are such that no one can be spared to occupy himself exclusively with the library.

The books are grouped according to subjects, so far as the disproportionate space required for the theological folios will permit. In the main library these divisions are under the head of bibles and biblical literature, controversy by Catholic authors, Christian ethics by the same, non-Catholic writers on religion, Catholic theology, Catholic sermons, travels, and sketches, Catholic religious biography, general biography, classical literature, English literature, encyclopedias, British literary magazines, natural science, profane history, ecclesiastical history, French literature, Spanish literature, Italian literature, modern Latin essayists and poets (about 150 vols.), mental philosophy, journals of learned societies, works of the fathers of the Church, bibliography and educational works. In the rearrangement of the library, which took place about six years ago, wherever a sufficient number of books were found to form a specialty, they were given a place by themselves, not all these specialties being named above. In the principal divisions there are subdivisions, and the shelves marked, for instance under history, are general history, ancient history, modern history, American, Italian, and Irish history, chronology, and historical essays. It was the intention of the librarian to prepare a new catalogue, arranged under the head of subjects, but other duties devolving upon him the work was not even begun.

The principal manuscripts preserved in the library are as follows: Monastic prayer-book written on vellum, with miniatures the size of the page, a decorated border to every page, and initial letters in colors and gold; was damaged by water before it came into the possession of the college, and the pictures are consequently much injured; attributed to the thirteenth century. An *Epistolarium* (the epistles of the ecclesiastical year) written on vellum in very large text, the headings of the epistles and some of the initials in brilliant gold, the other initials ele-

gantly done in colors, with much delicate tracery proceeding from them. The book seems not to have been completed, as the space for the grand initial letter is not occupied, and the last page is not filled out; assigned to the fourteenth century. *Horæ Diurnæ*, small, on vellum; the principal capitals are alternately red and blue, with elegant tracery frequently running from them down the margin of the page. The initial letter has the appearance of being embossed. No date assigned. There is another monastic prayer-book written on vellum, with music for the chants. Some of the pages are surrounded by a rich margin in gold and colors, the initials are brilliantly illuminated, a small miniature of King David with his harp occupying the first place; attributed to the fifteenth century. *Ordo Ceremoniarum in Vestitione Novitiorum Canonicorum Regular. S. Augustini*, a modern work, probably of the last century, but remarkable for the beauty of the lettering and the brilliancy of the gold border around each page. *Relationes Patrum Soc. Jesu Missionariorum in America Septentrionale et China*, a book of original letters written by Jesuit missionaries in China and South America, 1676 to 1682. *Manifesto al Mundo de Augustin de Yturbide*, a manuscript written by the Emperor Iturbide, and signed by his hand a few days before his overthrow in 1823. Manuscript in old French, explanation of the Creed, etc., headings and capitals written in red. Manuscript in the Irish character, doctrinal and religious tracts, considerably time-stained, chiefly extracts from the historian Geoffry Keating; another Irish manuscript in parchment cover, like a wallet, a kind of portable miscellany. A manuscript in the Siamese language, written on both sides of heavy paper, folded; length of the sheet when opened about six feet. A small [redacted] of extracts from the Koran, written in Arabic, found on the body of a Tripolitan sailor at the time of Decatur's assault; presented by Mrs. Decatur. Manuscript theology, by Rev. John Carroll, afterwards founder of Georgetown College, and first Archbishop of Baltimore, probably the notes of his theological course at Liège, 1755 and 1759. Prayers, etc., in the Penobscot language, a book prepared by Rev. —— Romagné, Catholic pastor of those Indians in 1804, and for many years thereafter. Manuscript catalogue of the Society of Jesus in the province of New Spain, 1744, with title-page fancifully executed in gilding and colors. Besides these there are other manuscripts not sufficiently remarkable to be added to a list already long. Some of them are theological. One is a kind of "commonplace book," English extracts, about two hundred years old.

Of early printed books, the library possesses the *Liber Etymologiarum* of St. Isidore, Bishop of Seville, printed at Augsburg in 1472 (twenty years before the discovery of America); *Tractatus de Vitiis*, by William, Bishop of Lyons, 1473; *Explanations of the Gospels of the Year*, by Albert of Padua, Venice, 1476; *Pandects of Justinian*, with Commentary, Venice, 1477; *Summa S. Thomæ*, first part of second book, complete in itself; initial letter curiously painted, Venice, 1478.

Biblia Sacra, the entire Bible, with St. Jerome's prologues to each book, with elaborate initial letter, 1479. Another Latin Bible, with many ancient manuscript annotations on margin, Venice, 1479; *Commentary of Paul de Castro on the first part of the Pandects of Justinian.* Attached to the wooden cover is the original chain and staple with which the book was secured to its desk, in some court of law, evidently as a book of general reference, Bologna, 1483; *Tractatus de Horis Canonisis*, by John Moschius,

1483; *Roberti Holkot, Super Sapientiam Salomonis*, Spire, 1483; *Laurentii Bonincontrii Miniatensis Commentarius in L. Maniliam*, Rome, 1484; *S. Hieronymi Vitæ S. S. Patrum*, 1485; *Biblia Sacra*, with commentaries by De Lyrd, first of five volumes, and therefore incomplete, 1485 (supposed); *Gulielmi Miniatensis Episcopi, Rationale Divin, Officionen*, Argentinæ (Strasburg), 1486; *Sermones Pomerii de Themesvax*, 1489; *Pomerii Sermonum, De Sanctis*, 2 vols., 1489; *Expositio Hymnorum* (Hymns of the Breviary), quaint woodcut for title-page, Haguenau, 1493; *Lactantii Opera*, Venice, 1493; *S. Augustini de Doctrina Christiana*, Basle, 1493; the 15 books of *Euclid*, geometrical figures printed in margin, Bologna, 1494; *Bœthius de Disciplina Scholarium*, Strasburg, 1494; Nicolai de Polonia, *Sermones*, Strasburg, 1495; *Liber Dialogorum Sanctii Gregorii Papæ*, Basle, 1496; *Expositio Beati Gregorii Papæ Super Cantica Canticorum*, Basle, 1496; *Epistolæ Eneæ Silvii*, Nuremburg, 1496; *Sermones Sancti Bonaventuræ*, Haguenau, 1496; *Mariale Bernardini de Bustis*, Strasburg, 1496; *Malleus Mallificarum*, Nuremburg, 1496; Nicholas de Lyra's *Commentaries on Scripture*, six volumes, Basle, 1498; *Opera Agricolationum Coturnellæ*, etc., "*Scrip. R. R. Regium*," on back, 1498; *Rosella Casuum*, Baptista Provamalæ, Venice, 1499. Making thirty-seven volumes printed prior to 1500. In many the capitals are put in by hand, in red or blue colors. In some the leading initials are elaborate. A few are in the original binding. Of works printed between 1500 and 1599, including both those years, there are two hundred and sixty-eight volumes, perhaps more. Of English books in black letter, there are only three, a Catholic prayer-book of the reign of Queen Mary; *The Primer in Latin and Englishe*, London, 1555; Stow's *Survay of London*, 1618; and *The Miserere Explained*, without title-page or date. There are a number of other books, curious for their subjects or their execution, or on account of the associations connected with them, for instance, works on magic and emblems, Pyne's *Horace*, two volumes, each page a copper-plate, published by subscription in 1737 for fifty pounds; a small missal used by Archbishop Carroll on his missions, an old German Bible once belonging to a Lutheran minister in Western Virginia, that had been buried during an invasion by Indians, etc.

The department of Bibles and commentaries contains copies of the Scriptures, or of portions of them, in many languages. Walton's great work, and other polyglots, Calmet's, Carriere's, Genonde's, Rondet's, Martini's, Buthier's, and De Sacy's Bibles, each in numerous volumes, Luther's and Calvin's Bibles, Cardinal Mai's *Codex Vaticanus*, in five large quartos, Tischendorf's *Codex Frederico-Augustanus*, Latin *Vulgates*, of all styles, English Bibles, Catholic and Protestant; editions of the former from that of Douay, 1610, to the latest splendid New York quarto, commentaries, concordances, Bible controversies, Bible histories, lexicons, etc. Among the curious books of this department is Schenzeri's *Physica Sacra*, six vols., in Dutch, Amsterdam, 1735, and profusely illustrated.

The department of ecclesiastical history contains works by many authors, from Eusebius down. The more voluminous sets are those of Natalis Alexander, Orsi, Becchetti, Fleury, Berrault, Bercastel, Tillemont, and Stolberg. Of histories covering shorter periods there is the *Histoire de l'Eglise Gallicane*, in many volumes, Pallavicini's, and other histories of the Council of Trent, a set of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curioses*, publications of the French Society of the Propagation of the Faith. In ecclesiastical antiquities, Josephus in several lan-

guages and editions, Griffith, Lingard, Nardi, Marchi, and others. Also, histories and accounts of religious orders; the ecclesiastical annals of Baronius and his continuators, in numerous folios, and an elegant modern work in several volumes, the *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland.*

In theology, besides St. Thomas Aquinas, and his commentators, a series of works that make a small library in themselves; there are the works of Petavius, Sanchez, Layman, Lacroix, Gardie, Charmes, Sardagna, Liuori, Perrone, Antoine, Collet, Billuart, Kenrick, and many other writers on dogma and moral, besides the complete works of Albertus Magnus, 21 folios, Suarez, A. Lapide, Benedict XIV, Bossuet, Fenelon, Stattler, Ghorel, Ferrari, Segueri, De Maistre, Gother, Bonald, England, Gretsen (17 folios), etc. So far as some of these works are miscellaneous in character, they occupy a place apart, with the Catholic encyclopedias, such as Morbré's, the Abbé Glaire's *Encyclopedie Catholique*, in 21 volumes, etc. Non-Catholic writers on religion, Luther, Calvin, Lardner, Leibnitz, Hooker, Hall, Wilson, Swedenborg, and others, have a compartment to themselves.

In civil history, among the folios, are Rymer's *Fœdera*, 17 vols., *Thuani Hist. Sui Temporis*, 7 vols., *American Archives*, 8 vols. Books of less dimension are Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes*, 8 vols., *Revolution Française*, 38 vols., Mariana, *Historia de España*, 13 vols, Muratori, *Annali d'Italia*, 16 vols., *Pennsylvania Colonial Records*, 16 vols., and eleven more of *Pennsylvania Archives*, the series of *American Diplomatic Correspondence*, Charlevoix's *New France*, 6 vols., *Rapin*, 10 vols., *Œuvres de Rollin*, 60 vols., *Lingard*, 8 vols., and a French *History of France*, in many volumes, a voluminous English publication on Ancient [redacted]d by Modern, and an equally extensive work on Universal History, a collection of works on Chronology, etc. In another place is kept a small collection of histories of cities, including five folio volumes *Histoire de Paris*, Maitland's *London*, 2 folios, etc.

The collection of Catholic sermons is very extensive, embracing works in English, French, Latin, Italian, and German. The more voluminous are Bourdaloue, Massillon, Brydane, De la Columbière, Bossuet, Fenelon, L'Enfant, Vieira, Oliva, and Le Jeune. There are also several copies of the *Bibliothèque des Prédicateurs*, in which every subject of a sermon is illustrated by quotations from Scripture, the Fathers, etc. A collection of portable editions of the works of the Fathers, chiefly sermons, is kept apart from the above. The folio editions of the Fathers are also together in another place; embracing the numerous volumes of the *Bibliotheca Patrum* (not complete), *St. John Chrysostom*, 13 vols., *St. Augustin*, 7 vols., and the other Fathers and Doctors of the Church.

The other department of religious works are, first, religious biography, including the vast work of the Bollandists, begun in 1643, and still in course of completion, the *Oratorian Lives of the Saints*, as well as Butler's well-known work, lives of devout persons not canonized, biographies of ecclesiastics, a collection of martyrologies, lives of the Popes, by several authors, and the curious works of Tanner, describing the labors and martyrdoms of the Jesuits; secondly, controversial works by Catholic authors, from the ponderous tomes of Bellarmine to the pamphlet of a few pages, and including many on each of the shifting controversies of the last three centuries; thirdly, works by Catholic authors against deism, infidelity, etc.; fourthly, catechetical works, from those in numerous volumes, by Gaume, Duclos, Pouget, Grenada, Charancy, Anonims, Segneri, and

others, to the handbooks for popular use; fifthly, ascetical works, or books of piety, embracing collections of meditations by many authors, and some in numerous volumes, the devotional writings of Luis de Grenada, Jean d'Avila, St. Theresa, St. Augustin, Drexel, Bellecius, Rodriguez, Da Porte, Bourdaloue, Fenelon, St. Francis de Sales, Drusbick, Challoner, St. Jure, Gother, Faber, Houet, Segneri, and countless others, a collection of works on spiritual retreats, a large number of editions of Thomas-a-Kempis in various languages, another of special devotions, prayer-books, etc.; sixthly, Catholic periodicals, including the earlier issues of American Catholic weeklies, *L'Ami de la Religion* for a long series of years, the *Civilta Catholica*, Dublin *Review*, Brownson's *United States Catholic Magazine*, *Catholic World*, *Actæ Sanctæ Sedis*, etc.; seventhly, a collection of works for the use of pastors, the nature of which may be gathered from a few titles taken at random: *Instruction Pastorale*, *Methode des Parvisses*, *Miroir du Clergè*, *Devoirs de Ecclesiastiques*, *Manuale Ordinandorum*, etc.; eighthly, works on canon law and councils, viz.: Labbei, *Collectio Conciliorum*, 47 folios; the Bullarium Romanum, *Le Concile Æcumenique du Vatican*, 8 splendid folios recently issued, works by Benedict XIV, Gratian, Zamboni, Reiffeustuel, Scwar, Pichler, Pignatelli, etc.; ninthly, liturgical works, such as *Decreta Cong. Sacr. Rituum*, explanatory works on ritual, Picart's seven curious volumes on the *Religious Ceremonies of all Nations*, graduals, rituals, antiphonals, ceremonials, processionals, vesperals, pontificals, etc.

The collection of works on antiquities and the fine arts is deserving of special mention, embracing as it does some rare and costly works, such as the *Muses Florentino*, 10 folio vols., Kingsborough's *Mexican Antiquities*, 8 folios, the *Cathedrale du Bourges*, Hogarth, and other works of the like dimensions and importance. Ledoux's *Architectural History and Antiquities of Westminster Abbey*, works on the monuments and edifices of ancient and modern Rome, Pisa, and other cities, *Thesaurus Antiquitatum Italia*, 6 folios, *Monde Primitif*, 9 vols., two works of Marcelli on epigraphs, 9 vols., Jones's *Dissertations*, 7 vols., works of Visconti, 15 vols., besides those of Muraton, Winckleman, Hope, Layard, Lawsi, Baldinucci, Milizia, and others.

The series of publications by learned societies embraces the *Journal de Luxembourg*, 1774 to 1794, 67 vols., the *Acta Eruditorum*, 1682 to 1767, filling three long shelves, the *Memoirs de Trevoux*, 1701 to 1775, filling eight shelves of similar length, the *Bulletin de Bruxelles*, *Memoirs de l'Academie Royale*, Smithsonian publications, etc. To these are to be added other scientific publications, issued annually or oftener.

The collection of mathematical works is extensive, though many of them belong to a past order. Those on the sciences are interesting and valuable, and care is taken to keep up with the demands of the day. Zoology, geology, mineralogy, botany, conchology, ornithology, etc., are represented by works of repute, Wilson's and Audubon's smaller work being among the latter. Voluminous editions of Buffon and other French writers are to be found in this collection. Of English encyclopedias, there are the Iconographic, Perthensis, Edinburgh, Rees's, *Encycl. Britannica*, Appleton's, etc. In English literature the main library is indifferently furnished, but a valuable and extensive collection constantly being added to, fills the shelves of the director of studies. The library of travels and description is not as extensive as would be required in a collection resorted to by the public, but is ample enough for this place, con-

tains many handsomely illustrated works, some that are rare, such as Kircher's *China*, Cook's *Voyages*, first edition, ancient atlases, and a number of other books that were famous in their day. In general biography the collection is respectable, and embraces at least works that are indispensable. The classical library contains the best editions, many of them uniform, and includes Stephens's *Thesaurus*, 10 folios, and other valuable lexicons. French, Italian, and Spanish literature have each a separate department. A voluminous *Encyclopedie Française* is among the former, and *Autores Españoles*, 65 quartos, among the latter. The philosophical works include the ancient and modern writers on intellectual philosophy, and of all schools; together with them are Brucker and other histories of philosophy. Among the bound volumes of British and American magazines is a set of Ackerman's *Repository*, with its curious and elegant plates of former female fashions. Histories of the Society of Jesus, pamphlets and books written against them or in defence of them, etc., have been found so numerous that a special collection has been made of these works in a case appertaining to the president's apartments. There are other collections of books which must be passed over for want of time to give them attention. Reference might be made, however, to the specimens in the library of books or tracts in the Penobscot, Micmac, Pottawatomie, and Cherokee Indian languages, and in Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, Hindostanee, modern Sanscrit, Tamul, Dyak, Syriac, Armenian, Turkish, Polish, Russian, Sclavonian, Basque, Breton, Irish, and Welsh.

The library is always accessible to visitors. It is, however, probably little known, and consequently seldom consulted by strangers. Perhaps it is not desirable that it should be greatly resorted to, considering the disjointed condition of its collections. A very spacious apartment, with shelves conveniently arranged and well lighted, such a room as we hope may be constructed within a few years, will alone make it a pleasure for visitors to spend much time in it. Books are never loaned outside the college. Students may visit the library to consult authorities, but they rarely have occasion to do so, as their own society libraries are well supplied with standard works, to which access can be had by them at any moment.

SOME ODD NOTIONS ABOUT THE MOON.

MEN have had strange fancies about earth's beautiful satellite. They have worshipped it as a goddess, sung of it as the birthplace of dreams, honored it as the abiding-place of beneficent spirits empowered to visit earth to aid good men and punish evil-doers. Some have held the moon to be the first home of humanity, the Paradise lost by Eve's transgression; others have believed it to be the place to which the souls of men ascend after death. Byron wrote:

"Sweet Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air, an island of the blest;"

and a modern poetess has avowed her faith that the wretched find rest in Luna's serene regions. Many wise men of old believed the moon to be a world full of life, Pythagoras boldly asserting it had its seas and rivers,

its mountains, plains, and woods, its plants far lovelier than the flowers of earth, its animals fifteen times the size of those familiar to mundane eyes, ruled over by men of larger growth and higher mental faculties than those of earthly mould.

Leaving philosophers to speculate as to whether the moon was or was not the home of creatures more or less akin to humankind, unphilosophical folk agreed that the moon had one inhabitant at least, one of their own race, whose form was palpable to all who had eyes to see. How he attained his elevated position was in this wise. While the children of Israel sojourned in the wilderness, a man was detected gathering sticks upon the Sabbath-day, whereupon he was taken without the camp and stoned until he died. Not satisfied with this exemplary punishment of the offender by his fellow-wanderers, the vox populi condemned the unhappy Sabbath-breaker to a perpetual purgatory in the moon, wherein he may be seen, bearing his bundle of sticks upon his back, ever climbing and climbing without gaining a step; accompanied by a dog, faithful in worse than death, to a master, whom an old English song-writer pictures shuddering in constant fear of a fall, and shivering with cold as the frosty air bites his back through his thorn-rent clothes. Shakspeare's Stephano found Caliban ready enough to believe he was the man in the moon, dropped from the skies to become king of the enchanted island—"I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush." In Germany the story runs that, many ages ago, an old man went into the woods to cut sticks upon a Sunday morning. Having collected as many as he could carry, he slung the bundle upon a stick, shouldered it, and trudged homewards. He had not got far upon his way ere he was stopped by a handsome gentleman dressed in his Sunday best, who inquired if he was aware it was Sunday on earth, when every one was bound to rest from labor. "Sunday on earth, or Monday in heaven, it is all the same to me!" was the irreverent reply. "So be it," said his questioner: "bear, then, your fagot forever; and, since you do not value Sunday on earth, you shall have an everlasting moon-day in heaven—standing for eternity in the moon as a warning to Sabbath-breakers!" As he pronounced sentence the stranger vanished, and before the wood-gatherer could apologize for his rudeness, he was seized by invisible hands, and borne to the moon, pole, fagot, and all. According to another version, he had the option of burning in the sun or freezing in the moon, and chose the latter as the least of two evils.

Travelling northwards, we find the bundle of sticks transformed into a load of green stuff. A North-Frisian, so devoid of honest ingenuity that he could think of no better way of passing his Christmas Eve than in stripping a neighbor's garden of its cabbages, was deservedly caught by some of the villagers as he was sneaking away with his plunder. Indignant at the theft, they wished the thief in the moon, and to the moon he went instanter; there he yet stands with the stolen cabbages on his back, turning himself round once on the anniversary of his crime and its detection. New Zealanders, too, claim the man in the moon as one of themselves, their story being, that one Rona, going out at night to fetch water from a well, stumbled, fell, and sprained his ankle so badly that, as he lay unable to move, he cried out with the pain. Then, to his dismay and terror, he beheld the moon descending towards him, evidently bent upon capturing him. He seized hold of a tree, and clung to it tightly, but it gave way, and fell with him upon the moon, which carried both away. In Swabia, not content with a man,

they must needs put a man and a woman in the moon: the former for strewing thorns and brambles on the road to church, to hinder more godly folks than himself from attending; the latter for making butter upon Sunday.

The Cingalese transform the man into a hare, and make the animal's presence in the orb of night a reward instead of a punishment. Sâkya-munni, in one of the earlier stages of his existence, was a hare, living in a sort of partnership with an ape and a fox. One day, Indra paid the three friends a visit, in the guise of an old man in want of a meal. The larder being bare, the fox, the ape, and the hare started at once on a foraging expedition: while his cronies managed to secure something eatable, the hare returned as he went, but rather than be reproached with inhospitality, as soon as a cooking-fire was kindled, he jumped into it, thus providing the visitor with a dainty dish very literally at his own expense. Charmed with the action, Indra took the hare out of the fire, carried him back with him to heaven, and set him in the moon. In Scandinavia, oddly enough, tradition took the New Zealanders' view of Luna's character, and made a kidnapper of her. According to the Norse legend, Mâni, the moon, seeing two children, named Hjuki and Bil, drawing water from a well into a bucket, which they suspended on a pole, for easy carriage, seized upon them, and took children, bucket, and pole into the upper regions.

After testing the question again and again, modern meteorologists have come to the conclusion that the moon has no sort of influence over the weather, agreeing with the Iron Duke, that it is nonsense to place any faith in her as a weather predictor. Time was when she was thought absolute mistress of the seasons. Pliny has the following lunar weather-wisdom: Fine weather, wind, or rain, may be looked for according as the moon rises with a pure white, red, or swarthy light. If, at full moon, half the disk is clear, fine weather is betokened; if red, wind; if black, rain. If at the rising of the new moon the upper horn is obscured, there will be a prevalence of wet when she is on the wane; if the lower horn is obscured, there will be rain before she attains her full; if both horns appear obtuse, a frightful tempest is near; if they are sharp and erect, high winds may be expected. Darwin declares it is a sure sign of coming rain when the moon's head is hidden in haloes. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says a large circle round the moon, with a north or northeast wind, predicates stormy weather; if the wind comes from any other quarter, there will still be rain, but less of it. If, however, the moon rises after sunset, the appearance of a ring round her is not so significant as the Dutch rhyme puts it:

> "A ring round the moon
> May pass away soon;
> But a ring round the sun
> Gives water in the tun."

An old Spanish proverb says the circle of the moon never filled a pond, but the circle of the sun wets a shepherd; while an English rhyme pronounces:

> "If round the moon a circle's seen
> Of white, and all the sky's serene,
> The following day, you may divine,
> Will surely prove exceeding fine."

And,

> "Whene'er, in autumn or in spring,
> A mist the moon doth with it bring,
> At noon the sun will bright appear,
> The evening be serene and clear."

The turning up of the horns of the new moon is another sign of fair weather: "There's no likelihood of a drop now, an' the moon lies like a boat there," says somebody in *Adam Bede*. Southey notices this notion in one of his letters: "Poor Littledale has this day explained the cause of the rains which have prevailed for the last five weeks, by a theory which will probably be as

new to you as it is to me. 'I have observed,' says he, 'that when the moon is turned upwards, we have fine weather after it, but when it is turned down, then we have a wet season; and the reason I think is, that when it is turned down, it holds no water, like a basin, you know, and down it comes?'" It is a very common belief that the weather depends upon the moon changing before or after midnight; a belief absurd on the face of it. Dr. Adam Clarke was oblivious of this fact when he put forth *A Weather Prognosticator, through all the lunations of each year forever; showing the observer what kind of weather will most probably follow the entrance of the moon into any one of her quarters, and that so near the truth, as to seldom or never be found to fail.* Our readers can easily decide as to the worth of the Doctor's weather-guide; they have only to note the time of the moon's entrance upon a new quarter, and compare the actual result with that anticipated by the Prognosticator. It would be useless to quote his formulated observations, for, like all other prophecies concerning the lunar phenomena, there is a total neglect of the fact, that weather is local, and not universal. In other words, the change in the moon that is supposed to have given good weather in one locality has probably been attended with exceedingly bad weather in another.

There is a time for all things; the difficulty lies in hitting upon the right time. No such difficulty disturbed the minds of the farmers of bygone days, who took my lady moon as their guide. They had only to ask themselves was she waxing or waning, and they knew what to do, and what to leave undone. An increasing moon was favorable to increase, a waning moon just the reverse. So under the first, grain was cut, grafts inserted, eggs put under the hen, sheep sheared, and manure spread upon the land. Seeds were sown under a waning moon, in order that the young plants might have the advantage of growing with the moon.

"Sow peason and beans in the wane of the moon,
Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon;
That they with the planet may rest and arise,
And flourish with bearing most plentiful-wise."

When the moon was at the full, was the proper time to make ditches, tread out grapes, and cover up the roots of trees; seven days later being the fittest period for grubbing up such as were to be removed. Timber, however, was not to be touched until the end of the second quarter, and then only when the moon was upon the change. The state of the moon, says Pliny, is all-important when the felling of timber is in question, the very best time for the operation being during the moon's silence, or when she is in conjunction with the sun. Some, however, averred she ought to be below the horizon as well, and that if the conjunction happened to fall upon the day of the winter solstice, timber then felled would be of everlasting duration. Even now, apple-growers prefer gathering their fruit at the shrinking of the moon, believing then it does not matter though the apples get bruised in the gathering, which is otherwise fatal to their preservation. Peat-cutters aver that if peat be cut under a waning moon it will remain moist, and not burn clearly. The Brazilian mat-makers of Petropolis account for some of their mats wearing out too quickly, by reason of the canes having been cut at the wrong time of the moon. It is foolish to kill a pig when the moon is waning; for if a pig be converted into pork at that time, the meat will invariably waste excessively when it comes to be cooked. A skeptical writer, sneering at one of those who might have boasted like Falstaff, "We be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress, the moon," says: "When the moon is in Taurus, he never can be

persuaded to take physic; lest that animal, which chews the cud, should make him cast up again. If at any time he has a mind to be admitted into the presence of a prince, he will wait till the moon is in conjunction with the sun, for 'tis then the society of an inferior with a superior is salutary and successful."

Tiberius hoped to stave off baldness by never permitting the barber to shear his imperial locks except at full moon. The Roman emperor was evidently as earnest a believer in the ruling power of Luna, as the Duke in Measure for Measure, who tells Claudio—

> "Thou art not certain,
> For thy complexion shifts to strange effects
> After the moon;"

or as the fair Olivia, who answers the greeting of her lover's ambassador with: "If you be mad, begone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue." Othello, too, makes the moon responsible for his rash deed:

> "It is the very error of the moon;
> She comes more near the earth than is her wont,
> And makes men mad."

Although our mad-doctors have long since scouted the idea of lunatics being influenced in any way by the planet from which they take their name, it was held by men of note like Mead and Hunter. The latter was strong in the belief that the moon exercised considerable influence over the human body, particularly when at the full. "It is strange, but true as gospel," wrote the great soldier, Napier, from Scinde, "that at every new and full moon, down we all go here with fever." In tropical countries, where meat exposed in the moonlight turns putrid, the beams of the moon work harm to those who sleep beneath them. "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night," says the Psalmist. Captain Burton tells us that many a Brazilian negro, taking a nap incautiously in the moonlight, awakes with one side of his face a different color from the other. A Mr. Perry, supposed to have been lost in the bush, turned up at Brisbane in very miserable plight. He had been blinded by sleeping under the rays of the moon, and wandered about for five days, until his sight became sufficiently restored to enable him to find the homeward track. The sailors of Southern Italy maintain that the beams of the moon are fatal to the fish they shine upon, and are careful to shelter those they catch from the moonlight, lest they should become putrid.

It was once, and still may be, the custom of Highland women to salute the new moon with a solemn courtesy. English country dames were wont to sit astride a stile or gate, waiting the new moon's appearance, to welcome her with, "A fine moon, God bless her!" Bachelors were privileged to claim a kiss and a pair of gloves upon announcing the advent of a new moon to the first maiden they met. If, when first seen, the new moon was upon the right hand, or directly before the person making her acquaintance, good fortune awaited the lucky individual on the ensuing month; just the contrary result following its appearance on the left hand, or at his or her back. To see a new moon for the first time through glass, is ominous of ill. To insure good fortune, one ought, at sight of her ladyship, to turn over one's money and wish. At the inquest upon the victims of the railway accident at Harrow, in November, 1870, a juryman said his son was in a meadow close by at the time of the collision, and saw the new moon shining brightly; and having a knack of turning over his money when he saw the new moon, he did so, and counted it easily by her light. To render the charm complete, the money should be spit upon. When Mungo Park visited the Mandingoes, he found a very similar superstition prevalent among

them. Upon the rising of the new moon, they always prayed in a whisper, spat upon their hands, and then rubbed their faces with them. The Mussulmans of Turkestan shake off their sins every month by the simple process of jumping up and down seven times with their faces turned towards the new moon.

Berkshire lasses used to go out into the fields, and cry to the new moon:

"New moon, new moon, I hail thee!
By all the virtue in thy body,
Grant this night that I may see
He who my true love is to be."

In Scotland, it was only the first new moon of the new year that was appealed to in this fashion; to obtain success, it was necessary to set the back against a tree, and the feet upon a ground-fast stone, and sing or say:

"O new moon, I hail thee!
And gif I'm e'er to marry man,
Or man to marry me,
His face turned this way fast's ye can,
Let me my true love see,
This blessed night."

And if the invoker was destined to be married, the apparition of her future guidman would wait upon her before morning. Young ladies have another way of hailing the first new moon of the year: they take care to see her in a looking-glass, and know they will have to remain single as many years as they behold moons. Matrimonial diviners, of course, wish to see as few moons as possible, holding the more moons, the worse luck. The sight of more than one moon in the heavens has ever been portentous of impending trouble. Hubert tells King John:

"They say five moons were seen to-night,
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.
Old men and beldames in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously."

A red moon was equally ill-boding. When Salisbury entreats the commander of Richard II.'s Welsh soldiers to prevent their dispersion, the Welsh captain replies:

"'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all withered,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-looked prophets whisper fearful change.
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings."

A lunar eclipse was also an omen dire, as it well might be, if the popular notion in ancient times was correct, and the moon was only eclipsed when suffering from the spells of wicked magicians seeking to draw her down to earth, to aid them in their unholy doings; fortunately, their machinations were of no avail if honest people could make enough noise to drown the songs of the enchanters.

To sing the moon out of the sky, is about as feasible a feat as that of fishing her out of a pond. Attempting the latter, a haymaker fixed a nickname upon his Wiltshire brethren forever. The story goes that two Wiltshire haymakers going home from work, espied the reflection of the moon in a pond, and took it for a lump of gold. One took off his boots and stockings, waded in, and tried to lay hold of the glittering prize; it was too deep for his reach, so, seizing hold of his rake, he began to rake the water, and persevered until a party of mowers came along, and jeered him as a "moon-raker." Anxious to remove the slur of stupidity from his countrymen, Mr. Akerman ingeniously accounts for the opprobrious nickname in this way: "Piple zay as how they gied th' neame o' moon-rakers to we Wiltshire vauk, bekase a passel o' stupid bodies one night tried to rake the shadow o' th' moon out o' th' bruk, and tuk 't vor a thin cheese. But that's th' wrong end o' th' story. The chaps as was doin' o' this was smugglers, and they was a-vishing up zome kegs o' sperrits, and only pertended to rake out a cheese. So the exciseman as axed 'em the question had his grin at 'em; but they had a good laugh at he, when 'em got whoame the stuff."

CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

ORIGINAL.

I.

PUER nobis nascitur,
Rectorque angelorum!
In hoc mundo Pascitur,
Dominus Dominorum.

II.

In præsepe ponitur,
Sub feno asinorum,
Cognoverunt Dominum,
Christum Regem cœlorum.

III.

Tunc Herodes timuit,
Maximo cum dolore;
Infantes et pueros,
Occidit cum livore.

IV.

Qui natus ex Maria,
In die hodierna,
Ducat nos cum gratia,
Ad regna sempiterna.

V.

Angeli lætati sunt,
Magno omnes gaudio,
Cantaverunt: Gloria
Est in Excelsis Deo.

VI.

Ergo cum lætitia,
Pariter voce pia,
Sic semper angelicas,
Deo dicamus gratias.

* The translator in selecting for this year his annual Christmas carol from the ancient literature of the Church, has chosen the above, not so much for any original or striking sentiments which it contains, for unlike most productions of its class, it is singularly free from these as also from those deep theological ideas which the old ecclesiastical writers so frequently and so deftly interweaved with their poetic thoughts. It is presented as absolutely the only example he can recall in which the classic language of Rome has been made subservient to the quaintness of the English pastoral, or even of the *nursery rhyme*. Its simplicity [illegible] feature. The original peculiarities have been followed, both as to sentiment and metre, as [illegible] in the translation.

VII.

Nos de toli gaudio,
Cantemus corde pio,
In chordis et organo,
Benedicamus Domino.

TRANSLATION.

I.

A little child to us is born,
The angels' ruler He!
Nourished earth's poor breast upon,
The Lord of lords we see.

II.

Upon the manger's rugged board,
Among the asses' hay,
Where swains and sages owned him Lord,
Christ, Heaven's King, they lay.

III.

Then did cruel Herod fear,
With the direst dread,
The blood of all male infants near,
Lividly he shed.

IV.

Oh, may He who from Mary maid,
Was born this Christmas day,
Lead us henceforth with grace arrayed,
To heavenly realms for aye.

V.

Oh, how the angels did rejoice,
All with a mighty joy;
Carolling with united voice,
Glory to God on high!

VI.

We, therefore, too, with holy glee,
And voice attuned by piety,
Thus joining with the angel ranks,
Will always tell to God our thanks.

VII.

While flow our songs for this great joy,
From hearts all free from sin's employ,
Our strings and keys in sweet accord,
We'll press that we may bless the Lord.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

CHRISTMAS, 1876.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.*

THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

CHARITY is the characteristic virtue of the Christian religion. It is the virtue by which its Divine Founder foretold that his followers should be recognized everywhere: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you love one another." This text at first view would seem to refer to only one phase of this virtue, the mutual love men should bear to one another, but on reflection it will readily be seen that the two phases of charity are so closely allied as to be mutually dependent one upon the other. The love of our fellow-man is but the natural outcome, but the necessary consequence of the love of God. They cannot exist separately, so closely are they interwoven. As an illustration and proof of this mutual dependence, St. John, the apostle of charity, uses this emphatic language: "If any man say, I love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not? And this commandment we have from God, that he who loveth God love also his brother." 1 Epistle St. John, chap 4. Therefore he who professes to love God must necessarily love his neighbor. If his heart does not expand with love for his fellow-man, if it does not go out in sympathy with him, his professions of love for God are delusive and false. One's love for his neighbor is the test and the proof of the sincerity and the genuineness of his love for God. Hence, it follows that those who love one another thereby show themselves to be disciples of Jesus. By this love are they recognized as such. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, that you love one another."

Now by this love of our fellow-man is not meant that feeling or sentiment which is commonly known as love, and which owes its existence to merely natural causes. This sentiment springs from some real or fancied perfection of the object beloved. It is selfish in its origin and in its growth, and should the object of affection cease to please, every trace of this love disappears with it, to be often succeeded by hate. But the love which is synonymous with charity is of a higher type, and of a broader compass. It has its inspiration in God, and like the love of God for man, embraces in its scope the entire human family. The common origin of men, descended as all are from the same father, who was created by God, is the sole qualification it asks, as it is certainly the grandest motive which can appeal to the affections of the human heart.

This is the love by which the followers of Jesus are to be recognized. It is called Christian charity, because it owes its existence to the teaching and the example of Jesus Christ. Before his advent it was unknown. It was a new revelation even to the chosen people, who were the sole guardians of his inspired word. Even the old law had its code of retaliation, which is incompatible with charity. In referring to this code Jesus said in his Sermon on the Mount: "You have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil." Again: "You have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and

* An address delivered by Rev. Francis P. O'Neill before the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Philadelphia, Sunday evening, December 10th, 1876.

hate thy enemy. But I say to you, love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." And he adds the reason: "That you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven, who maketh his sun to shine on the good and the bad, and raineth upon the just and unjust." In these magnificent words he made known for the first time his sublime doctrine of charity. He abrogated the law of retaliation. He rescinded from his religion everything which savored of revenge for injuries received, even the desire thereof. He promulgated the doctrine that men should look above and beyond personal considerations for the motives of their actions, and in their relations should be guided and controlled by the broader and higher motive of a common brotherhood. This should be the only title deemed necessary for the discharge of the offices of humanity, and in imitation of their heavenly Father, who dispenses his gifts to all alike, to the unjust as well as the just, men should love their fellows apart from any selfish motives which might present themselves. Much more might be said upon this subject, for it is a fertile theme. There is but one consideration, however, to which we wish particularly to draw attention. It is this, that in the fixing of this high standard of morality in the promulgation of this exalted doctrine, Jesus Christ laid deep and broad the foundation of that great Christian virtue which has transformed the face of the whole world. It has exalted human nature, teaching the high and the lowly that they are equal in the eyes of their Maker. It has lightened life's burden by the bright promises it holds out to suffering humanity. Like dew before the morning sun, it chases away care, letting in upon the darkest hour of trial a cheery ray of hope. It has made poverty easy by consecrating it, and by calling it blessed. It has made men respect, even though they might not love, what they had been taught to despise, and forced them to regard in the light of a blessing what they had previously looked upon as a misfortune and a curse. It has taught men to alleviate misery and to assuage pain, to pity weakness, to help the needy, to minister to the suffering, to sympathize with the sorrowful, and by these means it has smoothed away the rough edges of the world's trials, and plucked out the sting from the wounded heart of humanity. I do not wish you to infer that before Christianity the bowels of man's mercy were never moved with compassion. Many instances are recorded of clemency and generosity which reflect honor upon human nature, but acts of mercy were rare indeed. They were only the spasmodic efforts of some noble souls obeying the more generous impulses of their hearts, despite the opinion and ideas which prevailed and ruled. For we are not ignorant that public sentiment regarded forgiveness of an injury as cowardice, pity for the oppressed and the poor as a weakness worse than crime. Does it not make the heart bleed to read the tales of cruelty and blood which are told of the last days of the Roman Empire? Are we not filled with horror when we behold the noble Roman matron the calm, nay, the gratified spectator of the inhuman contest between the gladiators in the arena, or, worse still, of the heartless butchery of the Christian martyrs in the amphitheatre, for whose blood the populace thirsted as much as the wild beasts which were let loose upon them to devour them. Yet these things were done in the palmiest days of pagan civilization and refinement, and these bloody scenes were the necessary accompaniments, the essential features of a Roman holiday. Where could pity, where could mercy find a place in hearts

which approved and applauded these inhuman spectacles? How could eyes, accustomed to feast upon such scenes, shed a tear of sympathy for poor struggling mortals? No, it was reserved for Christianity to condemn these brutal entertainments, to correct this vitiated taste, and this she did by espousing the cause of the poor, by uplifting the oppressed, by relieving suffering, and by ministering to want. The struggle was a long and a hard one, but in the end she triumphed, and succeeded in erecting upon the world's pedestal, where the demon of Cruelty was so long enthroned, the beautiful figure of Mercy. Under her benign influence what was once cowardice has become the highest type of moral heroism; what was deemed a weakness is now considered the highest occupation in which men can engage; even the unchristian, if not pagan, world around us deigns to give its smile of approval and its meed of praise to such as devote their lives to the relief of human misery, and to the assuaging of human pain. This was a great revolution to effect in the opinions of men, and we can scarcely estimate the extent or the magnitude of the struggle between the world and religion. We need but glance over the pages of the Church's history to learn the gigantic efforts which she put forth to secure the victory. We will there learn how she tried to relieve every phase of human misery which presented itself. Her first great work was the liberation of the slaves who were so numerous at the dawn of Christianity. Next she asserted the rights of the downtrodden and the oppressed, and she made tyrants tremble on their thrones. She upheld the weak against the strong by making her sanctuaries places of refuge, which no one, however powerful, dared violate with impunity. She caused the poor to be respected by cherishing them in her bosom. She poured oil upon the gaping wound, bound and bandaged the mutilated limb, gently pressed the fevered brow, and smoothed the pillow of suffering, whispered kind words to the aching heart, and held out bright promises of a future reward to the disappointed, the depressed, and the despairing. There was no form of human suffering to which she did not minister, and thus, by precept and example, she impressed upon all the necessity and the value of deeds of mercy to the poor. She adapted herself to meet the wants of the times. There was no service in behalf of the poor to which she was not willing to stoop. She organized her children into societies, whose chief object, whose whole purpose should be the removal of certain ills which afflicted humanity at different periods of her existence. At one time it is the harboring of the indigent, at another it is the care of persons afflicted with some form of loathsome disease, again it is the release of captives, and again the reformation of prisoners condemned to the galleys and to gaols. Orders of men and of women bind themselves by vows, with the sanction and approval of the Church, and fortified by her blessing they dared and did great things for God and their fellow-men. But it would detain us too long, to enter into the details of the numberless works of charity inaugurated and carried on under the auspices of the Church. We shall be content with the general assertion that the whole modern system of charity, as displayed in the hospitals, in the orphan asylums, in the homes for the aged and the indigent, originated in the Church, and flourish most prosperously wherever they are under her control. So much admired are these works over the wide world that in almost every place her example has been copied by those who belong not to her fold, but who, though they are not willing to admit her influence, perhaps do not

recognize it, are nevertheless, to a greater or less degree, unconsciously guided by her. We think we might safely say that not half the institutions of this kind would exist outside the Church, if jealousy of her influence over the masses, if the ambition to share her honors, if a spirit of rivalry to follow and to outstrip her did not inspire and sustain them.

Among the many works of charity which have thus sprung up from time to time in the Church few are deserving of more prominent notice than the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. It has been the efficient means of much good, done in such an unostentatious and silent way, that not many, who have not had occasion to use its benefits, and prove its usefulness, are aware of its existence, or at least acquainted with its spirit or its workings.

It originated in France, that fruitful mother of so many beneficent designs and noble undertakings for the promotion of God's glory and the happiness of men. Like numerous other societies of the same kind, its origin must be attributed more to a special Providence than to any fixed design or purpose of its authors. They were the unconscious instruments in the hands of God for working out his own ends, and of meeting a great necessity which existed in society. The object which brought them together was their own spiritual and intellectual improvement. By the blessing of God their eyes were opened to many crying evils which were overrunning their beloved France. They saw everywhere the ravages which infidelity was making in the land. The faith of the people was attacked, and designing, able, and cunning men had industriously set themselves to work to sap the foundations of all religion, and to overturn the stately edifices which were the outgrowth of centuries of piety and zeal. Widespread demoralization was the natural consequence among all classes. Among the lower classes, however, among the poor, the baneful results of this prevalent irreligion and impiety were most observable. For, deprived of that divine faith which alone reconciled them to their lot, the poor rushed into every excess, and by their immorality increased and intensified their miseries.

Among the many who bewailed the evils they could not remedy, were these young men, who still possessed the gift of faith, which they prized and cherished beyond any earthly treasure. To save themselves from contamination, to encourage each other in the practice of every Christian virtue, to study the word of God, and make themselves familiar with all the truths of revelation, and thus prepare themselves against the attacks of the scoffer and the infidel, to join together in prayer and other spiritual exercises, they wisely resolved to meet at certain stated times every week. These were at first the sole objects of their weekly reunions, which they early found to be the source of incalculable good to each individual member. Not in many instances was realized more fully the truth of Jesus' words: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." They met together in Jesus' name, and for the advancement of his cause, and they soon gave unmistakable evidence of his presence with them in the more ardent zeal which animated them, and in the strong desire which seized them to extend the scope of their usefulness. Up to this time they had no other purpose than their own spiritual advantage, an object surely worthy of all praise. But when one of their number arose in their midst, and pleaded the cause of the poor, giving a graphic sketch of the miseries which oppressed them, of the sufferings they were subjected to, of the follies and crimes they committed, and at the same time tracing

many of these evils to the uniform and universal neglect with which they were treated, and the prevalent lack of sympathy with them in their poverty and distress, they at once recognized in his words an appeal to them from God to go beyond mere personal considerations, however laudable, and to devote themselves to the cause of the poor and to the amelioration of their condition. Such was the modest beginning of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. From that day the blessing of God seems to have continued with the Society in a wonderful manner. New members were soon enlisted in their ranks, edified by their good works, and anxious to have a share in the golden merits they were reaping in the harvest of the Lord. So rapidly did their numbers increase that they were obliged to divide the Conference into branch societies, to each of which was allotted a district in which the good work should be carried on in subordination to the Conference from which they sprung. From Paris it quickly extended to the different cities and towns of France, and everywhere it went it carried with it blessings to the poor, whom to relieve, to help, to educate, to elevate and refine had now become its grand aim and purpose.

Its members, who were actuated with the spirit of Jesus, who loved the poor and sinners, listened with patient and attentive ears to the complaints of the poor. To none was ever spoken a word of reproach. They were not upbraided for their miseries, even though their own follies and vices had been the cause. In the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, they were ever sure to find sympathizing friends, who would give them substantial aid and relief. They received even more care than this; for these good men did not wait for the poor to come to them with their tales of sorrow and of suffering, but of their own accord they visited the habitations of the poor—they ascended to their garrets—they descended to the meanest slums where human beings dwelt, not only with lips laden with kind words of sympathy, but with hands filled with what brought them comfort and relief.

It is not a matter of wonder that a society animated with its spirit, and giving such evidence of its practical sympathy with the poor, should first win for itself their respect and confidence, and finally their esteem and love. Who shall ever estimate the numbers of unfortunates who were thus reclaimed from vice, and won back to religion and to God? The secret is hidden in the bosom of God, but no one who has heard or read of the labors of the members of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, can doubt that thousands who else had perished outright were through them brought to the knowledge and the love of God.

The poor learned that they had in them real genuine friends, and they gave them in return their fullest trust, hearkened to their advice, followed their counsel, and corresponded with all their wishes. A great change was soon wrought among them, and its effects were everywhere visible.

From France the Conferences were soon brought to Italy, and were established in Rome. The Holy Father gave it his approval, enriched it with his Apostolic blessing and many indulgences, and thus secured its triumphant success. Thence it travelled to England, Ireland, Scotland, to Germany, next crossed the seas, and established itself in Mexico, and last of all came to our own beloved country, where it has found a genial home, where it continues to flourish, and where it daily dispenses its bounty to the worthy poor without pretence or publicity, but none the less efficiently for that very cause.

It was established in the year 1833, in the modest manner to which allusion has been made, and in less

than ten years it had spread over the larger part of the Christian world.

It is carried on now with the same vigor and energy that characterized it from the beginning. Its members to-day are animated with the same spirit as its original founders, obey the rules faithfully, and thus insure blessings to themselves, and a continuance of the success which has ever attended their Society. Its membership is composed of laymen who belong to the respective parishes in districts in which the Conference has been lawfully established. They bind themselves by no vow or promise, assume no responsibility, burden themselves with no exacting duties. Their labors are entirely voluntary, and from this source derive their chief merit. Once a week they meet at some stated place, open their meeting with prayer, read some edifying spiritual book, and then devote themselves to the applications which have been forwarded to them for relief or assistance. Certain members are then appointed by the President of the Conference, whose duty it is to visit the individual or the family indicated, investigate their condition, and when found to be in need or in distress, to report their application favorably at the next meeting of the Conference, which thereupon furnishes the required help. In this way is secured an intelligent distribution of their charities, the worthy poor only receiving the benefits.

Once in the month the members approach the holy communion in a body, although there is no rule compelling or requiring attendance. It is, however, of counsel, and where the right spirit prevails, is generally complied with.

Beyond this, membership in the Conference exacts no obligations, except those which pertain to all Christians to be good and edifying members of society. It will at once be seen that this association of men banded together for the same purpose, and by advice and example helping each other in the discharge of their duties, gives to such as belong to it an advantage over those who receive no such encouragements. We ought not to conclude without a reference, though it be a brief one, to the admirable Catholic spirit which pervades this Society, and to which belongs in great measure its success. It is subordinated in everything to the approval of the Church. Each Comference has a chaplain with whom the members consult, and with whom they act in unison, and whose consent and approval are requested before every undertaking, especially where it may be outside the range of the regular duties demanded of them.

This subordination to ecclesiastical superiors goes on through every branch of the Conference, through the particular Council of each diocese, even up to the Superior Council at Paris.

This obedience is required from every individual member, and is regarded as the best test which could be given of the prevailing spirit of each Society. Hence no collision can ever occur between the members and the ecclesiastical authorities, and any minor difficulties which might arise from time to time can be adjusted by reference to a Superior Council. This is the spirit of the constitutions and rules which govern the Society, and fidelity to this spirit has found its recompense in the flourishing condition of the Conferences throughout the entire world. They are dispensing blessings on every side. They are showing to the world what Christian charity is. They are teaching the unbelievers and heretics that the Church, whose dutiful children they are, is fresh and vigorous, and willing and able to carry on the good work which was begun by her divine founder, Jesus Christ, of consoling,

of comforting, of ministering to the poor, whom he said his Church should have always with her.

The Church is as rich and powerful in her good works, in the faith and piety of her children, as at any former period of her existence.

She is doing all in her power to ameliorate the condition of mankind. She is striving without ceasing to keep alive the faith of Jesus upon the earth. She endeavors, too, to keep alive the fire of divine charity, that men may feel its warmth and partake of its blessings.

In the meantime she is powerfully aided by the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, and the spirit of Christian charity which she has striven so hard to cultivate, is promoted by this the youngest child begotten of her immeasurable love for God's poor. May this Conference continue to flourish, and may charity, which is of God, fill the hearts of all Christians, so that they may love him, serve him, extend his kingdom on earth and promote his glory in heaven.

THE MORGANS.

CHAPTER I.

THE MORGAN GIRLS AT HOME.

THERE were three of them, Agnes, Rosalie, and Katharine. Agnes and Rosalie were twins, and were just entering on their twentieth year. They were beautiful girls; both blondes; yet differing from each other considerably, both in appearance and disposition. Perhaps it was this very dissimilarity that strengthened the natural affection existing between them, and made them almost inseparable companions. They were both accomplished, having "graduated" a couple of years before our story opens at a celebrated educational institution of Western New York. They still considered their graduating crosses as badges of highest distinction; and were still so loyal to a more unworldly honor, as to wear their large silver sodality medals at all times conspicuously on their persons.

We have introduced the youngest of the Morgan girls by her baptismal name, Katharine, but she was always called Kittie.

"She will have to grow tall and stately to bear her name with dignity," the pretty, sentimental mother used to say, in little Katharine's babyhood; "and now she has such clinging, coaxing, caressing ways that 'Kittie' just suits her."

As she has not thus far grown tall or stately, or lost the pretty ways that had won her home name for her, Kittie she remained, much to the satisfaction of Joe, the only son and junior member of the household, who had all a small boy's fondness for jokes, and who never wearied of repeating this remarkable one of his own invention: "We have three Kitties at our house, the two cats and Kittie Morgan."

Kittie, being small in stature, of brunette complexion, with dark eyes and hair, in no way resembled her lily-like sisters. Neither was she what might be called accomplished, for on account of severe losses which her father sustained in business, Kittie was removed from the convent when she was but fourteen; her parents finding the expenses attendant upon the education of "the twins,"

as much and almost more than they could provide for at the time.

James Morgan was a contractor, and had been a very successful one; but now business became dull. He was often out of employment for three or four months at a time. Meanwhile the family had to live, and appearances had to be kept up to a certain extent. Of course, debts began to accumulate. Then,—for James Morgan would defraud no one, he began to sell off portions of the property he had made in the days of his prosperity, until at last he possessed nothing but the family residence, that even being mortgaged for nearly half its value.

Though her stay in the convent had been comparatively short, yet Kittie had profited better than her more brilliant sisters, by the lessons of piety and self-sacrifice which the good sisters endeavored to impress upon the hearts of their pupils. But as she had not remained long enough at school to graduate, her sisters, of course, considered her education very incomplete. It was an understood thing in the family, that she was to return to the convent "next year," or "when the Vanderhoff suit was decided in papa's favor." Three years had passed by, however, and Kittie felt convinced in her own mind that her school-days were ended. Yet she could write an interesting letter, and could even play dance-music and accompaniments. Better still, she was expert with her needle, and had a decided taste for housekeeping. Indeed, since they could afford to keep but one servant, Kittie had taken so active a part in domestic duties that the family scarcely felt the change. These homely facts, however, were carefully concealed from all outsiders; for though they had retrenched many expenses, they still "kept up appearances" bravely.

"When papa gets into steady employment again, everything will be all right," said the twins; and awaiting this, it would be very injudicious, according to their way of thinking, to let the cold, hard world know just how matters stood. And the mother agreed—she always agreed with Agnes and Rosalie—and James Morgan tried to be of the same opinion; for when had he contradicted in anything his fair, delicate wife and the beautiful and beloved twins?

Yet there was something in this same keeping up of appearances, which raised vague misgivings in his honest heart at times, and which emptied his never very full purse with marvellous rapidity; making him low-spirited enough whenever the half-yearly interest on that dreadful mortgage was coming due. But he was a man of sanguine temperament, always hoping for "something to turn up;" and, as he used to say, surely every time that he felt as if the worst had come, something did happen to provide for the present emergency; and he, poor man, had somehow got into the habit of looking no further. Then there was all the money that Vanderhoff owed him, and now that he had gone to law about it, he would certainly recover his own some time. The suit of Morgan *versus* Vanderhoff had been five years in litigation already, and so far no one was any the richer save the lawyers. It was in part to raise money to carry on this suit that he had mortgaged his home.

There were grand old residences in the long-settled aristocratic quarters of Sedgewick, and lovely villa-like dwellings on the picturesque banks of the river that flowed through this fair Eastern city; but none of them, in James Morgan's eyes, were more beautiful than this home of his which he had planned and built in his early manhood, and which he loved as men like him love the place that shelters their heart's treasures.

The house was of stone, spacious and substantially built. A handsome lawn, shaded by a few large maples, and brightened by tastefully arranged

beds of scarlet geraniums, extended in front of it, sloping gently towards the street. Behind the house, and partly hidden from view by a neat lattice, was a well-laid-out fruit and vegetable garden.

The interior arrangement of the house was marked by that elegant simplicity so dear to refined taste. Most of the furniture was heavy and quaint; among the family treasures were a few fine paintings, a massive silver tea-service, and much rare old china. Then the house was adorned with curiosities from distant lands, for one of Mrs. Morgan's brothers had been captain of a trading vessel, and never returned from a voyage without bringing some souvenirs of his travels to beautify his favorite sister's home.

On this dark and chilly afternoon in late October, a more cheerful-looking spot than the Morgan's back parlor could not be found in Sedgewick, nor elsewhere, for that matter. A fire glowed in the polished grate, diffusing light as well as warmth. Mrs. Morgan, who was quite an invalid, was taking her usual siesta; and Joe had not yet returned from school, so the girls had the apartment to themselves.

"Oh, dear!" cried Rosalie, pettishly; "I wonder whether it would be an unpardonable sin to ask papa for five dollars? I can do nothing with this overdress; it's torn and ripped and soiled, and it can't be washed. If I had money enough to buy some new tarlatan, and a few yards of blue grosgrain ribbon, I wouldn't despair of making a respectable appearance at Mrs. Carroll's on Tuesday evening. But as it is—"

"Well, but we needn't go there;" interrupted Agnes, closing her book.

"Needn't go!—when you want to go yourself as much as I do! But of course you can be independent, since mamma had her blue silk fixed up for you. I don't think papa would refuse me such a trifle, but I hate to ask him; he looks so solemn and low-spirited these days."

"We shouldn't be surprised at that, Rosalie, when the first instalment of the mortgage comes due next month, and Mr. Williamson says he will foreclose immediately if it is not paid," rejoined Kittie; "but you need not be uneasy about your dress, for you can have my tarlatan. I have worn it only once, and I think the whole dress will make a nice waist and overskirt for you. I know mamma won't mind."

"Oh, Kittie, you're a perfect darling! but then, of course, you don't care for such things yourself, and you're 'most too young to go to parties, anyhow."

"I do care, Rosalie, and you know very well I wanted to go to Mrs. Carroll's, for I was never invited to a grown-up party before; but I'd much rather stay home than have you tease papa for money now."

"Kittie, you have a very ungracious way of doing a favor, and you should not speak so sharply to one older than yourself; it's very unbecoming;" said stately Agnes in her stateliest tones. "There; go get the dress till we see what can be done with it."

"Oh, Ag, how you love to boss 'round!" cried Joe, who had just come in from school. "If I was Kittie I wouldn't stand it a minute. I think you're horrid mean to take her dress, Rose Morgan; and she's a big goose—no, I mean a little one—to let you have it. Oh, Kittie!" as that young lady made her appearance with her arms full of the airy fabric, "haven't you something good to eat for a feller that's half-starved, and won't you make plum tarts for supper?"

But Joe's requests for the moment passed unheeded.

"Of course," Rosalie was saying, "Mr. Sherwood will be there. By the way, Agnes, I heard, the other day, that he was paying marked at-

tention to Mrs. McMahon. Wouldn't it be a joke if she caught him, after all? 'Oh, Samivel, Samivel, beware of the vidders!'"

The face that Agnes turned to the window was wan and white, and the voice that she meant should be indifferent, sounded cold and constrained, as she made answer: "Well, his *youth* will not hinder him from choosing wisely, nor hers either, if it goes to that."

But why should Rosalie's words make Kittie's cheeks burn with a deeper crimson, while her heart throbbed slowly and painfully, as she laid her dress down on the sofa, and followed hungry Joe to the dining-room? She had known Frederick Sherwood all her life; he had ever been to her like a dear uncle or elder brother; what was there so strange in the thought of his "paying attention" to any one? What was this gentleman, "nearly as old as papa," to her but a valued friend? So tried to reason poor Kittie as she attended to Joe's demands. This engaging youth might soon thereafter have been seen scudding "across lots," with a huge slice of warm bread, thickly spread with plum preserves, in his hand, to Johnson's barn, the favorite rendezvous on rainy days of all the schoolboys in the neighborhood.

Kittie moved around the kitchen in an absentminded way, trying to be intent on her preparations for the next meal, while the two young ladies in the parlor measured and ripped, discussing with much interest "the probabilities" for Tuesday night. By and by, however, the conversation began to take a more serious turn.

"But, Rosalie, if the worst happens, and we lose our home, what shall we do? Papa has no work; he said to mamma last night that he could get a good contract on some new railroad a hundred miles south of here, if he had about a thousand dollars to start on; but he can't get that much money anywhere, and then, there's that awful mortgage."

"Oh, Agnes! do you think we are really going to lose this dear old house?" cried Rosalie, the tears starting to her eyes, "and that we'll really have to work for our living? *You* could teach, but I'm sure I don't know what *I* could do. It seems to me I've forgotten all I ever learned, except just drawing and music. I tried to help Joe with his sums the other night, but I had to give up. He knew more about them than I did. And to think of all the pains poor Sister Vincentia used to take with me. Besides, just fancy how people will cut us. As it is we don't have nearly so many calls or invitations as we did the first year we were home from school. Some of our Catholic friends even will change towards us. Don't you remember how we ourselves acted towards the Bagleys after their father failed, and they went to live on William Street? We wouldn't call on them, simply because most of the other girls had not done so, until Mother Evangelista wrote us about them, and papa made us go."

Agnes was silent. She felt the truth of her sister's remarks, but she was naturally prouder and more reticent, and moreover, was blessed with a larger share of common sense.

"Well," she said, at length, "we must only submit to our lot. And as to working for our living, all I fear on that score is that we shall find it a hard matter to obtain employment. I certainly could teach, as you suggest, but it requires great influence to procure a position in the ward schools, and I suppose there are at least twenty applicants to one vacancy. Then, as for music-teachers and governesses, there are scores of them in the city glad to work for whatever is offered them; and in regard to writing in the county clerk's or surrogate's offices, it's like the schools—it takes more influence than we can command to obtain such sit-

uations. But, hark! I hear a footstep on the walk; it's too early for papa's return, I think."

"It's the letter-carrier, Agnes; raise the window, there's a dear, and take in whatever he has. I hope it's a letter for me. I'm expecting one from Clara Hemingway."

"No, indeed; it's for papa. Oh, my, what an outlandish direction! Just come here and look, Rosalie. Such writing; and it's postmarked 'Cloverville, Ill.'"

And the girls examined the curious superscription, and speculated as to the sender of the missive.

"I guess it must be from one of those Swedes that used to work for papa. Ever so many of them went out West, last year;" concluded Rosalie, placing the letter conspicuously on the mantelpiece to await her father's return.

Chapter II.

AUNT JANE'S LETTER.

About an hour later a well-known ring at the door-bell announced the father's return. He entered the parlor slowly and stood, for a few moments, warming his hands before the fire. He was a tall, broad-chested, noble-looking man, nearing middle age, from whose clear gray eyes a loving, loyal soul looked out; one of whom it might be said in the words of the poet:

> "His heart was formed for ties of home,
> For faithful, generous loving;
> For friendship, oft by trial proved,
> And strengthened in the proving."

This had been a trying day for him, a day of disappointments. Then a sarcastic remark, made by one whom he had thought his friend, had come to his ears, and grieved him bitterly.

"Poor Morgan! I'm sorry for him, but he's been a shiftless sort of a man, or his affairs wouldn't have got into such a condition. Besides, he has a very extravagant family. They're foolishly endeavoring to hide the true state of affairs under plausible outward appearances. Their betters have had to learn to step down and out of a high social circle; and *they* should accommodate themselves to circumstances. The world is overcrowded with people who 'have seen better days.'"

With this in his mind, it was not astonishing that a shade of impatience crossed James Morgan's face when he observed his daughters' occupation.

"Where is your mother, girls?" he asked, at length.

"She's lying down, sir; she has a bad headache."

"Poor thing! I don't wonder. And where's Kittie?"

"She's getting supper ready."

"As usual! Girls, I should think you would not leave such things always to Kittie."

The twins observed a prudent silence. Presently Agnes bethought herself of the letter.

"Here, papa," she said, rising, and handing it to him, "this came about an hour ago."

He took it listlessly, opened it, and commenced to read. An exclamation of surprise escaped him, and in a moment he was completely absorbed in the perusal of the letter, varying expressions of joy, regret, and bewilderment, succeeding one another on his countenance. At length he finished it, and laid it on the table, saying, in unsteady tones: "Agnes, go and see if your mother —but stay, here she is—and tell Kittie to come here also."

He drew an easy chair near the fire, and tenderly conducted to it the frail, fairy-like woman, who was just entering the apartment with languid, uncertain steps. Mrs. Morgan was several years younger than her husband, and was still fair to look upon, though years of continued delicate health had left their impress upon her. She wore a crimson wrapper, of heavy rich material, belted close to her slender figure; her wavy, brown hair was drawn

back into a soft coil, and her large dark-blue eyes looked almost black, because of her exceeding pallor.

In a few moments Kittie came in, sat down in her favorite corner, and resumed her work on the scarf.

James Morgan took up the letter again. "This is from my step-sister Jane. I have often told you of her marrying Silas Tompkins, and going West with him, about a year after my own marriage. He died last winter. As you are aware, they had no children, and he has left her in very easy circumstances. I never would have dreamed of applying to her for assistance in any of my difficulties, but now she makes me an offer that if the conditions accompanying it can be fulfilled, will enable me to save this house, and start independently in my business in less than a fortnight."

"Oh, I knew something would turn up!" cried Rosalie, ecstatically.

"Hush!" said the father, almost sternly; "it is for you, girls, to decide whether her proffered assistance can be accepted, or not. Remember, I wish no one to make any sacrifice now that she may fear to regret hereafter."

"I am sure, papa, that *I* would do anything in the world for you," murmured Agnes, softly.

"And what is the condition, James?" asked Mrs. Morgan quietly, though not without evident anxiety.

"It is this, my dear,—that we send her one of the girls to live with her, to nurse her in her old age. She says that since her husband's death her life has been a lonesome and dreary one, and that she needs a young person to look after her. She is in easy circumstances, and if we accede to her request, she promises not only to advance me a sufficient sum to bridge me over my difficulties, but also to grant a liberal allowance to whoever shall go to her, and at her death make her her heiress. She is not a Catholic, but she has a good heart, and before long I hope she may have the grace to become one. She promises not to interfere in the matter of religion. Her manners are rather uncouth, and she is both eccentric and illiterate, but I think she is at bottom a good, kind, considerate, simple creature, and would try to do what is right and just. Now, what do you say, girls, to the offer."

There was dead silence for a moment. James Morgan looked earnestly, almost imploringly, at Kittie, and, involuntarily, her mother and sisters glanced in the same direction. She knew what it all meant; the color forsook her face, the tears dimmed her great black eyes for a moment; she trembled all over, but uttered not a word; she could not speak, for the choking sensation in her throat stifled her voice.

"Girls," said the father, at last, "I leave you to reflect on this proposition. Remember what I said at first, and decide nothing rashly. Perhaps poverty shared together might be sweeter than comfort purchased at the sacrifice which the acceptance of this offer must involve for some one; but then—well, never mind, I don't want to speak of this again to-night."

"Tea is ready," announced the servant, appearing at the door, for the tea-bell had been disregarded by all save Joe, who was in his place when the rest of the family entered the dining-room. It was a silent meal. Joe enjoyed a monopoly of the plum-tarts and cookies, and was surprised to notice that for once his smart speeches received but scant attention, even from Kittie.

Supper over, the twins opened the folding doors between the parlors, and establishing themselves in their chosen work near one of the windows that looked towards the street, talked in low tones about Aunt Jane's letter. The father took up the evening paper and endeavored to fix his attention upon its contents. Mrs. Morgan sat gazing pensively

into the fire. Joe, oppressed by the unusual dulness of the family circle, addressed himself soberly to his algebra and slate; while Kittie stole off unobserved to her own little room at the head of the front stairs, and sitting there alone in the warm darkness, tried "to think to a purpose." And thus ran her musings:

"Oh, dear! I ought to be willing to go, for it's expected of me; and I know I'm the only one that will come near to suiting Aunt Jane; and of course, the twins can't be separated, and she wouldn't want both of them, and besides, neither of them would be happy away off there in that lonesome place. But it will be almost as hard for me, for I've never been away from home at all, except when I was at the convent, and I'm so timid of strange people. Oh! it will be just awful to have to leave papa and mamma, and Joe and the girls; and this dear old home, and the cathedral, and our friends—and, and—everything else; and not to come back, maybe, for ever so long. Because it will be years before papa can pay Aunt Jane; for it takes so much to keep us the way we like to live; and I don't believe that Vanderhoff suit will ever amount to anything. Once I go away, my coming back will be like my going to school has been. Oh! I wish people didn't have to do such hard things to get money!" And poor Kittie would have indulged in "a good cry," only she feared they might have visitors during the evening, and it would never do for her red eyes to be noticed.

"Still," she continued, looking down through the slats of the blinds on the wet pavement, "I don't know who's likely to call this evening, except, perhaps, the O'Connors, or Mr. Sherwood."

There was evidently some reviving influence in this last thought, for Kittie lit the gas, brushed her hair, and fixed a knot of cherry ribbon at her throat. The door-bell rang while she was thus engaged. Presently she heard voices in the hall below.

"Sure enough," she murmured, "it's Philip and Mary O'Connor, and—yes—Mr. Sherwood is with them. I could not be mistaken in his voice."

No, poor child, she could not be mistaken, for to her that voice held all the sweetness of the sweetest earthly music.

"I wonder! oh, I wonder! if it's true about Mrs. McMahon and him. But why should I care? I must not think of it. I guess I won't go down stairs unless I'm called."

She had not long to wait unsummoned. Joe came running up to her that Mr. Sherwood was asking for her, and that mamma said she should come down right away.

Frederick Sherwood greeted her, as was his wont, with almost brotherly cordiality. But she was very pale, and returned his greeting in a nervous, constrained manner. He noticed the change directly. It became even more apparent as the evening wore on, and he missed the winsome ways of the little maiden but yesterday so rosy and cheerful. Agnes, too, was unusually silent, but Rosalie's pleasant nonsense provoked frequent laughter from the rest of the company.

"Girls, I was forgetting to tell you the latest news," said Mary O'Connor. "Mrs. McMahon is going to Kenwood next week."

"To Kenwood? What for?" cried Agnes, startled for a moment out of her usual dignified calm.

"Why to enter the community, to be sure! What else would she go there for?" rejoined Mary.

"Oh my! oh my!" gasped Rosalie, in a convulsion of laughter. And then, when she had sufficiently recovered from her merriment to be able to talk intelligibly, "I hadn't the least suspicion of that; and oh! Mr. Sherwood, if you had but heard the joke I made this afternoon at her expense and yours! And I *did* have

a slight, a *very* slight foundation in fact, too. I shan't tell you just *what* I said, but you should have seen A'g—"

A stern glance from her father checked the utterance of the name that was on Rosalie's thoughtless lips, but she went on before her pause could be detected, "how the girls believed every word I told them."

Frederick Sherwood laughed heartily. "Do I look in the least like a disappointed lover, Miss Rosalie? And as to your 'foundation in fact,' now that I come to think of it, I believe I did walk home from high mass with Mrs. McMahon a Sunday or two ago; is that it?"

"Only that, and nothing more," rejoined Rosalie gaily, but the smile faded from her lips, and was succeeded by a look of intense astonishment, as her eyes rested for a moment upon Kittie's crimsoned face. She read something there that effectually controlled her careless tongue for the rest of the evening.

"Agnes," she said to her sister, when their guests had departed, and they themselves had retired to the privacy of their own apartment, "do you know I really think our Kittie is in love."

"Nonsense, Rosalie; Kittie is only a child."

"*We* didn't think ourselves children when we began to go into society two years ago. She's over seventeen."

"And pray who do you imagine to be the object of her mature preference?" queried Agnes, sarcastically.

"Frederick Sherwood, to be sure. It's plain to be seen, though I never suspected it myself until to-night. Did you observe how she colored when I was jesting with him about Mrs. McMahon?"

"No, I did not; but Kittie generally has a good deal of color, and then she was sitting near the fire."

"Well, Agnes, there's one thing certain, he has seemed always very fond of Kittie." Again that wan look came over Agnes's face, while Rosalie added: "But, oh dear! I wonder if she will offer to go to Aunt Jane's; the poor little thing! it would be just like her to do it."

"I think she will do no more than her duty if she offers to go," responded Agnes. "The change will be good for her; it will help to make her womanly and self-reliant, and to rid her of her baby ways. Besides she may not have to stay there so very long. Papa may clear a large sum of money on this contract he has in view, or the Vanderhoff suit may be decided in his favor, so I shall not see anything so wonderfully heroic in her going away from home for a year or two. It's as much for her own interests as for ours."

"Yes, if we could be *sure* that it would be only for a year or two; but you know, Agnes, how time goes with us when there's question of paying borrowed money back."

Agnes's arguments, however, were always convincing to Rosalie in the long run, so after an hour or two she fell asleep, quite persuaded that Kittie would fall short of her manifest duty did she not propose to fulfil the conditions of Aunt Jane's offer.

But Agnes herself derived no such satisfaction from her own fair reasoning. Long after Rosalie's soft, regular breathing indicated tranquil sleep, she tossed restlessly about, her mind disturbed by a legion of conflicting thoughts. Why should this sacrifice fall to Kittie's share? Was not she herself older, stronger, better versed in the ways of the world, more fitted to cope with the difficulties of an altered mode of existence? Why should *her* proud spirit be exempted from "the needful discipline of life?" Such were the questions that arose within her; and ofttimes, during that long, unrestful night, she almost resolved to be the one to go forth from home and kindred for awhile, and thus lift from her

father's weary shoulders the burden that was crushing him to the earth. But the thought of Frederick Sherwood ever intervened, and the wild, selfish love that had grown up in her heart for him triumphed.

"How do you know that he cares for *you?*" questioned something within her, "and if indeed he loves you truly, absence will not destroy his affection."

"He would love me if Kittie were not here;" and with this thought uppermost in her mind she fell into a troubled sleep just as the light of early dawn was struggling through the closed shutters, and as Kittie was dressing hastily so as to be in time for the first mass at the cathedral.

Chapter III.

A DECISION AND A DEPARTURE.

Slowly and sorrowfully Kittie passed through the yet silent streets, on her way to the cathedral, in the chill, gray dawn of that October morning. She, too, had had a sleepless night. Her struggle though had ended in self-conquest.

"Yes, I am reconciled to go," she murmured, "but I will speak to Father Dunne about it first, and ask our dear Lady to help me to seem bright and cheerful. I don't want any one to know how much it is costing me. Then when I come home from mass I'll tell papa I'm willing to go, and he can answer Aunt Jane's letter to-day."

She stayed till the last mass had been said that morning. She so loved this fair cathedral, around which her earliest and most sacred memories clustered; which was home to her, even more than was her father's house. Oh, how she would miss it! She lingered long before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, telling the misgivings of her poor, sorrowful little heart to the sweet Mother of Sorrows, and then she sought counsel of her director. His kind and earnest words cheered her, and showed her light upon the gloomy path that was opening out before her.

"Yes, my child, you will do well to go. It is hard to leave home and friends. Even so, your sacrifice will be all the more acceptable to God. Besides, you know not what good work may be there awaiting you. Will it not be worth all the suffering you can undergo, if you become the means, under God, of bringing this relative of yours into the fold of Christ? Only pray and show forth in your daily life, as far as your frailty will permit, the beauty and sweetness of the faith you profess, and you may accomplish great things for God's glory."

How changed to Kittie's eyes seemed the aspect of the outer world, as she turned her steps towards home. The sunshine had dissipated the chilly mist that had enveloped everything a few hours before; the trees were glorious with their many-hued autumnal leafage, and it was a joy to breathe the bracing morning air. In her own heart, too, a change had been wrought. Prayer and good counsel had brought light to her mind and strength to her heart, and the anticipation of the pain that was in store for her seemed rather sweet than bitter. How much happiness for her loved ones it would purchase. Papa would be so relieved, and mamma would not fret so much about the twins' prospects, and, perhaps, Joe could go to Seton Hall after awhile,—and, in the meantime, she—no, she would not let the tears dim those eyes that must be ready to meet her father's searching glances; brightly and bravely she would try to be happy; she would have much to occupy her; and oh, what a glorious thing it would be, if, as Father Dunne had suggested, she could win a soul for God! After all, perhaps, it might not be so very long till she could come home again. They would surely miss her, and love her better

than ever, and think often of her loneliness. And papa would make every effort to bring back his "little comfort," as he used to call her. Would Mr. Sherwood be surprised at her departure? Would he be likely to call again before it was time for her to go? Ah, she hoped so. She would like to say good-by to him. Somehow she wished he knew all about this.

"I should think you've prayed enough this morning, Kittie," exclaimed Rosalie, as her sister came into the dining-room, where the household were assembled for breakfast.

"Dick Wallace's big brother says there's some Catholic girls that live in the church and board at home, and he thinks our Kittie is one of them."

"If Dick Wallace's big brother saw the inside of the church a little oftener, he'd be a better man; and I'm surprised, Joe, that you would repeat his flippant remarks," said the father, gravely.

Joe looked down at his plate, from which the hot "buckwheats" were disappearing with a rapidity wonderful to witness, and there was an uncomfortable silence.

"Papa," said Kittie, who had been standing at her place beside her father, "you can write to Aunt Jane and tell her I will go to her. I can be ready to leave here by Monday next."

There was not a tremor in her voice, and when her father drew her to him, and looked earnestly into her face, a bright smile greeted him.

"My own dear little girl," he murmured.

No one else spoke. The "buckwheats" suddenly began to taste very bitter to Joe, and he felt an unaccountable difficulty in swallowing, so he pushed aside his plate and hurried up to the back attic, where the tears which he could not restrain might be shed unnoticed. What would home be like without Kittie? Whom could he tell his boyish troubles and triumphs to now? Mamma was sick almost always, and papa would soon be away on this new railroad, and Agnes wouldn't be bothered listening, and Rosalie would laugh. Poor Joe felt, in a way that he could not put into words, that something very sweet and precious was going out of his boy-life, just when he could least afford to spare it. He felt very sorry for himself. "Now if it was Agnes, or even Rose, it wouldn't be half so bad; but Kittie, oh it's confounded mean!" Then he wondered vaguely how Kittie would like the change, and made up his mind that Aunt Jane must be awfully cross and disagreeable. "Out West" was a phrase of portentous import to Joe. He had an idea that Indian braves abounded in the vicinity of Cloverville, and that Kittie might even have a glimpse of the famous "Buffalo Bill" and his scouts. Then he heard Pete O'Grady whistling for him down in the yard, and he bethought himself that it was almost nine o'clock, and that he must make haste, or he would be late for school.

* * * * * *

Monday evening. Kittie sat in her place in the westward-bound train, holding her ticket and trunk-check in her hand, and gazing out at her father, Joe, and the twins, who had just kissed her good-by, and were now standing in view of the car-windows. Her mother had cried herself into a sick headache when the parting actually came, and had therefore been unable to go to the depot. Kittie had borne up bravely, but now as the train began to move, and the forms of her dear ones vanished from her sight, self-control deserted her, and she hid her face, sobbing convulsively:

"Oh, papa, my poor papa!"

* * * * * *

Tuesday night. The last flower had been fastened in its place; the last deft touch had been given by

the mother's skilful fingers, and the twins, in their simple, but effective evening costumes, stood before the great mirror in the front parlor surveying themselves with smiles of satisfaction, while they awaited the carriage that was to convey them to Mrs. Carroll's. At the last moment their father had consented to accompany them; another subject of congratulation, for, as Rosalie remarked, "Papa always appears so well in society."

They were too much preoccupied with themselves, to notice their mother's flushed face and pain-dilated eyes as she sank back in a chair exhausted by the exertion she had made helping them with their toilette. Not so their father, who came in a few moments before the carriage arrived.

"I don't like to leave you, Emily," he said; "you look very sick to-night."

"Oh, it is nothing," she said, smiling faintly; "you must go, James; I wouldn't have the girls disappointed on my account; and now that you are returning to the 'road,' it will be long before they have you with them again."

But after they were gone, she wept long and bitterly, missing the gentle hands that used to soothe away her pain with tender touch and minister so lovingly to her varying needs.

"Oh, my darling, I never knew how much I had lost in losing you until now! My other daughters are so wrapped up in themselves. Oh, I have made a mistake somewhere with my girls! Oh, Kittie, Kittie, if you were here with me to-night!"

"Lovely girls, those Morgans," said Mrs. Carroll to Frederick Sherwood, as he conducted her to a sofa, after dancing a set with her; "but Kittie is my favorite. She's a sweet child, and will make a charming woman, I think. I'm so sorry she's gone away; I had set my heart on having her here to-night."

"Why, when did she go away? I was speaking with her the other evening, and she said nothing about leaving home. It must have been very sudden."

"I think so; for she did not say good-by to me, but simply sent her regrets for to-night. The Morgans have some very wealthy relatives in the West, I understand. But Kittie has gone to school, I fancy. Ah, good evening, Mrs. Leighton; I am delighted to see you, and Fannie also!" And while his hostess was engaged with the new-comers, Frederick Sherwood made his way across the room to the Morgans.

Rosalie was about to join in the quadrille just forming, but Agnes, who had danced every set thus far, declined Frederick Sherwood's invitation for this one, pleading fatigue as her excuse. He took a chair beside her, and for a moment they watched the dancers in silence.

"So Kittie has gone," he said.

"Yes; did she not tell you she was going? She mentioned to us that you accompanied her home the other evening."

"So I did; but she never said a word about her intended departure."

"How strange! But Kittie has funny little ways of her own."

"Has she gone to school?"

"No, not exactly; you see we have relatives away off west, who have been very anxious for one of us girls to make them a visit; and Kittie wanted to go. She will not return for a year or more, I think."

"So long as that!"

"Yes, indeed. We miss her sadly, I assure you; but she desired so much to go, and pleaded so hard that papa and mamma finally gave a reluctant consent to her departure. Ah, home is not like home since she has left us! I could not bear to come here to-night without her, but mamma prevailed on me to do so."

Frederick Sherwood was surprised, and hurt, too, at the discovery of Kittie's apparent want of confidence in him; but he devoted himself as-

siduously to Agnes for the rest of the evening, and ere long began to feel in some measure consoled.

Somebody says that many a heart is caught in the rebound; and thus it seemed likely to prove with him. Returning from the party that night, the thought of Agnes Morgan haunted him. She was so brilliant, yet so deep; so fascinating, yet tender and modest, withal; how had it happened that he had so long been unmindful of her attractions?

Chapter IV.

STRAIGHTENING CROOKED WAYS.

We find Agnes Morgan alone in the apartment in which we first made her acquaintance. It is May now, and she has drawn her divan close to the open window, and is gazing out dreamily through the soft lace curtains into the garden, beautiful with the odorous blossoming of late spring. But she sees not the pansies on which her eyes are riveted; she feels not the sweet breath of the mignonette, which the warm breeze wafts through the room. As she reclines upon the divan, in her pure white drapery brightened with a tint of delicate green, we might for a moment fancy her an angel of the springtime, so fair is she in these days of her dawning womanhood. We glance more closely, however, and we see that her face is pale and sad; and hearkening to the words that break involuntarily from her lips, "My God! if I could go back to last October and begin again!" we banish from our mind the comparison; for the anguish of regret is unknown among these bright spirits who always do the will of their Creator.

Why is Agnes Morgan sad? All her surroundings breathe of joy and peacefulness, and the ring that glitters on her thin, snowy hand, tells us that she is betrothed. Yes, ere the freshness shall have faded from June's red roses, she shall be Frederick Sherwood's bride. What secret sorrow, then, is stealing the bloom from her fair face, and veiling from her eyes the loveliness of awakened nature, and poisoning her dream of love? Oh, Agnes, Agnes, you are but suffering the bitter penalty that soon or late becomes the portion of all who wander from the straight, safe ways of truth!

Sit down, dear reader, in sight of that remorseful face, and glance with me over the events that have transpired since the close of our last chapter. We shall not be disturbed. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan are both absent from home; the former at his business, the latter spending a few days at her brother's in Geneva. Joe is now at Seton Hall; he went there directly after the Christmas holidays. Rosalie has just gone into the garden to gather a basket of flowers, for she is a member of the Altar Society, and this is her week in charge of the Blessed Virgin's Chapel. Agnes will not notice us; she is too intent on her own thoughts just now to be conscious of anything external to them.

It was a great surprise, and not altogether a pleasant one to Parker Williamson, when he received from James Morgan four thousand dollars and interest in full up to date, on the day that the part payment on the mortgage fell due. He had hoped to be able to foreclose. Property was at a low figure in Sedgewick, for it was a time of great financial depression; and he intended to bid in the long-coveted homestead himself "at a bargain." But the opportunity was denied him, and the balance of the mortgage would not fall due for two years more. The business world as well as the social, began to smile again on James Morgan, when it saw him once more in a fair way to recover his former prosperous standing.

His family, also, soon felt the magical effects of Aunt Jane's opportune loan. Friendships that had

cooled down almost to the freezing-point, were speedily renewed with summer fervency.

Both the girls received more than ordinary attention in society, and Agnes might have formed a circle of her own, and held queenly sway in it, had she willed it so, but she was indifferent to all admiration save Frederick Sherwood's; the conquest of his heart was the sole object of her ambition. The greatest obstacle to the attainment of her desires had been removed, but a jealous fear haunted her, that the fondness which he had always openly manifested for Kittie, might be something more than friendship, and strong enough to withstand a protracted separation from its object. She partly realized the advantage she had gained over her unconscious rival on the evening of Mrs. Carroll's party, and she followed it up closely. She studied Frederick Sherwood's character with assiduous care; she learned his tastes, his preferences, his foibles, and squared her outer acts accordingly. She sought diligently to place her absent sister in an unfavorable light before him, and thus destroy the lingering affection which he might still entertain for her. And she succeeded; significant glances, words half-uttered and half-recalled; circumstances, sometimes real, sometimes invented for the occasion, brought to his notice apparently by accident, did the work so cleverly that he attributed the change in his sentiments towards Kittie purely to his own powers of discrimination (of which, unconsciously, he held a high opinion), never dreaming that any outside influence was gently, but persistently, shaping his judgment on the matter. How could he ever have preferred the unformed, imperfectly educated girl, with her childish ways, changeful moods, and obstinate attachment to her own strange caprices, to her cultured, accomplished sister, whose yielding disposition and womanly serenity of mind and manner, were so indescribably attractive? Indeed, he congratulated himself that matters had gone no further between himself and Kittie. "It would have been a sad mistake," he reasoned; "the difference in our ages is too great. Marriages, when there is so much disparity in point of years, often prove unhappy. True, Agnes is barely twenty, but she is mature beyond her age, and is admirably fitted to become the mistress of a household such as mine will be."

Frederick Sherwood was not in favor of a long engagement. He was becoming very successful in his profession latterly. He had purchased a pretty house not far from the Morgan residence, and was fitting it up with much taste and thoughtfulness for his bride elect. "My wife shall miss none of the comforts and elegances to which she has been accustomed in her father's house;" and then he began to think how pale she was looking lately, and how spiritless and sad she often appeared when she did not know that his eyes were upon her, and suddenly it flashed across his mind,—and there was sharp pain in the thought,—that Agnes had never seemed quite like herself from the day on which she had promised to become his wife.

* * * * * *

"Aggie, dear, let us have supper early so we can be at the cathedral before seven o'clock. I want to fix the Blessed Virgin's altar elegantly, for these last few evenings of her month. See these flowers; aren't they lovely? and I've tended them all myself. Mrs. Rogers has seven callas in bloom, and has promised them for this evening. She'll call for us at half-past six, so we must make haste. And Aggie, it's Friday, you know, and the priests will hear confessions right away after the May devotions. Won't you stay with me and go to confession to-night, dear? To-morrow there will

be such a crowd round the confessionals, for Sunday is the last day for the Easter duty; and you know you have not received the sacraments since last fall. Oh, Aggie, Aggie, don't look so at me! it's no use, this *is* my affair, and I *will* speak out. What strange spirit has taken possession of you—you who never missed your monthly communion? Papa and mamma think you go every time I do; what would they say if they knew the truth? Aggie, darling, rouse yourself; it's just breaking my heart to see you so listless and sorrowful. Come to confession; you can never be happy without God's blessing, and you can't have it while you stay away from the sacraments. I know we're all poor sinners, but you've never done half so many dreadful things as I've done;" and sobs smother Rosalie's voice as she kneels beside her sister, and looks pleadingly, through her tears, into the white face, almost rigid in its desperate calm.

Agnes gently loosens her hands from Rosalie's clinging clasp, and rises, saying wearily:

"I'll go to confession to-morrow morning; won't that do? Mamma is coming home to-night and I must go to meet her. You and Mrs. Rogers can fix the altar very well without me, for once."

"You are only making idle excuses, Agnes. Mr. Sherwood said he'd wait for mamma to-night and bring her home. You shan't leave the room till you promise to come to confession this very evening; to-morrow won't do!"

"There, let me go, Rosalie; I promise."

A little later and Agnes Morgan, kneeling in the darkest corner of the dimly-lighted cathedral, is preparing for confession. Eight long months to be accounted for! "Oh, if I could but go back to last October and begin again!" Ah, it is easy enough to be sorry for her sin; her heart aches remorsefully for her poor little sister, to whom she has acted so base a part. She will confess it, too, though this is a harder task; but to repair it, to acknowledge her falsehood to the man for whose love she has risked her soul's salvation, can she ever humble herself to that? How he will despise her meanness. "What matters it—as I have sinned so must I suffer," she moans, half-aloud; and then, rising, she enters the confessional.

They find Frederick Sherwood in the parlor on their return from the cathedral.

"Good evening, girls. The May devotions have been unusually long this evening, it appears."

"We remained to go to confession, that is why we were detained," answers Rosalie. "Where's mamma, Mr. Sherwood?"

"She was called away, a moment since, by one of the servants."

"I'll go and find her;" and Rosalie passes from the apartment, leaving her sister alone with Frederick Sherwood. She stands before him white and silent, and when, at last, she raises her eyes to his there is a timid, questioning look in them that makes him think of Kittie. She tries to speak, but her voice dies away in an indistinct murmur.

"Agnes, my dear girl, what has occurred to agitate you so strangely?"

"Frederick Sherwood, I free you from your engagement to me. I am unworthy of you—I am unworthy of the love of any true-hearted man. I have wilfully misrepresented to you my own sister Kittie. She is absent from home, not for pleasure, not for caprice, as I have led you to believe, but because she alone was willing to make the sacrifice necessary to save our home and reinstate my father in his business. A distant relative offered to lend him a large sum of money, provided one of us would go and remain with her until he should be able to repay it. Kittie went. This relative is a

coarse, vulgar woman, without education, without religion; but she is upright and good-hearted in her way. Kittie is leading a lonely, laborious life, that we may be maintained in the ease to which we have been accustomed. Through me she was forbidden to make any explanation concerning her departure. I was glad to have her go, because I feared she loved you, and that your own well-known brotherly affection for her was growing into a deeper sentiment. Since then I have persistently brought her before you in a false aspect," she falters, breathlessly.

"And this you have done, Agnes, because—" But she falls to the floor in a swoon.

* * * * * *

"Yes, she is ever so much better this morning, Mr. Sherwood. She is in the back parlor; go right in—but, stay a moment; I must tell you something. Do you know her engagement ring fell off in the excitement last night and we can't find it anywhere? Her fingers are so slender, poor dear."

"I've been noticing that, Rosalie, and I'm happy to tell you that I found the ring, and carried it off with me to get a guard for it, so the same mischance may not happen again."

So saying, Frederick Sherwood enters the parlor. Agnes covers her face with her hands as he approaches.

"Look up, my Agnes; do not shrink from me. I have not come to add one feather's weight to the shame and suffering you have endured in rectifying your great mistake. I love you the better that you have had the courage to brave what you feared the most for the sake of truth and justice. As for Kittie, poor child, she knows nothing of this—she must never know. She was to me as a dear little sister; she could never have been more, I think. Even if she did care for me, it was

'Not love, but love's first flash in youth.'

I sometimes used to think last year, and I still have the same idea, that a holier destiny awaits our Kittie. My darling, do not weep so bitterly; this hard, hard lesson will serve you for all time. Let this never again be referred to between us; it is dead and buried; let it rest forever. Look up, my own dear Agnes. I want to see you smiling and happy again. I have good news for you. I am to have a three months' vacation this summer, so we can go to Europe on our wedding tour after all."

* * * * * *

Passing through the straggling village of Cloverville we follow the road to the left, for the distance of perhaps a mile, until we come in sight of a wood-colored, weather-worn cottage, the residence of Mrs. Jane Tompkins. The house is built on a corner, for at this point a short road, or rather alley, diverges from the main one. The house faces on the alley, and several acres of land, well-cultivated and carefully inclosed, lie behind it. A tall, thin woman, about sixty years of age, sits on the door-step. She is somewhat stooped; her hands are large and sinewy; her face is so tanned and wrinkled that it is hard to guess what its original complexion has been. Her eyes are bright and have a shrewd expression, and her thin gray hair is drawn into a small tight knot on the back of her head. Her dress is somewhat peculiar, consisting of a blue calico skirt, reaching barely to her ankles, and a loose striped calico sacque, belted round her waist with the strings of her coarse gingham apron. Her feet are bare, and the sleeves of her sacque are turned up above her elbows, disclosing her long, red, muscular arms.

"Kittie!" The tone is quick and sharp, but the look that she lifts to the slender girl who comes from the inner room in answer to her summons, is not unkindly. "Kittie, what time is it?"

"It's half-past eleven, Aunt Jane."

"I declare I'm clean tired out, but I'm glad we've got all them winter things washed, anyway. It's a beautiful day for dryin'. I wish you'd fry some pork and eggs for dinner, Kittie." Fry pork and eggs with the thermometer at 90° in the shade! but Kittie makes no comment, as she prepares the meal according to her aunt's desire.

Our little heroine has changed greatly since we saw her last. She looks taller, for she has become very slight. The bright flush has left her cheeks; her "baby ways" have given place to a sweet, settled gravity of demeanor. She is doing her best to brighten this cheerless house, and it pleases her when she sees her aunt's eyes rest with complacency on the pretty "tidy" that adorns the well-worn horse-hair sofa in the "settin'-room," and on the few pictures that relieve the nakedness of its dismal, white-washed walls. The kitchen though, in which most of their time is spent, has thus far baffled her efforts to alter its uninviting appearance. But she has trained scarlet runners and morning-glories on the outside, and these shade from the one curtainless window the burning rays of the meridian sun.

The frugal dinner is soon dispatched, and Kittie washes the dishes, sweeps the floor, feeds the pigs and chickens, and brings the clothes in from the lines before she glances at the clock again. Then she says:

"Aunt Jane, it's nearly four o'clock; the mail will soon be in, and I'm expecting a letter from home. May I go up to the village? I'll be back in time to get tea ready."

"Well, I don't care ef you do, but I shud think you'd rather rest yerself now, and go to the village in the cool o' the evenin'," rejoins her aunt, looking up from her patchwork.

"Oh, I'm not too tired to go as far as the post-office."

"I never seen the day you was since you come to me. Well, I spose t'aint no more then nateral that you'd want to know how yer folks is gettin' on."

"Do you want anything from the store, Aunt Jane?"

"Not as I know of, but mebbe there's somethin' you'd have a noshun for yourself. I wish there was. You don't eat enough, somehow; you're gettin' awful starved-lookin'."

Kittie finds two letters awaiting her; the thick one in the square white envelope is from Joe unmistakably; the long, narrow, cologne-scented missive bears Agnes's handwriting.

"Dear Joe! I can always be sure of his weekly letter, but this is the first I've had from Agnes in a long while."

She hastened through the village, and after a few moments' rapid walk, sits down by the roadside, under a spreading chestnut tree, to read her letters. Ernest Holmes rides very slowly past the spot, and scrutinizes Kittie wonderingly. "An uncommonly pretty girl; very refined and intelligent-looking too, and a stranger in these parts evidently. Who can she be?"

But Kittie, deep in her brother's letter, is unconscious that the eyes of the great man of Cloverville have rested approvingly upon her. When she has finished it she refolds it, puts it in her pocket, and opening her sister's dainty note, reads:

SEDGEWICK, June 11th, 1874.

MY DEAREST KITTIE: You will, without doubt, be surprised to learn of my approaching marriage, as I had not informed you of my engagement. I will be married to Frederick Sherwood on the morning of the 17th inst. Our wedding is to be quite private. We shall go to New York Wednesday afternoon, and remain there until Saturday, on which day we shall sail for Europe in the steamer Bothnia. I shall

write to you at greater length from New York.

Dear, dear Kittie, pray much for your loving but unworthy sister,

AGNES MORGAN.

For a few instants Kittie sits motionless; she feels stunned, as if she had received a heavy blow, and surrounding objects swim before her eyes. Then she presses to her lips the little silver crucifix (Alice Sheridan's parting gift) which she always wears suspended on her bosom, and rising,

"Takes up the burden of life again,"

but unlike Maud Muller, she casts not even a thought back to what "might have been."

"I'm later than I expected to be, Aunt Jane," she says, trying to smile, and failing miserably, as she enters the kitchen.

"It don't make no difference. You must be tired enough; busy since five o'clock this mornin', and that long tramp to and from the village on top of all," rejoins her aunt, adding, with rough good nature, "Set over and have a cup o' tea and some o' them berries."

Kittie, in gratitude for this unwonted thoughtfulness, is fain to comply, but her lips quiver, and tears rush to her eyes despite all her efforts.

"Aunt Jane, I believe I must lie down," she says, rising from the table, after a vain attempt to eat; "my head aches badly."

"Can't I do nothin' for you?" inquires the latter, with a softened look in her keen gray eyes.

"No, thank you; I'll be all right to-morrow if I get a good night's rest."

"Well, don't get up till I call you, Kittie; you've jest overdone yourself, that's what's the trouble."

"She's had bad news from home I guess," soliloquizes Jane Tompkins, when she finds herself alone. "Now ef I'd been used to kindness in my young days, or ef I'd ever had a child of my own, I'd know how to say somethin' kind o' soft-hearted to her, for I feel bad for her, so I do. She's done her duty by me since she's come. I couldn't do without her nohow, it seems to me, but I s'pose she won't stay with me a day more'n she can help. Well, I can't blame her. She's awful delicate-looking. She takes after the Rainses that way. Well, we won't have such a day's work again in a good while."

The next day Kittie is calmly cheerful, and goes about her work with her wonted assiduity. Does she not suffer? Ah, yes; her poor disappointed little heart aches dumbly, for there is no kind mother near to whom she can look for sweet human sympathy. But she prays, and after a time prayer brings truer comfort. She does not feed her sorrow with vain regrets and dangerous reveries; so by and by it dies a natural death, and she thinks calmly of Agnes and her husband, and prays with all her heart for their prosperity. Frederick Sherwood was right after all. Kittie's affection for him was only "love's first flash in youth."

The story of her life is yet unwritten. For the present, kind reader, we shall leave her in her life of toil and privation, and uncongenial companionship, happy with that pure gladness that ever sweetens the lot of all who live not for themselves alone. And some time it may be ours to write and yours to read how Kittie's life in a strange land ended.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE opening of a new year naturally suggests retrospective thoughts. If we look to Italy, we shall see the same strange spectacle that has perplexed Christendom for over six years. In the Vatican, His Holiness Pope Pius IX still resides a virtual prisoner, and receives almost daily fresh testimonies of the love and faithful adherence to his cause of the Catholics of the world. He still guides the storm-tossed bark of St. Peter, and although he has lost from his side Cardinal Antonelli, Cardinal Patrizi, and other faithful servants and champions, yet fresh men constantly arise to take their places, and the Italian Government, whatever its wishes may be under the present radical advisers of Victor Emmanuel, is unable to do as much evil as might be expected it would do.

In the Quirinal sits the uneasy King of Italy. He knows that his throne, erected by revolution, may be overthrown by revolution. The heavy taxes, and the other incidental burdens necessary to maintain Italy as a "Great Power," press heavily on a people impoverished and not over-blessed with an industrious turn of mind. The Parliament sitting at Monte Citorio, composed of members elected by only 500,000 out of 27,000,000 of people, is chiefly occupied in devising fresh schemes to plunder the Church and restrain its liberties. The situation is a curious one, and has not lost any of its singular and anomalous features.

The eyes of the world have been turned of late towards the east of Europe. The oppression exercised towards the Christians of European Turkey has afforded a plausible excuse for Russia to undertake the championship of races, allied to her people by the double tie of similarity of origin and agreement in creed. The massacres of Bulgaria alienated much sympathy from Turkey, and Sultan after Sultan has been deposed by the intrigues of the Sophtas and fanatical Moslems, who were irritated as well by the failure of the attempts to conquer Servia, as by the dictation of the European Powers. The Turkish armies, successful in their battles with the Servian forces, were stopped by a Russian ultimatum. A conference is now sitting in Constantinople, but as the demands made on Turkey are not acceptable to the latter, war is still imminent.

Catholics, as such, have taken no part in these events; but the Catholics of Turkey have not been very active in insurrectionary movements.

If we look at Spain, we find that the young King Alfonso, Isabella's son, still occupies the throne. The Carlists are apparently suppressed, but the attempts made to deprive the Basque Provinces of the immemorial rights and privileges they have enjoyed have caused much dissatisfaction.

Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, as well as Norway and Sweden, offer little of interest. Perhaps, in this case, the old saying that "Happy is the nation that has no history," is verified. As regards Switzerland, the little sect of "Old Catholics" drags on a precarious existence, fostered by the state, but disowned by the true Catholics.

As regards Great Britain and her extensive colonies and dependencies, there is much to console Catholics. The hierarchy, headed by Cardinal Manning, is working hard, and its efforts are seconded by the zeal of the clergy and laity. Every week new churches, new schools, new convents, are being opened. Conversions are numerous. They are not heralded with the same noise as formerly by Protestants, but they are more numerous, and occur in every rank of society. Contrary to the general opinion, we believe that conversions are far more numerous in the middle and lower classes of England than in the upper. Cardinal Manning is making strenuous efforts to promote the two great causes,—Temperance and Education.

Turning to Ireland, the most remarkable fact is the steadfast increase of her national aspirations to freedom. Two parties aspire to represent Ireland's wishes,—the Home-Rule party, who demand a scheme of federation with Great Britain on the basis of local self-government for Ireland; and the Repealers, who demand simple repeal of the act of union. Catholicity in Ireland is as strong as ever it was.

The past year has been an eventful one in the history of the United States. It has witnessed the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of our National Independence, and a disputed Presidential election. The former event was a great success; the latter is a great peril. The electoral votes of three States are in dispute, and clouded with suspicions of fraud and intimidation; that of another State is involved in a technical doubt. The forthcoming President will, in either case, hold his office by a majority of one vote only, and perhaps with the consciousness that the popular and electoral vote is believed, by one-half of the community, to have been against him. In Mexico, or in France, such a condition of affairs would lead to bloody conflicts and a succession of revolutions. As it is, there are two States who have two Governors each, and,

were it not for the easy and good-natured disposition of the American people, who have an abiding faith that law will prevail and that everything will come out right in the end, we should be in a dangerous situation indeed. But, as it is, the country is peaceful.

The Catholic Church has had to encounter no attacks this year in America, but has pursued its mission of peace and conciliation as usual. Republicans and Democrats are to be found in its ranks, and while the bishops and clergy are too busy to attend to political affairs, the laity vote as their reason or their prejudices dictate. While they are represented by a Francis Kernan in the Senate, and a John Lee Carroll in the gubernatorial chair of Maryland, they need not fear comparison, as regards ability, with any other section.

What is the work before Catholics this year? While the clergy are straining every nerve to build churches and schools, is there nothing for Catholics to do but sit still and contribute money when asked to? This latter they should do, but not leave other things undone. The cultivation of greater social harmony and unity, the encouragement of literature, doing something to save the young men from losing the faith, an increase of love for the Church, a decrease of national and sectional prejudice: these are some of the objects before us. The Irish Catholics can learn much from our German brethren. The Germans can learn from the Irish. Six or eight millions of Catholics ought to be a power in this land of disjointed, divided, and innumerable sects and parties. There is nothing strong, nothing permanent, nothing enduring on this earth, but the Catholic Church. As St. Chrysostom, we believe, says, "The Church is stronger than Heaven itself; for it is written heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." What words? "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church."

Two distinguished prelates have died lately in Ireland. Bishop Whelan of Bombay was one of these. For a long time he has been residing in Dublin, where he has endeared himself to all classes by his willingness to perform every episcopal duty that was required of him and by his genuine kindness and piety. He was Vicar Apostolic in Bombay many years ago, when the "Goa schism" afflicted a portion of India, and struggled against many difficulties. His funeral took place on December 18th, at St. Theresa's Church, Dublin.

The second prelate who has gone to his reward was Bishop O'Hea, of Ross. He was born in 1808, and died on the 18th of December, 1876. He was buried on December 21st, at Skibbereen, in his cathedral in that town. The Most Rev. Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, and the Bishops of Killaloe, Galway, Limerick, and other places with a very large number of the clergy, were present at the funeral obsequies. From 8,000 to 10,000 persons accompanied the funeral procession of this pious and patriotic bishop, who was one of the few remaining links which connect the present with the past—the days of renewed hope for Catholicity in Ireland with the dark days of the times prior to Catholic emancipation.

We rejoice to see that courses of lectures on religious and popular topics are becoming more and more in favor with our people. The Boston Catholic Union and several organizations in New York City have them, and they seem to be well attended. The Catholic Philopatrian Institute of Philadelphia has a Sunday evening free course of lectures, and they also do much good.

The American people will go to lectures, and our leading lecturers make large sums of money. We believe many educated Protestants would go to good Catholic lectures when they might not feel inclined to go to church to hear sermons.

The will of Cardinal Antonelli, which has been published, caused some comment. The deceased left his property to his brothers and nephews, and some persons were surprised to see that he had not left any to the Church, not being aware that in the first place bequests to churches and religious corporations are null and void in Italy, and secondly, that there is no security in that country but what is in the possession of the Church to-day may not be "ex-propriated" or stole to-morrow.

It is a most striking and wonderful proof of the strength of the Catholic religion in Italy, that although the government and a large portion of the educated classes as well as the rabble of some cities is so strongly hostile to the Church, and, on the other hand, the Catholics so unaccustomed to the methods of constitutional agitation, yet that the anti-Catholic faction is able to do comparatively so little of what they would desire. For, however much wrong and damage the irreligious faction have done, it is as nothing to what they would do, if they could. They would destroy every church in Italy, kill or banish every priest, and utterly exterminate the Catholic faith in Italy. They cannot do this. And why? Because God protects his Church and preserves the faith in millions of Italians who, deceived into the belief that the national

unity is to be secured, support or connive at acts in themselves wrong, because they believe these acts to be necessary to secure that unity.

CATHOLICITY has increased very much in Brooklyn. The *Daily Argus* of that city says: "Bishop Loughlin was consecrated first bishop of Brooklyn in 1853, twenty-three years ago. The term of his episcopate has been marked by the rapid and continuous progress of the Faith. In Brooklyn alone he has consecrated thirty-six churches, a rate of increase in the number of places of Catholic worship which is hardly equalled by any other city, and is considerably in excess of the growth of any Protestant denomination in this city in the same space of time."

Under the rule of Bishop Loughlin, says Mr. Murray, the diocese of Brooklyn has become one of the most important in this country, numbering 90 churches and chapels, 112 priests, 2 colleges, 6 academies, 34 parish churches, and several religious orders.

Twenty-five years ago (1850) there were only seven Catholic churches in the whole of Kings County, with accommodations for 8400 worshippers, and a total valuation of church property amounting to $186,000 (United States census of 1850).

There are now in the city of Brooklyn thirty-nine Catholic churches (Lain's Directory for 1876), and in the Catholic communion, as already stated, there are two hundred thousand persons, exclusive of the residents in the county towns.

THE Irish Home Rule movement is becoming a matter of much discussion. We note the following remarks on the position of affairs in Great Britain in the New York *Independent:*

"There is little cheering to say of the future position of the Home Rulers, if English members who wish well to Ireland are to be credited. They declare that the Home Rule movement is unreal; that there is not the slightest doubt of Irish disaffection, and that Mr. Smythe is the one thoroughly honest man among the Irish members. Ireland does not want home government. She wants disunion. 'If I were Irish I should go in for separation,' said an M. P. the other day. 'England will give her a strong land bill, but she will get nothing else. We never can understand Ireland. The more depressed she is the more humble, as all peoples are when utterly ground down by misery. It requires a certain amount of prosperity to generate self-respect and a desire for national independence. England fails to appreciate this fact, and talks about the Irish ingratitude.'

REV. JOHN SPALDING, of Louisville, has been appointed first bishop of the See of Peoria, which comprises the central portion of the State of Illinois. Bloomington aspires to be the seat of the Episcopal residence.

THE terrible fire in Brooklyn, at which a great number of Irish Catholics fell victims to the flames, suggests the necessity of taking precautions to prevent the loss of life at churches as well as theatres. Doors should all be constructed so as to open outwards, the passages and entrances should be capacious, and particular care should be taken of gauzy trimmings, the position of heaters, etc., so that panics, those fatal events which kill more people than the flames, be avoided.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS. Being a Plain Exposition and Vindication of the Church founded by our Lord Jesus Christ. By Right Rev. James Gibbons, D.D., Bishop of Richmond and Administrator-Apostolic of North Carolina. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co. London: R. Washbourne, 1877.

The object of this work, as stated in the preface, is "to present in a plain, practical form, an exposition and vindication of the principal tenets of the Catholic Church." Its chief aim is to bring home those truths to persons who accept the Holy Scriptures as divinely inspired. Hence the statements of the author are fortified with frequent references to the sacred text. There are also numerous references to the fathers of the early ages of the Church, which must be accepted, even by non-Catholics, as evidence of the belief of Christians in those times.

In examining the work we have been struck with its simplicity of arrangement and clearness of statement. The topics discussed are handled in a masterly manner, yet with no parade of learning or abstruseness of argument. The facts and reasons presented are set forth in such straightforward, simple style as to be within the comprehension of the most ordinary mind, and yet at the same time with such clearness and strength of presentation that they should carry conviction to every sincere inquirer.

While the work is thus calculated to do great good, if placed in the hands of candid non-Catholics by dispelling wrong impressions, and inspiring correct ideas as to the grounds of Catholic belief, it is also a book which contains, within small compass, the information and arguments which Catholics constantly need to explain the truths of their holy faith to their Protestant friends and acquaintances who may be desirous of acquainting themselves with those truths, and to defend them against others who may attack them.

It is an admirable book, and one that was greatly needed to meet a want which it well supplies. The right reverend author, whose learning and ability are well known, has in this work made a beginning towards the creating of a species of American Catholic literature, and it is to be hoped that this will be followed by other like works on different subjects connected with the Catholic faith from his pen, and from that of other American Catholics eminent for literary ability, until we become as well supplied in the United States with Catholic works as are the Catholics of European countries.

DEIRDRÈ (No Name Series). Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

Critics in the newspaper press have spoken very favorably of this poem; but not more favorably than it deserves. It is an Irish epic, a tale of love, jealousy, and war. And, we think, it is not going too far, if we say that it is the most successful attempt at epic poetry in this century. The story which it embodies is a straightforward, simple tale without complications, as necessarily must be the case with an epic.

The king of Eman goes to a banquet in the house of Feilimêd. During the festivity Deirdrè, the daughter of Feilimêd, is born. Caffa, a seer, predicts her future beauty and the destruction it will bring upon Eman and his nobility. The nobles demand the death of the infant; but the king orders her to be brought up in perfect seclusion, with the intention of marrying her when she becomes old enough to be his wife. Deirdrè, however, and Naisi, son of Usna, fall in love with each other and fly to Alba, where Naisi takes military service with the king. The Albanian king falls in love with Deirdrè, and conspires the death of Naisi and his brothers. They escape, however, to a beautiful island. Thence they are decoyed by the king of Eman, who, breaking his oath, has them all murdered.

From the thread of this simple story the poem is woven. True to the character of an epic, it is full of action throughout. The characters are not described, they rise up before us, as we read, as living men. A writer in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* has compared many of its passages with analogous ones in Homer and Virgil, and does not hesitate to claim that they are not inferior, and in this judgment we are inclined to concur. There is little or no pathos, no tenderness, or softness. There could not well be, consistently, with the subject, the manner of treatment, and the rough, fierce, barbaric times and men, who love, and hate, and fight in the pages of the poem. In the battle scenes the combatants live, and fight, and shout, and struggle, and die before you. The descriptions are strong, powerful, true to nature, and evince not merely poetic talent, but genius of a high order. The descriptions of nature are exquisite, both in their truthfulness and strength. We give an extract which pictures the close of autumn:

Calm Autumn died, and in that garden fair
The last flowers withered in the treacherous air.
The little stream with mournful murmurs rolled,
And the trees doffed their robes of bronze and gold,
And fading blue and green, and glowing red;
And all the outside lands lay damp and dead,
Wrapped in a cheerless shroud of foggy haze,
Voiceless for lengths of dreary days on days,
Save now and then through the dull gloom was heard
The weird-like warning of the drummer bird,
The bittern from the flat isle of the mere,
Or curlew's calling, now remote, now near,
Or the wild plover from the uplands springs,
Or mighty whirr of multitudinous wings
Of rooks and noisy starlings spreading o'er
The cattle pastures by the river shore.
And sometimes, too, the ruffian winds would come
To chase the dying leaves from their lost home
In the forlorn grove, or with dead sound
The Thunder God would rise from underground
And roar amid the gaps of distant hills,
And the thick rain would pour and swell the rills
To rivers, and the rivers into seas,
Till all at once would rise a southern breeze,
Born 'mid the powers of some more genial clime,
And make a mimic summer for a time.

POEMS: Devotional and Occasional. By Benjamin Dionysius Hill, C. S. P. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street. 1877.

This volume, as we learn from the preface, is made up of poems written by Father Hill at intervals during the last eight years. Some of them have appeared, from time to time, in the *Catholic World*. Some of them are deeply devotional, and all of them are inspired by a pure Catholic spirit. Interspersed are some beautiful descriptions of nature. But the writer, unlike so many of our modern poets, is no worshipper of mere material beauty. The natural world, with all its loveliness of scene and form and hue, is but the symbol in all its manifestations of him who created it, and upholds it. It is when our Divine Lord, or his Immaculate Virgin Mother constitutes our author's theme, that his poetic inspiration pours itself into his verses most freely and fully.

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The consciousness that their efforts have not been unappreciated; and, still more, the warm expressions of interest in, and approval of the *Review* from numerous distinguished personages, eminent for learning, piety, and a deep concern for the establishment of a pure Christian literature in the United States, have not only encouraged the conductors of the *Review*, but also stimulated them to renewed efforts to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the intelligent

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possibly secure. That they have measurably succeeded in this during the first year of the *Review's* existence is ground not only for encouragement to persevere, but also for expecting a still greater degree of success in the future.

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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XII.—FEBRUARY, 1877.—No. 70.

THE EXPLANATION OF MIRACLES BY UNKNOWN NATURAL FORCES.

To men in search of difficulties against the explanation of admitted facts by definite causes, the hypothesis of unknown possible agencies is a ready resort. It may at times be the only course open to a man of prudence thus to take refuge in the unknowable. Still this is so unsatisfactory a proceeding that, except in case of necessity, one is loath to stop short at an explanation which explains nothing. The late Professor De Morgan, speaking of spirit manifestations, declares that he can adopt no account up to that time given of their origin; "but," he adds, "thinking it very likely that the universe may contain a few agencies, say half a million, of which no man knows anything, I cannot but suspect that a small proportion of these agencies, say five thousand, may be severally competent to the production of all the phenomena, or may be quite up to the task among them."

Now I have absolutely nothing to say of spiritualism at present; but I wish to examine De Morgan's principle in reference solely to the question of Christian miracles.

In the first place, it is obvious to remark that, because there is a doubtful borderland between two domains, it does not therefore follow that there may not be territory clearly belonging to this domain and not to that. The most ambitious table of weights and measures does not venture to say how many straws make a stack; but three straws certainly do not make a stack, and a hundred cartloads of straw certainly do make a stack. Some of the protozoa may be plants or they may be animals; but a child that throws an apple to an elephant, can say for sure, that the apple is a vegetable and the elephant an animal. Again, an athlete may inform you that he has jumped over a stream six yards wide; perhaps you dare not flatly contradict him; but if, gaining confidence, he goes on to say that he has jumped over the Straits of Dover, you burst forth incontinently into verse, wherein by two lines of becoming gravity you prelude the assertion of the mighty feat,

"The cow jumped over the moon."

To take one more illustration, a short word or two may be formed by a chance cast of type out of its re-

ceptacle; but the *British Encyclopedia* was not originated by a lucky throw of this sort. There may then be extremes that are clearly distinguishable, while the precise mean between them baffles all attempt at discovery. That there is a debateable land between miraculous and natural occurrences, no one will deny; our contention is that there are also events manifestly traceable to the one category or to the other, and not lying dubiously between the two, like Ginx's baby between the two parishes.

But besides the threefold classification of phenomena into natural, supernatural, and ambiguous, it may be well to point out that the first member is again subdivisible into two parts, the one comprising events in the ordinary course of nature, the other embracing those effects which, though out of the usual order, yet present no character whereby to make good their title to transcend nature. Such we may suppose to be most, if not all, of the extraordinary facts recorded by such writers as Abercrombie, Sir B. Brodie, Sir H. Holland, and Dr. Moore in his book, *The Influence of the Mind on the Body*. In such works as these there are narrated tricks of the *imagination*, as where medicine has produced its expected effect, though this was really the direct opposite of its natural character, or where mere spectra of the brain have been quite undistinguishable from objects actually present, and have receded and vanished in accordance with the ordinary laws of perspective. Then there are tricks of *memory*: persons have alternated between two distinct series of consciousness, the one never being present at the same time with the other. An ignorant servant-girl, in fits of insanity, has, from memory, recited Greek and Hebrew passages which she can have learnt only from having heard her master read aloud as he paced the corridor. Next may be mentioned tricks of *sleep*. In this state excellent sermons have been delivered; the somnolent discourses of one lady were found worth printing. In sleep difficult problems have been solved, and valuable ideas acquired. In sleep too, another servant-maid used to sing beautifully, and to imitate accurately with her mouth the sound of musical instruments, which she had heard played in the house where she was living. A postmaster used to walk sleeping over eight miles of moorland; but he always woke up to cross a narrow bridge that lay on his road. Nor must we forget the tricks of *sudden emotion*. A lady in fright at a dog was seized with hydrophobia, though the dog had done no more than tear her dress. The cry of fire has raised up the bedridden, and afterwards they have needed to return to their beds no more, except for the usual night's repose. Lastly, a barber who had stolen some jelly from a gentleman's sideboard, was taken suddenly ill on being told that the jelly was poisoned for the purpose of killing rats.

In cases like these, which might be multiplied indefinitely, no one pretends that there is need to have recourse to the miraculous. But when we ascend a step higher, when we come to the more extraordinary of the phenomena which are vaguely and often indiscriminately assigned to somnambulism, hypnotism, animal magnetism, epilepsy, and the like, we meet with some cases more nearly resembling the preternatural; and often it is a dispute between our adversaries and ourselves, whether or not purely natural causes are sufficient for the production of effects apparently so unnatural. Our opponents have always an unhesitating *a priori* reply in the affirmative; we frequently can only shrug our shoulders and say that we do not know. But, occasionally, we too are decided in our answer; we boldly assert a miracle. Before going on to assign my arguments

for the possibility of coming to such a conclusion, it may gain me a more attentive hearing, if I first give a specimen of the sort of evidence which we have for some of our facts, evidence which, we are bold to affirm, could be denied only by a man who is prepared to deny anything that he wishes not to be true.

The instance shall be selected from Dr. Northcote's *Sanctuaries of the Madonna*. The author begs only this, that the reader in weighing the evidence will "submit to those laws by which human testimony is ordinarily tried." And I am not sorry that the example is one of the much-ridiculed class of what are profanely called "winking Madonnas." If instead it had been a winking accomplice to a crime, and if to prove the fact of his having winked was to convict the culprit, it would certainly go hard with the prisoner if the witnesses against him were in as great force as they appear in the following abridgment of an abridgment, taken originally from very copious authentic documents.

At the time of Napoleon's disturbances in Italy, the movement of the eyes of a picture was first noted July 9th, 1796; and the same day a similar movement was observed in six other pictures. On July 11th, the prodigy was repeated in three further cases; on July 12th in two more, on July 13th in another, and so on, until in Rome alone there were recorded over sixty cases, while others occurred in other places. At once priests and prelates in the several localities instituted inquiries; but the matter was not taken up by the higher tribunal of the Cardinal Vicar till October 1st; from which date the process lasted up to the February of the following year, the miraculous manifestations all the while never ceasing. Now be it observed, the fact to be established is simple enough. If honest human testimony is inadequate to settle so plain a question, then farewell to all history, to all bearing of witness in law courts, and well-nigh to all social intercourse. The only point to be determined was, whether, in broad daylight, in brilliant candlelight, and in both these combined, before thousands of spectators viewing the phenomena from near, from afar, and from every conceivable aspect, whether the eyes of several pictures and images did really present the unmistakable signs of motion, or whether they did not. To answer this pretty easy question, more witnesses than were actually summoned might have been called to give their evidence, had there been any use in multiplying testimonies beyond the point at which the authorities stopped short. As it was, nearly one thousand people deposed on oath to the truth of the prodigies. These witnesses were thoroughly representative of the intelligence of mankind. There were among them citizens of France, Spain, Italy, England, Germany, Syria, and Brazil; the clergy was represented from the cardinalate downwards, and social rank likewise from the princedom downwards. There were lawyers, physicians, surgeons, professors, officers in the army, artists, mechanics, and shopkeepers. Each had to descend to the exact particulars of his own experience, and no question was left unasked that seemed critical in its character.

The motion of the eyes was proved to have continued in a picture transferred from a chapel to a more roomy church. A Piedmontese priest, at the outset very incredulous, first saw the phenomena at a distance of about six feet from a picture; he then ascended a ladder and stared into the eyes; he was convinced; but afterwards he went further. Before a large crowd he reascended the ladder compasses in hand, and "when the eyeball had almost disappeared under the upper lid he applied the points of his compasses, one to the lower eyelid, the other to the outer rim of the ball

which could just be seen, and then removed them;" the distance he carefully measured on a scale and made a record of it. The eye then returned to its place until the ball actually touched the lower lid, and below it there was not even a line of white to be seen.

Dr. Northcote notices incidentally a similar test put as late as 1850, in the case of the Madonna at Rimini, when by means of a thread stretched horizontally below the eyes of the picture, so as to leave no vacant space below the pupils in their position of rest, the reported movement was clearly ascertained and sworn to by a body of three ecclesiastics and four laymen, who had undertaken to put the matter to the proof. To return to the manifestations of 1796–97. There was in a private oratory a picture of the crucifix, which exhibited the prodigy in a way to determine the convictions of several, especially of those whose defective sight prevented them from getting a satisfactory view of the more public appearances. This picture could be taken in the hands, carried to the light, and examined leisurely; and as it has neither glass nor frame, there was nothing to obstruct the vision. It was this case which settled the doubts of the Rector of the English College. Indeed, it singly was incontrovertible, though the other instances left no room for misgiving.

To sum up the inquiry: "Every conceivable precaution which the most jealous suspicion, and sometimes even the most resolute incredulity, could dictate, was actually taken by some one or other of the most numerous witnesses that were examined." A further guarantee was found in the agreement of the crowd of exclamations descriptive of the various movements of the eyes, and uttered simultaneously with the movements themselves. If ever then an English judge has pronounced sentence with absolute certainty in its justice, surely with not a whit less certainty the Cardinal Vicar gave sentence that "the truth of the above-mentioned prodigies was established by proof enough and more than enough." It may have some weight with a sturdy Briton to mention that there are contemporary records in England of the miraculous events. A letter to Dr. Milner gives as one result of the manifestations, the conversion of seven Jews and of an English gentleman, while it notices the acknowledgment by atheists of the truth of the facts. Even a Turk was so convinced, that he made to "the Lady" the offer of his scimitar. A man who will not yield to evidence like the above, has no logical resort but in complete historic skepticism. For if he will not believe that several thousand pairs of human eyes are competent to vouch for the appearance of an obvious movement, I am puzzled to see what title he has to believe the existence of Napoleon the First, or anything at all except perhaps his own obstinacy, of which he may have the fullest testimony.

The facts, then, being in some cases at least beyond all dispute, we are put face to face with the question: Is it reasonable to seek the explanation of the facts so attested in the working of unknown forces, or in the abnormal working of known forces? The unprejudiced answer of mankind is, No. And the proof of this lies in such instances as the following: Ordinarily no man willingly condemns a fellow-creature to death. If the guilt is merely probable and not proven, the jury are glad of a loophole whereby to escape a verdict of guilty. Now suppose the instance of several cases of poisoning to have occurred at one period—cases calling for exemplary punishment, that the fate of some of the culprits may frighten the rest into desisting from their nefarious practices. Well, then, imagine that, after infinite pains on the part of detectives, one poor solitary offender is discovered and brought to trial. The case is heard;

the jury retires; the court wonders why they are so long absent, for the verdict seems so obvious. At length they return, and the foreman in reply to the question, "How say you, guilty or not guilty?" to the amazement of every one answers, "Not guilty." Afterwards he writes to the *Times*—a very proper vehicle for such communications—to explain how at first eleven of the jurors were unanimous for the condemnation, but that the twelfth juror was a certain professor, famous for his consistency and his conscientiousness. Now his consistency told him that, as on his perusal of M. Lasserre's book on Lourdes, he had sapiently concluded that water not chemically medicinal, by reason of occult causes, had wrought several cures, as well on imaginations conceivably excited as on the certainly not excited imaginations of infants; so now he must at least allow that a drug, not in itself poisonous, might by virtue of similarly occult causes, have accidentally brought about the death of several persons. For if occult causes are so often beneficial, it is highly probable that they may, just for once, have varied proceedings and turned mischievous. Indeed, considering how much easier it is to kill than to cure, the only wonder is that occult causes behave themselves so well.

This much his consistency told the professor. Thereat his conscience came in and dictated, that he could not condemn the prisoner to death when there was so strong a presumption of innocence. Therefore putting consistency and conscience together, he had withstood the unanimous judgment of his fellow-jurors, who, not being professors, but only men of common sense, had been at length forced to yield to his superior enlightenment, in order to save themselves the inconvenience of being locked up on the very eve of a great local festivity. How, I ask, would the public—how would some of the most anti-miraculous of our professors—receive such a verdict, for such a reason as the above? There would be a clamor of discontent from one end of the island to the other, whilst the comparatively sagacious Hottentots would laugh at our stupidity. Yet I think the Professor was only true to his principles, and it but remains for him to reconsider his position, and reflect whether principles that lead to absurd results can be in themselves otherwise than absurd. If any one will exercise his ingenuity in the assumption of occult causes as perplexing the details of ordinary life, after the example set him of similar explanations of our best-established miracles, he will find difficulties cropping up, such as seriously to threaten the even course of human transactions.

But perhaps it will come more home to the chief opponents of our view, if it be pointed out that no science can stand against the philosophy of occult causes. I suppose, if there is one triumph of modern science of which men are proud, if there is one discovery which a few generations back would have been boldly pronounced impossible, it is that some of the constituent matters of the far-off, unapproachable stars, should have to submit themselves to spectrum analysis by an investigator sitting quietly in his chamber. Yet on the law that each metal gives its own lines on the spectrum and no other, scientific men do not think that they are presumptuous in arguing that if the light from the stars gives the lines corresponding to known metals, those metals must be present in the stars. But in steps the "minute philosopher" of occult causes, and our boasted triumph is over. "How do you know," he asks with a chuckle, "that the metals are in the stars themselves? They may exist in vapor somewhere in the intermediate space. At least if they do not, it will not be for want of room, for it is a terrible long way from us to the stars. Then I don't see why, because certain lines

belong to certain metals on this earth, the same lines may not have quite a different cause in another region. For just think: some of the philosophers of your school tell us that two and two may make five up in the planet Jupiter. Now, Sirius, mind you, is much further off than Jupiter, and therefore I do not see why sodium lines may not indicate some very different substance in the Dog Star. Then, again, this light has been travelling for years and years before it reaches us, and heaven only knows what transformations it may have met with on the way: every new medium that it met would have left its mark by reflexion, refraction, absorption, etc. Long journeys are apt to knock us all out of shape, and light enjoys no exemption." Of course, I have no sympathy with such objections as these. I think we poor mortals cannot afford to account for every supposable "may be" and "might be;" if we try to do so, there is nothing left for us but skepticism. We can get absolutely to the bottom of nothing.

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies :—
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower; but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

A person of the disposition to suppose everything supposable before coming to a decision, ere he committed himself to put out a mile to sea on a calm day in the noblest of our steamers, would have to examine whether it were physically possible for a storm to arise at a moment's notice, whether it were quite certain that every foot of the water had been examined, so that a hitherto unnoticed rock might not prove fatal, and whether the laws of specific gravity were so constant that an unforeseen change in the atmosphere might not alter the density of the water so as to sink the vessel. A person of this sort would be called a fidget, a hypochondriac; perhaps a friend would try to get him a certificate of admission into one of those institutes specially designed for keeping men out of harm's way. How often would people try to calm his fears by telling him that what he dreaded was *naturally* impossible. Whence therefore comes it that, when events just as naturally impossible do actually take place, we are forbidden to conclude that the cause must have been *supernatural?* If a thing cannot be done naturally and yet is done, the inference is that it must have been effected supernaturally.

And this brings me to a well-worn objection, which no doubt would have been in the mind of an adversary while reading the above arguments. "We hold," he would say, "as a primary article of our faith, that the laws of nature are uniform, and that like effects have like causes. When, then, we are told such stories as that several people have been poisoned by a harmless substance, or that a captain has lost his ship by a failure in the laws of specific gravity, we reject with scorn these silly excuses. But when you Christians come with your asserted miracles, some at least of us who are open to conviction, dare not deny your facts, else we should have to give up human testimony altogether. But we slightly modify our argument. We still keep to our grand principle, that the laws of nature are uniform, but we add that there may be certain occult forces rarely called into play; or it may be that only known forces are acting, but in a strange combination, so that the exception is apparent, not real."

Oh, for a Socrates, to catechize dialectically the deliverer of the above argument. Our friend knows the laws of nature are uniform. How? By experience.* Well, then,

* I suppose the speaker not to adopt the view that this law is an innate, primitive principle, which is the doctrine (certainly incorrect) of some writers. Thus Chalmers says, "The predisposition to count on the uniformity of nature is an original law of our mind, and is not the fruit of our observation of that uniformity." Lord Brougham teaches the like doctrine, and so do others.

suppose—for we can always make a supposition—suppose that nature's laws had on rare occasions not acted uniformly, how should we have become aware of the exceptions? By experience again, of course. But how if the experience of uniformity, being the stronger, should have denied all force to the experience of the rarer exceptions? Why, that would have been blind tyranny of might over right—it would have been against reason. Now, this blind sacrifice of the weaker to the stronger is precisely the thing of which we complain. On the sole strength of general uniformity, occasional non-uniformity, no matter how clear its claim, is refused all recognition, and declared to be only uniformity in disguise. The most headlong mountain torrent, were it suddenly to change its course, and rush as impetuously uphill as it before rushed down, would, on this theory, exhibit the laws of running water in disguise—a very complete disguise, it must be confessed. But, surely, some very good reason should be given for thus assigning unnatural effects to natural causes. This reason would be sufficiently rendered, either by actually tracing the events to the forces that produce them, or by showing that such forces, though occult, must exist in nature, from the demonstrated fact that no supernatural force ever can be or is exerted in the universe. Now, no one attempts the first of these two plans, otherwise the forces would no longer be occult. Neither does any one pretend to have given proof according to the requirements of the second method of defence. For no man—that is, no reasonable man—tries to make believe that he has demonstrated these propositions: That God does not exist;* that God did not create the primal elements of matter, and give them their forces and laws; that God cannot interfere with the universe a little more effectually than men interfere with that small portion which is subject to their dominion.* Nescience on these subjects is the most that the saner sort of materialists will assert. Yet, when awkward facts are brought against this theory of nescience, they forget their former position, and argue now, not from the know-nothing point of view, but from the ground of certain knowledge that God does not and cannot interrupt the settled course of nature in one single instance. Unless, indeed, they prefer to keep to their old principle, and argue this way: We don't know whether God can interfere with mundane affairs, therefore he can't.

But to bring the nescience theory to an issue, it will be well now to abandon the argument, which has hitherto been mainly *ad hominem*, and to enter more into the reason of things. St. Thomas Aquinas—and men of science agree with him—lays down this rule for investigating the nature of a thing. "The perfect knowledge of an object cannot be had unless its action is known. For from the manner and kind of its action we learn the measure and quality of its powers. Now, it is from the powers of a thing that its nature is manifested. For, according as it has been endowed with such and such a nature, such and such will be its operations." Hence the old axiom *operatio sequitur esse*, everything works after the manner of its being. This principle, therefore, must be applied if we would trace the cause of the effects called miraculous.

Whenever previously known causes are found manifestly inadequate to the production of observed phenomena, it is scientific to postulate a

* J'aurais une extrême curiosité de voir celui qui serait persuadé, que Dieu n'est point: il me dirait de moins la raison invincible qui a su le convaincre (La Bruyère).

* "The influence of external circumstances on man is not greater than his influence on the external world" (Mrs. Somerville). Lyell says that man's modifying agency on physical nature is so strong as to upset the possibility of calculating many future contingencies from past events.

new cause, of which, however little else we may know, we may affirm at least this much, that it is a something possessed of the qualities which are indicated by the effects assigned to it. Thus luminiferous ether is postulated, not because any one has directly seen it, or tasted it, or handled it, or discerned it by smell, but because we know of no ordinary substance combining the properties of density and elasticity in a degree sufficient to account for observed facts. But there was another substance postulated by a famous man of our day, and I here adduce the example, because it makes strongly for my cause, though in one respect it might be twisted into an argument for the other side. Sir John Herschel thought he had found an instance of matter not subject to the law of universal gravitation.

"Liquidum et gravitate carentum
Æthera, nec quidquam terrenæ fœcis habentem."

That is, he thought that the exemption was *absolute*, not merely *apparent*, as in the case of the gyroscope and of other instances where counteracting forces are at work. His conclusion was premature; and the subsequent labors of Mr. Lockyer and others have resulted in a more satisfactory solution of the problem. But assuming his first step to be right, Herschel is quite correct in his second. He said to himself, Here is matter absolutely devoid of a property which we know by our widest induction to be inherent in all ordinary matter. Therefore, though it is the glory of these latter times to have annihilated the difference between celestial and terrestrial mechanics, and to have gone far towards doing the same between celestial and terrestrial physics, yet, notwithstanding, I will admit an exception against this fusion of two realms of science, rather than give up a principle that is the foundation of all science. Herschel's own words are: Physical science has yet to settle "whether it is really matter in the ordinary acceptation of the term which is projected from the heads" of comets. "In no respect is the question as to the materiality of the tail more forcibly pressed on us for consideration than in that of the enormous sweep it makes round the sun in perihelion, in the manner of a straight, rigid rod, in defiance of the law of gravitation, nay, even of the received laws of motion." According to Herschel, then, if we see a phenomenon really contravening the laws of gravity and of motion, we are bound to conclude, however much it may go against the grain, that we have something more than the forces of ordinary matter. This same principle carried a little higher leads us to the recognition of the miraculous.

Of course we must first establish our facts better than Herschel did, before we apply to them his principle. For proof of these facts I can only refer the reader, earnestly and confidently, to documentary evidence that is to be found in various quarters, but especially in the judicial processes preceding the canonization of saints. If after a careful study of this evidence he shall still refuse to believe, then he will dispute anything, and it is no use arguing with such a person. But given the facts, it is unphilosophical to have recourse to occult natural powers to explain the mystery. For in many instances the circumstances are so simple, the forces at work are so obvious, that it is ridiculous to suppose natural agencies to be called into play beyond what can be observed. Granting that we may not know all nature's forces, at least we know all that exert themselves under the simplest combinations and under the commonest conditions. For remember, these miracles are not wrought with all the apparatus of a conjurer or a magician. There is no stage erected, there are no curtains, no concave mirrors, no double boxes, none of the appliances usual at those places of amusement

where people pay their money to be excitingly deceived. Miracles are as simple nowadays in their operation as they were in the days of Christ and his Apostles. As Christ worked his wonders with short, plain utterances and little ado, so now a few common words are spoken, some ordinary water is drunk, a relic is applied, and suddenly, beyond all proportion to the material means employed, an astounding effect takes place. And that unbelievers themselves are convinced these results cannot be produced by natural forces, occult or otherwise, is proved by the circumstance that for the most part they deny the fact in the teeth of overwhelming evidence. Having it at their choice to elect between one interruption of nature's laws and another, they find it more to their taste to believe the greater miracle and to deny the less—they will rather believe thousands of people to have been miraculously deceived as to the simplest facts that can fall under the cognizance of the human senses, than admit a principle against which *a priori* they have not a single valid objection, to wit, that God can and does occasionally make visible his governing hand in the direction of human affairs.

Such conduct is due to inveterate prejudice, the causes of which are betrayed in some of the objections to miracles. Thus it is urged that so many reputed miracles have been admittedly mere fancies or impostures, and that the people are so very credulous; that no one believes certain of the legends of the middle ages, and that the rule is a good one —*ex uno disce omnes*. I reply, leave the doubtful cases, and form your judgment on a few of the best-authenticated examples. A whole system of things is not discredited because there have been regarding it a host of mistakes. No man doubts the explanation of the solar system given by the astronomers of to-day, because the cumbrous apparatus of their brethren of a thousand years back, with its cycles and epicycles, has been thrown ignominiously into the lumber-room of exploded theories. A man may believe that he has, in a fossil, the record of an extinct species, though he knows that it was once fashionable to say that fossils were generated by the sun, or produced by the plastic powers of the earth. The presence of a thousand quacks in London is no reason why the citizens should spurn the services of the good physicians. It is unreasonable then to reject the genuine because of the coexistence of the spurious; it is unreasonable to reject true miracles because of pseudo-miracles. We have fact and fable mingled together; where we can, let us separate the fact from the fable. It is what we do with profane records.

Again, it is objected that an old Saxon monk, had he found out that a speech, reported to him as having been delivered in America five minutes before, really had been so delivered, would have certainly concluded that nothing short of an angel could have brought the news so speedily. But I deny the force of the objection on several grounds. For first, in the slow progress of human science we have a guarantee against anything like the electric telegraph being discovered and brought into practical use darkly and on the sly. Neither was the laying down of the Atlantic cable an easy secret to keep. There is not on record a single discovery of any magnitude that has been the private work of one man. Electricity has been known for hundreds of years. Its application as a working power has been a gradual progress observable to all observers. Then again, if the telegraph escaped the notice of a poor monk, when he came to proclaim his imagined miracle to the world, there would be better informed heads to correct his error. But not the profoundest man of science can

give any satisfactory account of our more palpable miracles. They cannot tell us, for instance, why a large extent of diseased structure in the human frame should *suddenly* be restored to its healthy condition by a draught of pure water.* Nerve-force is so unaccountable a thing that we can allow for a sudden nervous change on the application of a stimulant, mental or physical. But the tissues are built up and repaired by a slow process, through the nutriment supplied by the blood; hence it is not in nature that a sudden restoration should take place in this quarter. So that in these cases "monkish ignorance" is no argument for adversaries to lay hold of. Lastly, in the supposed instance of the Saxon monk, there must have been a wilful deceiver at work. But in many of our miracles it is demonstrable that there are no knaves in the transaction, and moreover there are no electric machines or any apparatus for imposing upon the simple. All is above board. Would that our critics were as honest in their examination as are the actors in the cases to which we invite their attention!

To conclude, I have urged at some length the unreasonableness of the hypothesis of occult causes, because I feel sure that to destroy it is to destroy the only plausible ground that consistently scientific men have for the rejection of all miracles. For those who say that even the best-authenticated of our facts are not as stated, speak thus either because they have not fully weighed the evidence, or for another reason, which it is not polite to mention. Now this denial of miracles *in toto*, is a throwing overboard of far the most obvious, often the only, means whereby to come to the knowledge of religion. Even Rousseau perceived that if we could have miracles, they were the surest and easiest proofs of the Divine Being and of Divine revelation. "This character," he says, "is, without contradiction, the most luminously striking, one which cannot miss being seen, and which, showing itself by a sudden, sensible effect, appears to demand least examination. For this cause the common people, who are incapable of carrying on a train of reasoning, are particularly taken with a miracle." And Paley quotes from a Protestant missionary *History of Greenland*, the opinion that "they (the Greenlanders) would never be converted till they saw miracles wrought as in the Apostles' days, and this they expected and demanded of their instructors." With this idea the most remarkable religious record in the world—the only unbroken religious tradition that pretends to be commensurate with the whole duration of the human race up to this time—is in the completest harmony. The Old Testament insists on the constant recurrence of miracles. To separate the miraculous portion from the Jewish history is not to lop off an accidental excrescence; it is to destroy its very essence. I know certain biblical commentators have ventured on the separation. But I also know that St. Paul has this class of men in mind when he says, "Some going astray have turned unto foolish speech, wishing to be doctors of the law, but understanding neither what they say nor of what matters they are making assertions." Perhaps nowhere could a host of more silly utterances be found than in the pages of biblical critics of the rationalistic school. In order to pervert a text they dig for old roots, five or six languages deep, till they arrive at some radicle that suits their purpose; then up they come, bringing their fossils with them, that with the dead they may dispossess the living meaning of the language, as it was understood at the time when the Scriptures were written. But this is a comparatively reasonable proceeding by the side of others.

The critics notwithstanding, there-

* Vide M. Lasserre's History of Lourdes.

fore, it remains true that miracles are of the very substance of the Old Testament. Miraculous too is the link between the Old Testament and the New. Prophecies and types demonstrably set forth long before, and afterwards demonstrably realized, the connection of which I speak. But independently of this testimony, Christ's own miracles were alone enough to guarantee his declaration that he was the Son of God. Nor were miracles to cease with him; he promised them to his followers. "If you believe in me," he says, "the works that I do, you shall do also, and greater than these shall you perform." "These signs shall follow those who believe; in my name they shall cast out devils, they shall speak in new tongues, they shall take up serpents, and if they drink anything deadly it shall not harm them; they shall lay their hands upon the sick and these shall be healed." How Christ's promises were fulfilled, as far as the Acts of the Apostles testify, is pretty well known. But few consider the witness that is borne by later authorities to the continuation of the prodigies. The declarations of early fathers and ecclesiastical writers are abundant and unmistakably plain; so that there is absolutely no alternative between believing these great men, and setting them down as most unprincipled conspirators, leagued together for the propagation of a most barefaced system of lies, the refutation of which must have been the easiest thing possible to adversaries living in the very midst of the reported wonders, and challenged to come and make proof of them. The Christian witnesses are either true speakers or deliberate deceivers; they could not have been innocent dupes; the facts they assert are often of too obvious a character to admit of deception.

One should be careful, however, before pronouncing men, revered for centuries throughout the Christian world, to be the vilest of impostors. Listen now to a few gleanings from their testimony as to facts for the most part perceptible to the five senses, without aid from modern science. St. Clement of Rome, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, warns those possessed of supernatural discernment against being proud of their endowments. He implies, therefore, that they had these gifts. St. Ignatius the Martyr once and again asserts himself to have been under the guidance of supernatural inspiration. Quadratus in his *Apology* says, "There flourished also among the successors of the Apostles many others holding the position of chiefs, who, after they had laid the foundations of the faith in certain remote and barbarous places, hastened away to fresh countries, accompanied by the power and grace of God. The virtue of the Divine Spirit, through their instrumentality, wrought here likewise many miracles, so that at the first hearing of these preachers, whole peoples embraced with alacrity the worship of God." St. Justin thus taunts the Jews: "Amongst us there still abide the gifts of prophecy; whence you ought to know that what formerly belonged to you, has now been made over to us." "Often," says St. Irenæus, "amongst the brethren, at the request of the whole body of the faithful, who urged their entreaty with many prayers and fastings, a soul departed has returned to the body. . . . Some do most truly and unmistakably drive out devils, so that many who are troubled with evil spirits are brought to embrace our religion and remain faithful to the Church. Others have received the gifts of prophecy and of visions. Others heal the sick by the imposition of hands. Why say more? It were impossible to enumerate all the gifts which the Church throughout the world has received in the name of him that was crucified under Pontius Pilate, and which she daily uses for the benefit of the nations."

Tertullian boldly challenges his adversaries as follows: "Bring forth before your tribunals a man who is well known to be possessed by a demon. The evil spirit, at the bidding of a Christian—any one you like—will as truly confess himself to be a devil as elsewhere he will falsely proclaim himself a god." He then calls on them to confront a Christian with some of the pagan seers, and offers to let the blood of the Christian answer for it, unless the demons are again forced to acknowledge themselves. "What more trustworthy," he asks, "than proof like this? Truth in all its simplicity is manifest before you." Origen bears the like testimony. "Even nowadays among Christians there are tokens of the presence of the Holy Ghost, who came down in the form of a dove. For they cast out devils, they heal diseases, they foresee the future. . . . Many have embraced the Christian religion, as it were, in spite of themselves, being suddenly seized by some spirit, whether in a vision or in a dream; so that setting aside the hatred that they had conceived for our faith, they were resolved in its defence to lay down their lives. We ourselves have known many such cases; but were we to record them, though we were eye-witnesses of the facts, we should merely afford matter for pleasant mirth to the skeptical." Minutius Felix adds his confirmation: "These things, as many of you know, the devils themselves confess, as often as, by our torturing words and by the fire of our prayers, they are drawn forth from men's bodies." As a last specimen, hear the words of Lactantius: "At the name of Christ the demons tremble, and cry out that they are burning or being scourged; asked who they are, and when they came and entered into the man, they declare everything; and being tortured and tormented by the power of the Divine Name they depart."*

* Vide Migne. Curs. Theolog., tom. iii.

At all these testimonies i
to scoff; it is harder to expl
on the hypothesis of their w
ness, so many excellent and
have acted the part either o
or of fools. But it is not a
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There is a sad truth in
Tyndall's words, that the
logical feebleness" in scie
that science "keeps down
of superstition, not by logic
*slowly rendering the mental
for its cultivation.*" Let
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ward question to be asked,
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interested you? And if
interrogated on the subject
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have to say, "Lord, I assu
acles to be *a priori* impossible
I despised any one who spo
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had I been discovered, by o
scientific brethren, to hav
tained for a moment the
seriously taking up the inve
of a matter which we all
ridiculed."

THEN—AND NOW.

I SAID, "Thy will be done."
It meant for me, just then, but feeling sure,
My little baby's soul all white and pure
Its home with God had won.

It meant, her sweet, sweet heart
Could never now with woman's sorrows ache,
Nor bleed to know the dear dead hopes that make
Of life so sure a part.

It meant, her little mind
Could never grow to feel the web of care
Entangled round it, making darkness there
Till it no light could find.

It meant, her tiny form,
So dear, so dear, from suffering was free,
And in its lovely sleep so tenderly
Removed from earthly harm.

The little face so fair
With peace, the hands so softly clasping flowers,
They ne'er had clasped aught else, and Earth's dark powers
Could now place naught else there.

The baby's wordless cries
Of pain forever hushed, while near the Throne
In Heaven's language prayed my little one,
That I, to it, might rise.

It meant, the royal name,
An Angel's Mother, now on *me* bestowed,
Winning me honor in the Court of God
Surpassing earthly fame.

And so to that dear God
To say, "Thy will be done," was but more deep
Within my bruised heart the prints to keep
His feet made as they trod.

But now, but *now*, it seems
To mean, that on this sad and hungry breast—
Hung'ring for her—she never more will rest
And dream her baby-dreams;

And that, forever, I
Must miss the pretty, eager search for food,
The hands stretched out in sweet, impatient mood,
The little, wistful cry.

The joy no words could tell
To watch her draw my life into her own,
That priceless joy to mothers given alone,
By mothers loved so well.

It seems to mean, the sight
Of little white robes, useless laid away,
Dear little white robes! to my heart, they say,
"Not us, *but robes of light.*"

It seems to mean, a part
Of my own life into that grave has gone,
Where in her pale sleep lies my little one,
Whilst for it calls my heart.

It seems to mean, the loss
Of what that heart can never find again,
Must long for, and must seek, but all in vain.
Instead, it finds the Cross.

It seems to mean, the years
That I, presumptuous, laid out for her life,
Dreaming I with all good could make them rife,
Must now be marked with tears.

Upon thy white couch laid,
Whilst brightest flow'rs around thy sweet form smiled,
Thou wert a lovely sight, my own, own child,
I scarce could think thee dead.

But now, when time has flown,
The time they said would heal, and all in vain
I long to press thee to my heart again,
I feel, indeed, thou'rt gone.

But though thus bitter now
The pain of this heart-wound, I know that still
'Tis but the working of the dear God's will,
And so I still can bow

Beneath the bleeding feet,
Fast to the Cross of Calv'ry nailed for me,
And there, I still can say, my God, to Thee—
Knowing that, far more sweet

Because from suff'ring won,
My prayer will be unto Thy list'ning ear,
And, for its sorrow, to Thy heart more dear—
"Thy holy will be done!"

LOVE'S CONQUEST.

MRS. JOHN ROLANDSON, sitting in solitary state at her handsome breakfast-table, read with curiously mingled emotions a foreign letter, just received. Time, place, and education must be seriously weighed, to comprehend her state of mind. It was anniversary week, so dear to Boston Protestants. In plain view from the windows of her suburban residence lay the old Puritan city; above the green trees of the Common rose the steeple of Park Street Church, and behind it, hidden from sight, but clear and dear in Mrs. Rolandson's memory, was the "Old South," of which her father and her father's father had been members.

Mrs. Rolandson was an orthodox Congregationalist of the straitest sect. Had the Old South come under the hammer in her day, she would have taxed tongue and purse and influence to save it, but no dream of such a disaster had ever crossed her mind. She was an influential member of Bible Society, Tract Society, Dorcas Society; it was more than rumored that some widely circulated tracts were the work of her active brain. When one by one her husband and her children died, leaving her at forty a widow with an only son, Jaspar, she threw herself more ardently than ever before into religious works, thus to dull the heartache, and quiet the haunting memories of the past.

She had always planned that Jaspar should become a minister, but he himself crushed all such hopes. Not only did he refuse to study for so high an office, but he scorned the thought of any profession whatever, rebelled against a collegiate course even amidst the classic shades of Harvard, developed a decided business talent, and entered a store engaged in the foreign fruit trade. Bringing to his work not only money and name, but a hearty liking for the occupation, he rose steadily and quickly, and while still a very young man was admitted as junior member of the firm.

In spite of the disappointment he had caused her, he was the very pride and joy of his mother's heart. She was a tall and stately woman, but she looked small beside her son's broad shoulders and unusual height, while her brunette locks, early and beautifully white, were in striking contrast to his tawny hair and beard, blue eyes, and Saxon color. He was a pattern son in his devotion to his mother; no other lady had ever shared her place in his heart, his evenings were given to her, she knew all his friends, pleasures, and occupations, and thought his life, morally, as spotless and honorable as that of any man she had ever met. But, religiously, Jaspar failed her. Once a week, upon "the Sabbath," he went with her to meeting, stood in the pew with his arms folded upon his sturdy chest, and his eyes raised to the sounding-board as if it possessed some charm to hold them until the final amen released them, listened to the sermon with unflagging attention and a gaze as steady upon the preacher's face as it had been upon the sounding-board one half hour before; then he came home, and picked prayer and sermon to pieces with a withering sarcasm which from anybody else would have roused Mrs. Rolandson's utmost ire, but from him was received with grief indeed, but also with admiration, for what was in truth a very clever mind. Sometimes she lamented, for his sake, that they were not living in the city, where they could go to the Old South as his forefathers had

done, or to some other place of worship where the finest preachers were to be heard; but Jaspar scouted the idea.

"I tell you, mother," he would say, but the words would be accompanied by a smile and a tone which charmed half their bitterness away, "it's not the *man* that can make any difference with me, nor the eloquence. I'm no logician and no theologian, but there's a root idea wrong somewhere in your Puritan system."

So Jaspar Rolandson never gave a penny to the Foreign Missionary Society, which was his mother's favorite benefaction. "It only teaches the heathen how Christians hate one another," he said; and he made fun of her tracts, and took a wicked pleasure in drawing her attention to the irreverent witticisms which decorated the pages of the Bibles left by her beloved Bible Society in steamboat saloons and railway stations. But Mrs. Rolandson knew that the old applewomen on the Common, and the newsboys on 'change, and downtrodden needlewomen, and clerks in straitened circumstances, thought, and had good reason to think Jaspar the prince of merchants, in his unfailing daily thoughtful kindness; so she buoyed her heart with texts about him who shows mercy to the poor and needy, and hoped for some future day when her Jaspar surely would be converted.

By and by he had to leave her for awhile; he was sent to Italy on business. Mrs. Rolandson lamented his lack of serious interest in spiritual matters, for he might have sent her, she said, such a good account of the religious destitution of that benighted and superstitious land; his one scholarly talent had been for languages, and he had carefully cultivated it; it would have given him great influence for good over the misguided people whom he was about to meet.

"I will do my best, mother," Jaspar promised. "If I cannot influence them after your fashion, at least I will let you know their condition faithfully. It won't be the first thing of the kind that I have done, and in fact I am glad of any change in the present style of religion."

From that time Mrs. Rolandson lived in a kind of dream. She used to say afterwards that she seemed to herself like a target, against which one arrow after another was sent by a marksman whose unerring aim it was impossible to foresee or escape. She dreaded and she longed for the letters which came each week with unfailing regularity across the sea. From the outset her boy was in the enemy's camp, and from the outset he appeared to feel, and not to hate, the enemy's deadly fascinations. A Catholic priest had the stateroom next his own. Four Sisters of Charity were among the passengers, and even occasionally to be seen in their quaint garb.

"These sisters, poor, misguided beings," Jaspar wrote to his mother, "shun all intercourse with us who could teach them the better way. We have had a great scare on board, although, fortunately, only a few of us know of it. There is a case of spotted fever, an old negro who was employed by the steward. They have shut him up in some safe out-of-the-way hole, and one of the sisters is nursing him, as pleased with the chance, so the surgeon expresses it, as if she were in heaven. How I long for some of your tracts to send to her. She might profit by them in her solitude."

And again: "This priest is really a capital travelling companion. He is actually a scholar and a gentleman, and sometimes I could almost fancy him a Christian, only of a different sort from any I ever saw before. He is certainly very accomplished, perhaps the most thoroughly educated man I ever met, and yet, so far as I can see, he believes thoroughly, and

is perfectly contented with, the system which he professes. Odd, isn't it?"

Then when he reached Europe, there came one account after another of churches, hospitals, organized work for helping the poor, descriptions of Catholic friends whom Jaspar wished she could meet, till Mrs. Rolandson knew not whither to turn in the perplexity into which her mind was thrown; and now, on this dull May morning, there fell upon her like a thunderbolt the news which Jaspar's latest letter contained.

"I have often written to you of my friend the Marquis D'Avila and his sister Lady Lucia, and I have tried to tell you how lovely she is. Mother, have you a place in your heart for a daughter who bears your own Lucy's name and is willing to take mine? It will not pain you that she is a foreigner, but you will grieve because she is a Catholic. However, I must tell you now what I have long wanted to tell you, that nothing but the Catholic Church can ever make a Christian of me. I *must* have something tangible and authoritative and unerring, if I am to submit myself to any religious organization. You will say, in pitying wonder at my weakness, that my reason has not been convinced; that I become a Catholic only because I love a Catholic. I beg your pardon, mother; my reason was convinced before ever I saw Lady Lucia, but my pride would not bend itself to the humiliation of the confessional, nor was I willing to declare myself a Christian. If for my complete conversion God made use of a woman's holy life, and her steadfast determination to renounce an earthly love rather than marry one who did not hold the true Faith, it is not the first time he has used such means to work his will. I have little to tell you of 'experiences,' or 'feelings,' or 'inward assurances.' If there is a Church, it is my *duty* to belong to it, and that settles the matter. I have this week received the sacraments, and I am, thank God, a Catholic.

"It is an abrupt way of stating it, but how can I write in any other way? I know that no argument could alter the decision of your judgment that earthly motives alone could work such changes, and so all your friends will tell you. Mother, I long to see you. Come to me at once, as soon as you can possibly leave home, and be with us for our wedding, and give this orphan girl a mother, and find a daughter once again in her."

Then, in stiff foreign writing, another hand had added: "Dear Madam, I pray you to come to your Lucia, who craves a little portion of your heart," and in the letter was a sketch of a sweet face, with great dark eyes and sensitive mouth, whose expression betokened to Mrs. Rolandson the innocent, happy, but easily grieved heart of a little girl. Suddenly Mrs. Rolandson bent down and kissed the face. Suddenly all that love which she had fancied was buried deep in her children's graves asserted its old place in her, and clamored for food.

"I want my Lucy, I am going to my Lucy," she sobbed aloud, as if the room were full once more of the large family which she had called her own, instead of being that cheerless void which only sent back an echo to her "Lucy, Lucy."

People talked. Of course they did. Who would have thought it of Jaspar Rolandson! Turned Catholic! Marry a Catholic! It could not be possible. And they comforted his mother with the pleasing assurance that it was only a passing delusion; when the flush of his first love was over, he would come to his sober senses, and be what he used to be.

What was it that he used to be? Mrs. Rolandson asked herself. Was she sure she wished him to go back to that mocking talk about holy things, that carelessness about eter-

nity? Still she made no outward resistance to such consolation, and she and her lady friends found singular comfort in two facts connected with the romantic event, Jaspar was going to marry a veritable court lady, and she was exquisitely beautiful.

But deeper than the vanity which it must be owned Mrs. Rolandson felt, there lay ever that yearning to behold this new Lucy, who day by day became to her bereaved heart the Lucy taken from her fifteen years before.

"I love her already, and she is nothing but a child," she said to her pastor, showing him the gentle face; "perhaps I am the instrument ordained to draw her from her erring teachers, and with her Jaspar will waken also from his delusion to better things."

"Yes," said Mr. Oldon absently, and then he brought his hand down hard upon the table. "It passes my comprehension," he said. "Next to the mystery of original sin, comes, to my mind, the mystery of the Catholic Church; steeped in error as we call her, she is the nearest like Almighty God of anything on earth. We Protestants, divided, wrangling, backbiting, are like dwarfs beside her."

Mrs. Rolandson looked her dismay.

"Oh, no fear, no fear," said Mr. Oldon, with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "Rome has no charms for me. But she frets and puzzles me, for I cannot understand her. Good night, Mrs. Rolandson. I will send you the tracts I spoke of," and Mr. Oldon went home to strengthen himself by writing a sermon on the deadly errors of the Catholic Church, and to taint his hearers with a repetition of often-repeated slanders against institutions which nevertheless awed and attracted his inmost soul.

July found Mrs. Rolandson in the port of Havre, marking out easily the towering figure of her son among the crowd upon the wharves. Their eyes met in greeting before even their hands could meet, and she strove eagerly to read his face. There was a calm there, an earnestness unknown to it before; that was all the difference. When they were settled in the cars, and speeding on to their destination, then, and not till then, the mother asked, slowly and with a fresh wonder in her heart,

"Jaspar, how could you do it? I cannot understand how so strong a soul and so keen a mind as yours could have become enslaved by the Catholic Church."

"I am not going to argue, mother," he answered, and she noted quickly the tone in which he spoke, so changed from the bitter irony, the jesting lightness, to which he had accustomed her. "I can only tell you the truth—the way this matter has presented itself to *me*. Shall I?"

"Shall you!" The tears sprang hotly into Mrs. Rolandson's eyes. "It means much to me, Jaspar. It puts us far apart, and I love you so dearly. I want to know all. Perhaps you will change yet."

"Mother," he said, gravely, "there is no change possible for me—none possible, do you understand, except to become an infidel. Either there is one Church which claims us all, and is mother and mistress of us all, just as there is one Divine Head who is the Lord of us all, or there is no Church and no God."

"But *we* have a church, Jaspar dear."

"Mother! As if you and I do not know well enough that your pastors never dream of teaching that they alone have the needful truth. It seems to me, and I don't mean it harshly, like a farce to think of your divided sects called Christians. It seems a farce to remember how you claim to honor the Bible."

"O, Jaspar! Why? O, Jaspar, how can you say so?"

"For a thousand reasons. Look, there is one now."

He pointed from the window. They were passing a quaint church upon a cliff. A peasant woman was just leaving it, two or three children were going in; the woman had a market-basket on her arm, the children looked as if just from play.

"You used to quote to us," Jaspar said, "that the Lord is in his holy temple, but day after day I saw his temple shut closer and oftener than theatre and concert-room, and opened frigidly on a Sunday for a sermon and a prayer and a chapter. When I came here, I found that these ignorant Catholics, who, it is true, are not always naming the Bible and quoting from it, believe as firmly as that they live and breathe that God is present in their churches, and every day and all day those churches are open, and the poorest and the meanest come there to their home and their comfort, and the actual special presence of their Lord."

"But, Jaspar," his mother gasped in horror, "they are such wicked people."

He smiled sadly. "I am glad there's a chance for the wicked," he said. "O, mother, you Protestants talk of the Bible, and pin your faith to the Bible, but it strikes me you believe in it just about what pleases you. You build up your own little systems to suit yourselves, and that's all. I could not stand it. Grant that many Catholics are wicked, does not the Bible say that tares and wheat shall grow together till the harvest? Who is going to decide between you and me? For I claim that we Catholics honor God's Book quite as truly as you do. And yet I claim that we find there many things that you deny, such as absolution, Transubstantiation, celibacy, the Papacy. There! I find I cannot talk about it to you. It wakens the old bitterness. I feel as if so much of my life had been wasted in the bondage of a false system of religion. But I tell you truly, mother, I was straight on the road to ruin so far as any faith in God is concerned, when he brought me face to face with a church that believes what he says, and claims fearlessly and openly to be his own and only Church."

"Do you never have any doubts, Jaspar?" Mrs. Rolandson asked.

"Never a one, mother," he answered, with a bright smile. "With me it was a case of going straight to the root of things. When I granted the claim of the Catholic Church to be the only and true Church, I gave my reason and will straight up to her without a question." And then this Boston merchant with his great head and stalwart frame, so strong in body and once so well-balanced in mind, smiled again, but with no trace of bitterness. "What do you say to that, mother?" he asked. "Does it shock you?"

"I acknowledge that it does," she answered. "I can hardly dream of one like you giving up his reason so completely."

"My reason finds sufficient scope yet," said Jaspar, dryly. "In fact, she finds how poor a thing she is, and always has been, compared with the mind of God. But, mother, I have only one thing more to say. You and your set at home besought me, again and again, to be converted, and you besought God to convert me. If you believe your Bible, it ought surely to be to you a sign of grace and a cause for thankfulness that I have yielded myself up wholly, *like a little child.*"

The matter had gone deeper with him than Mrs. Rolandson had supposed, yet, when she remembered the beautiful Italian face she took courage.

"Well, Jaspar," she said, "things may change. I still think, and shall always think, that if you had loved a Protestant, you would have adopted her faith as easily as you have now taken this strange step."

He put his hand tenderly on hers. "I have always loved a Protestant," he said. "No, mother dear, the work was God's work. It is you

who will find that out, some future happy day, please God. It would not surprise me, if, by loving certain Catholics whom I know, you should come to love their Mother Church also. You don't know what you are going to meet. I have often laughed when thinking of you and Lucia together. She has never met a Protestant like you, and I am sure you have never seen any one like her."

And, indeed, she was different from any one whom Mrs. Rolandson had ever seen. It is to be acknowledged that most persons had been wont to stand somewhat in awe of that stately lady; she inspired admiration in almost all, but won real love from very few. Children never came and caressed her of their own accord; none had ever done so, except that little Lucy, who had died so many years ago, and for whose clinging arms and lavish kisses her mother had never ceased to long. This new Lucia, meeting her without a thought or a sign of fear, broke down, by one shy bewitching glance, one tender word, one kiss of a true and unsought fondness for her new mother, every icy barrier of Mrs. Rolandson's nature, and reigned queen in her heart at once.

Jaspar had never seen his mother so completely overcome. He remembered, indeed, that on the day of his little sister's death, their mother had stayed alone, locked in her room with the lifeless body, for many hours; but when she came among them again, she wore a look of stern composure which nothing altered, and with the same fortitude she had met every after-grief. But now she cried as if her very heart would break. It seemed that the mere sight of eyes so full of love that had no thought of concealing itself, the mere sound of such fearless caressing words, the mere touch of fingers, small and soft like a little child's, nestling confidently in her own, woke every memory of love and joy and bereavement, and she clung to Lucia as though she could never let her go.

"I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you!" she said, her hungry heart taking its revenge upon her for her stern, self-imposed silence, and now that she had broken that silence, making her almost foolish in her mingled sorrow and gladness. "God has given you to me that I may love you! He has given me my own Lucy, my own little daughter, back again!"

She was warm with excitement and fatigue, and besides, she felt with unusual quickness the difference of climate and atmosphere, and so it came to pass that for the first time in her life she fell ill with what she had always regarded with contempt and disbelief, "nothing but nervous weakness." And so it came to pass also that she was taken straight into Lucia's home, where the faintness and loss of strength had come suddenly upon her, and was made an inmate there before the wedding.

For a few days she lay, heeding scarcely anything, except that fair childlike presence that moved about like a noiseless cloud of mingled grateful shadow and gentle sunshine; then, one morning, she woke, quite early, as from a long sleep and a pleasant dream.

Day must have dawned, she knew, for she heard the city clock striking five; but the curtains were closed, and only candlelight was in the room. For the first time she looked about her with interest. It was a lofty room in which she lay, frescoed and hung in antique fashion, but the light was too dim and indistinct for her to trace the patterns. She turned her head in the direction from which light came, and saw a small alcove, and in the alcove Lucia was kneeling.

Mrs. Rolandson was feebly sensible that by the codes of her former faith and practice she ought to feel horrified and distressed. She had never seen an altar, but what she now

saw must be like an altar she was sure. It was adorned with laces and silks; vases of flowers were on it, and before a tall and beautifully carved ivory image of the Divine Child and Mother two wax candles were burning. Lucia's hands were clasped tightly, and her eyes were raised to this "image." Mrs. Rolandson groaned.

At once Lucia rose and came to her. There was not the slightest shade of embarrassment upon her face. It struck Mrs. Rolandson oddly that, though she had before sometimes surprised persons at their prayers, she had never seen such perfect composure.

"You might have thought she was only sewing," Mrs. Rolandson said afterwards, "only there was a look in her eyes that I never have seen except in Catholics."

"Do you want me, dearest?" Lucia said, the Italian word of endearment falling like music on the loving ears that heard it.

"I shall always want you, Lucy," Mrs. Rolandson answered. "Things are so very strange. I do not feel like myself. It is as if years and years had gone away in a dream."

"You have been ill," said Lucia, in a soothing voice.

"I know it," Mrs. Rolandson replied. "But it is more than that. It is the past years that have gone out of my mind; and all the time, when you are not here, I want my Lucy, my little Lucy. Ah, you do not know what it is to have a daughter that loves you and kisses you, and belongs to you—a little wee thing that gets just old enough to know you and call you mother, and then to have her die."

"No," said Lucia, dreamily, as she knelt beside the bed, holding Mrs. Rolandson's hand in hers, "no, I never knew that. But I have often thought how beautiful it must be. Such mothers must be very happy."

"Happy!" and Mrs. Rolandson started with the keenness of her heartache. "Lucy, I have never known what fresh, sweet, *real* happiness is since then. How can you call it happiness?"

Lucia gazed at her in great surprise.

"Oh!" she sighed, "is it possible, you do not feel it then, the joy? Of course, the arms are empty, but the heart, the heart, God makes it very full."

"Full of pain," Mrs. Rolandson replied sadly.

"I cannot pronounce your English very well," said Lucia; "but I have been used to read it since I was a little girl. One day I found a poem which I loved. It made me think such mothers as you speak of must be very happy mothers. Shall I tell it to you?"

"O yes, O yes," Mrs. Rolandson said, earnestly, though not because of a desire to hear the verses, but only to hear that sweet voice say anything at all to her, and to keep the sweet face longer beside her own.

Through the curtain, swaying in the cool morning air, a bird's song pierced musically, but Mrs. Rolandson did not heed it. Heart and ears alike were holden by a deeper spell; and her eyes were riveted on the calm young face beside her, that seemed all the while to be full of prayer, as if, in some way which Mrs. Rolandson could not discover, the words the girl was uttering became to her mind a prayer. She never imagined for an instant that she who had been safely and surely "converted" in her very childhood was, and for many weeks had been, the theme of Lucia's very ardent petitions: "Convert her to thy true Church, Blessed Lord." But Lucia remembered, and was pleading now, as in the stillness she repeated, with sweet Italian accents, the sweet English poetry:

"Our God in Heaven from that holy place,
To each of us an Angel-guide has given;
But mothers of dead children have more grace,
For they give Angels to their God and Heaven.

" How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary,
Knowing her dearer self safe, happy, warm?
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary,
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?

" How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding,
Our God forgot, our holy saints defied;
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust those little angel hands aside?

" Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
Nearer to God by mother-love: we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never,
With such a stake in Heaven, fail or fall.

" She knows that when the mighty Angels raise
Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
Is hers forever, that one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all her own.

" We may not see her sacred crown of honor,
But all the Angels, flitting to and fro,
Pause, smiling as they pass—they look upon her
As mother of an Angel whom they know;

" One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet—
The children's place in Heaven—who softly sings
A little chant to please them, slow and sweet,
Or smiling strokes their little folded wings;

" Or gives them her white lilies or her beads
To play with: yet, in spite of flower or song,
They often lift a wistful look that pleads,
And asks her why their mother stays so long.

" Then our dear Queen makes answer she will call
Her very soon: meanwhile they are beguiled
To wait and listen, while she tells them all
A story of her Jesus as a child.

" Ah, saints in Heaven may pray with earnest will
And pity for their weak and erring brothers:
Yet there is prayer in Heaven more tender still—
The little children pleading for their mothers."

The tears of "silly nervousness" were streaming down Mrs. Rolandson's face again. "O, I have often thought it," she exclaimed. "I have often fancied she prayed for me, my little girl. Then you think so, too, Lucy? But O, you don't believe all the rest—the beads, and the intercession of the saints, and the Queen of Heaven? You weren't praying to that image in there, were you, Lucy? I am sure you don't believe all that."

Lucy gazed at her, half in doubt and half in pity. Was Mrs. Rolandson delirious, she thought, in her simplicity, or was this the way that Protestants generally talked? In either case, however, the same gentle answer could be made, and she made it with soothing gestures and caresses, to still the tumult of her patient's mind.

"Yes, dearest, all the rest. It is no harm, truly, only you do not understand yet; you are ill. But of course I do not pray to the Madonna's statue there."

"You kneeled to it. You lifted up your hands to it; you kissed its feet. I saw you."

None of this did Lucia appear at all unwilling to acknowledge, but she looked thoughtful. At last she said:

"You kissed my likeness when you saw it; Jaspar told me so. You call me Lucy, and not Lucia. Why, dearest?"

"You are like her," Mrs. Rolandson sobbed; "you make me think of her. I love your very shadow on the wall."

"Yes," said Lucia, with a long, soft, happy sigh; "yes, that it is. These beads, these pictures, this dear statue, they make me think of her. I love them for her most sweet sake. And she—"

Lucia drew her hands from Mrs. Rolandson's clinging fingers, and folded them reverently upon her bosom; she lifted her eyes, full of that ardent look of love and prayer, away from Mrs. Rolandson's face, upward to God.

"She makes me think of our dear Lord," she said.

For awhile there was silence in the room as though they were in church. Then Mrs. Rolandson spoke timidly, as if for the first time in her life she realized that she was speaking of what, to others, if not to her, were very holy things.

"Why do you think so much of the Madonna?" she said. "Why do you care for her?"

The look of wonder and pity deepened on Lucia's face. "Dear madam," she said, "before ever I saw you I loved you, because you are Jaspar's mother, but our Blessed Lady is the mother of my Lord."

Mrs. Rolandson asked no more questions then, but she thought much. And like a magnet the ivory

statue in the alcove drew her eyes to it with an ever-increasing power of fascination. How often she had spoken, in prayer-meetings at home, of the necessity laid upon us to love all that the Redeemer loved! Now she watched the holy child in his resting-place upon Mary's breast, and with no effort of her will she dwelt upon those long hours and days and months when his chosen resting-place was there, and his heart beat against her heart, and she was his mother and his home, his food and his support. And vaguely she remembered a certain psalm that spoke of love for the place where God's glory dwelleth, as well as for the God of glory himself.

When Lucia bade her good-night Mrs. Rolandson asked longingly: "Tell me, Lucy, tell me *truly*, do you love the Madonna?"

The sweet color flushed into Lucia's face. She answered with a saint's holy words and not her own, but they were spoken from the depths of her full heart, and with the love-light in her eyes.

"She is my mother," was all she said.

"*Before ever I saw you, I loved you, because you are Jaspar's mother, but Our Blessed Lady is the mother of my Lord.*"

The words haunted Mrs. Rolandson. They impelled her thoughts in one direction constantly. When, on her recovery, she visited picture galleries, she was sure to become so charmed by some Madonna or Holy Family, or Mother of Sorrows, that her attention could with difficulty be drawn to anything else. If she went to beautiful churches, it was certain that she would soon and suddenly be missing, and her companions knew at last where they would always find her, before Our Lady's altar, gazing with hungry eyes at the happiest and holiest of mothers with the Lord of the whole universe resting, a meek and tender infant, on her breast. Sometimes they who sought her saw her lips moving, but they made no observation to her, though they hoped she prayed. She would have denied it vehemently had they asked her. No, she was only repeating what Lucia had said to her: "Our Blessed Lady is the mother of our Lord. She is my mother."

And presently she began to say more than this—stealing away by herself into church or chapel, though still she protested to herself that she was not praying to the Madonna; no, indeed, she could never think of such a thing. She was only talking to her, that was all.

"Do you love my little Lucy?" she used to say below her breath. "Are you looking at her now? Do you take good care of her? Surely there can be no harm in supposing that she is with you, and you with her. You must be somewhere, and why not together?"

And then, even the thought of her little Lucy became merged in one more deep and dear, the thought of the love of the child Jesus for his mother, and of her love and care for him. And musing upon this one day, Jaspar's words came to her mind: "If you believe your Bible, it ought surely to be to you a sign of grace, and a cause for thankfulness that I have yielded myself up wholly, *like a little child.*"

Like a little child? What child? Perfect example for all mankind, he lay before her, the King of kings, the Lord of lords, become, of his own free choice, a helpless babe in Mary's arms.

"Mother of Christ!" Mrs. Rolandson cried, without stopping to consider at all whether she was praying or only talking; "mother of Christ! our Lord loved you. I love you too! You taught him to speak, and he talked to you, and I want to talk to you too. I love you, for he loved you. I love you, for you loved him. It is necessary that I should love you, and I must do it, and I want to do it."

And so she did, ardently, humbly, gladly, all the rest of her days. Protestants who asked her reasons for becoming a Catholic always declared themselves extremely dissatisfied. She had nothing to tell them except, "I could not help myself. I loved Our Blessed Lady, my Saviour's mother and my mother. I could not help it—I *had* to be in the Church that loved and honored her as he did."

But Catholics smiled joyfully when they heard what Mrs. Rolandson had to say. "Love is better than reason," they said confidently, "and the soul is a safe and happy soul whom Our Blessed Lady herself leads home to the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

A DREAM.

ALL yesterday I was spinning,
Sitting alone in the sun;
The dream that I spun was so lengthy,
It lasted till day was done.

I heeded not cloud or shadow
That flitted over the hill,
Or the humming-bees or the swallows,
Or the trickling of the rill.

I took the thread for my spinning
All of blue summer air,
And a flickering ray of sunlight
Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and longer,
The evening wind passed by,
And the purple splendor of sunset
Was flooding the western sky.

But I could not leave my spinning,
For so fair my dream had grown,
I heeded not, hour by hour,
How the silent day had flown.

At last the gray shadows fell round me,
And the night came dark and chill,
And I rose and ran down the valley,
And left my dream on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning,
To the place where my spinning lay:
There was nothing but glistening dewdrops
Remained of my dream to-day.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

ommonplace of society
l was well born. His
herine MacCarthy, was
ıt of the Counts Mac-
fled from Ireland dur-
ation of the penal code,
ed an estate at Toulouse,
here they long resided.
dward Sheil, amassed a
ain, and invested it near
Richard was born at
e paternal estate, on the
ust, 1791. His father's
circumstances enabled
rofit by the services of a
, a clergyman exiled by
n. On the publication
of Amiens, the abbé re-
s native land, and Sheil
ıe school at Kensington,
ıtablished by the son of
Broglie, and patronized
ıe families of the French
heil, who possessed a
pithy and picturesque
has left a graphic ac-
school life. He speaks
ɔn House as old-fashion-
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ed "with the shrill vo-
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ısements, and babbled,
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"a little, slender, and
onstructed abbé, with a
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ere left him were nicely
ıd well powdered and
" Sheil's companions,
ling that they had found
a refuge from the revolu-
English soil no more on
, and every French vic-
comed with ecstasies of boyish excitement. On one occasion, among the visitors came no less a personage than he who was afterwards Charles X, and when he appeared the boys set up "a shrill shout of beardless loyalty," "*Vive le Roi!*" The expectant king went down among them, and was sensibly affected on discovering, exiled in childhood, the heirs of many of the foremost families of France, orphaned by the guillotine of the revolution. Sheil's association, on terms of perfect equality, with the flowers of the nobility of the *ancien régime*, must have tended toward making him aristocratic in social ideas, and a monarchist in politics. He found among these boys, and in the company of such of their relatives as were able to visit them, that elegance of address, the innate refinement, the exquisite sense of honor, the perfect courtesy, and the Christian virtue, which combine to form the ideal of the French gentleman. The affection which the older members of these families expressed for the younger ones also sensibly affected him, accustomed as he was to the colder conduct of the men who spoke his own language. Indeed the French exiles planted, as it were, a little tropical circle in a social zone excessively frigid, and Sheil's ardent nature, Gallic in part, luxuriated in the grateful warmth.

"Old gentlemen," he writes, "the neatness of whose attire was accompanied by indications of indigence, used occasionally to visit at Kensington House. Their elasticity of back, the frequency and gracefulness of their well-regulated bows, and the perpetual smile upon their wrinkled and emaciated faces, showed that they had something to do with the *Vieille Cour;* and this conjecture

was frequently confirmed by the embrace with which they folded the little marquises and counts whom they came to visit." Sheil saw only the gracious aspect of this melancholy and sympathetic picture. He thought of the French aristocracy only as the pride and the honor of that nation. The revolution, which slew so many distinguished nobles and expelled most of those whose lives it capriciously spared, appeared to him hideous and brutal, while the conviction must have also involuntarily stolen upon him that revolution, in this instance, was synonymous with democracy. His youthful mind was incapable of analyzing the causes which precipitated that catastrophe, or of associating with the crown or the court any measure of responsibility for the awful consequences. Like O'Connell, the hideous facts of the revolution made him a conservative, and thus, in his very childhood, he received the indelible impressions which fitted him to be the liberator's colleague and lieutenant.

His tutor at Kensington having been sent to China as a missionary, Sheil was transferred to Stonyhurst, where the Jesuits had established a flourishing school on a portion of an estate purchased from the Duke of Norfolk by a Mr. Weld, who had been educated at St. Omer's, and who offered a foundation to his old masters when the revolutionary tide forced them from the continent. Sheil has drawn several striking portraits of the men with whom he was connected in the later period of his boyhood, and lavishes eulogy upon their personal virtues as well as the *esprit de corps* which animated them.

"At the head of the college was the rector of the English province, Rev. Dr. Stone. He was a man whom neither his long vigils, nor his habits of abstinence, could reduce into the meagritude of sanctity, and who by his portly belly and rosy countenance, seemed to bid defiance to the power of fasting and the devotion of prayer. Nothing could subdue his goodly corpulency, or invest his features with the emaciation which ordinarily attends the habits of mortification and self-denial which he practiced. He was the most uninterruptedly devout person I have ever seen, and verified those descriptions of lofty holiness with which the writings of Alban Butler (the uncle of the celebrated conveyancer) had rendered us familiar. The students were accustomed to the perusal of the lives of the saints, and found in Dr. Stone (except in his external configuration, in which Guido would certainly not have selected a model), a realization of those pictures of exalted piety which occur in the pages of that learned compiler. He seemed to be in a perpetual commerce with heaven."

Another man who inspired Sheil's admiration, and left a strong impression on his character, was the superior of novices, Father Plowden, a descendant of Edmund Plowden, the great English lawyer of the reign of Queen Mary, the family having kept the faith. Father Plowden had been educated in Rome, and was transferred to St. Omer's after spending many years in Italy. "He was a perfect Jesuit of the old school. His mind was stored with classical knowledge; his manners were highly polished; he had great eloquence, which was alternately vehement and persuasive, as the occasion put his talents into requisition; and with his various accomplishments, he combined the loftiest enthusiasm for the advancement of religion, and an utter immolation of himself to the glory of the Order, of which he was unquestionably a great ornament. Though advanced in years, he stood erect and tall, with all the evidence of strong and inextinguishable vitality about him. His cheek, though worn, had the hues of health upon it, and though his head was quite bald, the vivacity of his eyes, which spoke

their light from beneath broad and shaggy brows, exhibited a mind whose faculties it did not seem to be in the power of time to impair." His gifts of personal attraction and pulpit eloquence did not, however, arouse the enthusiastic affection in which he was held. "It not unfrequently happened that he was informed in the midst of a winter's night that some person at a considerable distance from the college was on the point of death. The old man, who did not seem to know what hardship was, would leap from his hard bed, and having hurried on his clothes, would go forth with a lantern, attended by a lay-brother of the Order, and making his way over the fens and morasses by which the college was surrounded, hasten to the door of the expiring sinner, and arrive at his bedside in time to speed his soul to heaven."

Sheil's studies at Stonyhurst were almost exclusively classical, and his success in their pursuit, to the injurious neglect, perhaps, of science, is constantly exhibited in his oratory, in which classical allusions are sometimes so common as to induce weakness, and present the appearance of affectation.

From Stonyhurst, Sheil went to Trinity College, in which he acquired no distinction, except as an eccentric member of the historical society. His earlier efforts at oratory gave little promise of his future renown. His style was stilted and wearisome, overburdened with ornament, and lacking in incisiveness; he was immersed in the past, and his thoughts were engaged with the nations, the heroes, the achievements, and the literature of antiquity. His voice was shrill, of small register, and of slight volume. His personal manners—abstracted rather than awkward, but never uncouth—won him few friends. He was considered a student of books, with large acquisitive capacity; but nobody suspected that he would ever occupy a front place in the highest rank of orators. From Dublin he went to Lincoln's Inn, and having completed the law course, returned to Ireland in 1813.

Sheil's dramatic career, brief and not without reward, seems to have been inspired by necessity rather than choice. His father, who was engaged in trade in Dublin, failed, and Sheil found himself without the means necessary to enter upon legal practice. Dramatic writing was at that time as popular as journalism now, and impecunious clever young men, especially Irishmen, turned to it, in the hope of money if not of fame, with the readiness with which their countrymen now flock into newspaper work; and commonly, with the same intention of making it only an accommodating shift—the stepping-stone to something permanent and more profitable. It was in fact a period prolific of all kinds of popular literature, and the stage, and the periodicals, which were gradually being transformed from essays, of which the fashion had been set by Montaigne, and successfully introduced into English by Addison and Steele, into monthlies, weeklies, and dailies, engrossed popular attention to an extraordinary degree. There was an intimate alliance between the dramatic profession and the journalists. They were both revelling in a new license; they employed the same sensational methods of attracting the attention of the government and the people. The reviews, from dealing with men and events of classic or later antiquity, devoted themselves to the discussion of persons and politics; and the stage, elevated by the genius of Shakspeare and the rank of Beaumont from disrepute into respectability, had become the most popular amusement the world has ever known, and had cast aside the themes, the usages, and the traditions of both Sophocles and Shakspeare, in order to represent society as it existed. Light literature, the periodicals, and the drama,

were the attractions of all classes of the people, and the talented among rich and poor equally clamored for distinction in one or the other.

It was essentially a period of literary invention and criticism, brilliant, dazzling, and largely transient. More men and women who wrote, from the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth centuries, have been forgotten in proportion to the whole number writing, than at any previous epoch in English, and probably, also, in continental literature; for the same causes of literary production were at work contemporaneously in France. This fecundity was the inevitable result of the splendid success achieved by the few. It was the period of Swift, Goldsmith, Gay, Johnson, Scott, Garrick, Foote, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Talfourd, Southey, Charles Lamb, Byron, Moore, Shelley, Keats, Joanna Baillie, Campbell, Landor, Miss Mitford, Sheridan, Sidney Smith, and a multitude of men and women of less genius, but, while they lived, of as great notoriety. The *Edinburgh Review* had been established by Brougham, Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, and Horner; and the *Quarterly Review* became necessary to counteract its liberal opinions, the latter receiving its chief impetus from George Canning, who, in the same year, was challenged and wounded by the Irish traitor, Castlereagh, and who, a few years later, stepped abruptly into the place and power quitted by that misguided man in the infamy of suicide. Byron's savage but not wholly unjust epigram on Castlereagh shows at once the audacious quality of the writing of the time, as well as the estimation in which Englishmen held Irish traitors:

> "So he has cut his throat at last! He? Who?
> The man who cut his country's long ago."

Both the stage and the press were enjoying, in fact, their first season of carnival; both had been practically emancipated from arbitrary restraints, with the exception of a libel statute, recourse to which, even in flagrant cases, too often resulted in a farthing's damages and a popular cheer for the defendant, which the latter not unnaturally construed into a cry of "go on!" The press was watched, especially in Ireland, where the iron hand of the government lay very near the editor's pens; but in England and Scotland any man capable of writing bitter brilliancy was sure to find a publisher and plenty of readers. Indeed, the independent condition of the Scottish periodicals attracted the talents of more than one Irishman, and Dr. Maguire was not the only wit who robbed his native land of a son's prestige, in order to increase the circulation of the London and Edinburgh *Reviews*.

It is curious, too, to note in what degree Ireland at that time furnished topics as well as talent to the British press. O'Connell, from 1810 to 1847, was, as he himself was wont to say, "the best-abused man," not in Ireland only, but in the United Kingdom. Even when absent from Parliament, he was the cynosure of all eyes, and the target for every shaft. "There are three great instances on record," says Lecky, "of politicians, discouraged by overwhelming majorities, seceding from Parliament. Grattan gave up his seat, and became utterly powerless in the country. Fox retired from the debate, though retaining his seat, and he, too, for a time, became little more than a cipher. O'Connell followed the example of Fox, but he drew with him the attention of Europe. In no previous portion of his career, not even when he had gained Emancipation from the humbled ministry of Wellington, did he attract greater attention or admiration. Whoever turns over the magazines or newspapers of the period will easily perceive how grandly he had dispelled the indifference that had so long prevailed on Irish questions, how clearly his agitation stands forth as the great

fact of the time." For many years Sheil shared the interest, the hate, and the admiration bestowed on O'Connell.

It was in the drama, however, that Sheil first secured a hearing. A careful authority* states that his three plays—"Adelaide," "Bellarmina," and "Evadne"—"were written, for the purpose of giving new characters for embodiment by Miss O'Neil, the Irish tragedienne," whom D'Arcy McGee characterizes as "accomplished and reproachless," and whose dramatic gifts won for her applause from "English bards and Scotch reviewers," notwithstanding her intense loyalty to her national traditions, and notwithstanding, also, that she suffered the contrast suggested by noted contemporaries, among whom was Mrs. Siddons, whose sun reached its setting as Miss O'Neil's dawned.

The facts appear to be, however, that Sheil wrote "Adelaide" for the purpose of paying the expenses of his call to the bar; and the "Apostate" and "Bellarmina" were inspired by the household necessities which followed his marriage, in 1816, with Miss O'Halloran, who was accomplished, beautiful, and dowerless. "Evadne," written in 1819, was the only one of his dramas which succeeded on its merits, and it is original only in the scenes and style, the substance of the play being found in "The Traitor," by James Shirley, an English dramatist of the sixteenth century, whose forty plays are all forgotten. The connection of Miss O'Neil with Sheil's dramatic efforts was an exceedingly fortunate circumstance for the author; she won for "Adelaide" a momentary success, simply because it was she who played in the leading *rôle;* she could not save the others, however; but "Evadne," with its vigorous action and spirited dialogue, added as much to her reputation as to Sheil's. The latter received some ten thousand dollars altogether through his association with the stage, which was undoubtedly more than he could have earned at the bar.

McGee says that Miss O'Neil took lessons in attitude from Sheil. This is incredible; for, while the actress was in slight need of such instruction, Sheil was assuredly incapable of imparting it. He was well acquainted with the theory of grace, both in repose and movement; but any attempt on his part to illustrate the one or the other must have been extremely fantastic. He was small in stature, and wholly devoid of symmetry; his angular littleness affording a laughable foil for O'Connell's giant proportions when they spoke on the same platform. His face was neither pleasing nor expressive, and his gestures in oratory were inappropriate and ridiculous. He may have imparted to Miss O'Neil a more intelligent reading, a more delicate appreciation of his lines, and thus assisted her to heighten and refine those gradual shades of interpretation, in the producing of which, attitude or action, tone and glance, combine for the *chiaroscuro* of a histrionic picture. His dramatic career was, in truth, almost entirely accidental. His own necessities were its direct inspiration; but it is scarcely probable that even necessity would have turned him into an occupation for which he was so little fitted mentally and physically, if it were not the urgent fashion for men of literary attainments to write a play or two. How many men, even the most demure, yielded to what must be pronounced a mere literary and social eccentricity, and temporarily withdrew from the bench, the bar, and the pulpit, forgot the dazzle of the drawing-room, and neglected the functions of the minister, or the aims of the politician, to steal, invent, or construct tragedies and comedies, which the most exalted genius of the stage, never more resplendent than at that time, could

* Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, in the notes to the American edition (1872) of Noctes Ambrosiana.

perform only with the greatest difficulty, but could not even then rescue from inevitable ridicule! We need not wonder at Sheil. Besides, he was, in a measure, successful. "Evadne" and the "Apostate" still survive.

His *Sketches of the Irish Bar*, written in conjunction with Mr. Curran, son of the Irish advocate, attracted much attention on account of their pungency of comment and aptness of personal characterization. They were widely read in the United Kingdom, English and Scotch interest being secured by the vehicle of their publication, *The New Monthly Magazine*, of which the poet, Thomas Campbell, was the editor. Sheil's indictment of Lord Norbury, him to whom Robert Emmet's tragical oration was addressed from the condemned prisoner's box, produced a marked sensation at the time, revealing, as it did, a curious and infamous piece of Irish political history. Lord Norbury was an intimate friend of Mr. Saurin, who, when Grattan was fighting the attempt to coerce the legislative union of England and Ireland, said, "If a legislative union should be so forced upon this country against the will of its inhabitants it would be a nullity, and resistance to it would be a struggle against usurpation, and not a resistance against law. You may make it binding as a law, but you cannot make it obligatory upon conscience. It will be obeyed as long as England is strong, but resistance to it will be in the abstract a duty, and the exhibition of that resistance will be a mere question of prudence."

Saurin, however, having thus opposed the Union, was one of the first to accept a personal profit from its infamous consummation, notwithstanding that the means resorted to —bribery, promises, and intimidation—were perfectly understood at the time, and have never been denied. Saurin became Attorney-General for Ireland in 1807, and proved one of the most malignant foes of Catholic Emancipation. O'Connel[illegible] while holding his legal powers in th[illegible] highest estimation, enjoyed nothin[illegible] better in his public career than t[illegible] have him for an opponent at the bar, and more than one of the Liberator's impassioned and terrific outbursts were aimed at his traitorous adversary, whom he charged again and again with trading in the misfortunes of his country.

Norbury was in the habit of stuffing papers into the old chairs in his study, "to supply," as Sheil wrote, "the deficiency of horsehair which an incumbency of eighty years had produced in their bottoms." When they were no longer fit for use, the chairs were disposed of to a furniture-dealer, who, in turn, sold them to his own advantage. One passed into the possession of a Mr. Monaghan, who had been an attorney's clerk, and who was familiar with the handwriting of Saurin, and whose curiosity led him to extract the contents of the cushion. He chanced to find a letter from Mr. Saurin to Lord Norbury, urging him, when exercising his judicial functions in Ireland, to do all that he could against Catholic Emancipation. The baseness of a law officer of the crown beseeching a chief justice of Norbury's well-known vindictiveness to use, for the most degraded and wicked of party purposes, the terrors of a bench which awarded life and death, excited the most intense indignation when Sheil published the unanswerable proofs; but although the writer of the letter was still amenable to justice, and the judicial conduct of its ermined recipient warranted the conviction that the request had been freely complied with, neither was subjected even to an inquiry.

The serious business of Sheil's life began with a speech on the Catholic question when he was twenty-two years old. This speech, strangely enough, was delivered before the Catholic Board in opposition to

O'Connell, and in favor of Emancipation qualified by the veto; and is chiefly remarkable on account of the equally surprising fact that O'Connell deemed it worthy of reply. Sheil's effort is spoken of as "a brilliant harangue," and one of the patriotic chronicles of the time, whose ardor led it into frequent censure from the government and prosecution in the courts, makes the naïve remark that "it is an honor to his country, although we cannot help thinking it directed against his country's dearest interests." O'Connell, however, said, by way of preface, that he would "unravel the flimsy web of sophistry which is hid beneath the tinsel glare of meretricious ornament,"—and that was a very correct description of Sheil's oratory for many years. The speech was all style—no substance; but the style astounded by its elaborateness, delighted by its grace, and amazed by its profuse and pedantic learning. The resolution before the Board was, that neither as Irishmen nor Catholics would they ever consent that the crown, or the servants of the crown, should have any right to interfere in the appointment of Irish Catholic bishops. This resolution was directed against what came to be called "the Veto," then assuming that conspicuousness which it held for so long a period in the progress of Catholic Emancipation, and constituting one of the most obstinate and difficult elements in the politics of the British kingdom.

It was a proposition, made by the English government, that the ministers would be willing to entertain the idea of abrogating the penal laws and emancipating the Catholics, provided the English sovereign were given by the Pope a veto on the appointment of Catholic bishops in Ireland.

If it seem preposterous to us now, that such a proposition should have received kindly consideration among Catholics, not only in England and Ireland, but even among the directors of Catholic interests in Rome, it should be remembered that the conditions which surrounded Emancipation constituted impediments apparently insurmountable; and that, so despairing was the prospect, the friends of Emancipation were ready to treat with the government upon any terms which the latter were willing to offer. The Veto found many sincere advocates among stanch Catholics outside Ireland, and many partisans among the truest patriots who have ever lifted their voices in behalf of Ireland's woes; and the long and bitter controversy which attended its discussion until Pope Pius VII finally refused to accede to it, simply adds another to the many testimonies, that equally able and perfectly honest minds may radically differ as to the means of accomplishing the same end.

Sheil agreed with Grattan and the Irish nobles that Emancipation should be accepted, no matter in what form it could be obtained; they argued that if the disfranchised four-fifths of the people could acquire political power, it made little difference upon what pretence that power, which could never be taken away from them, should be gained. Once in their hands, they could use it for their defence; once in their hands, they could compel the government to restore legislative independence, and, in their own Parliament, sitting as of yore, in College Green, they could easily recover any insubstantial advantages which prudence had compelled them to surrender in order to secure the first step forward toward religious and legislative liberty.

Grattan, indeed, was eager to make Emancipation subservient to Repeal, but only because he confidently believed that Repeal was but another name for Emancipation, while he held, at the same time, that Emancipation contained no equally certain assurance of Repeal. O'Connell, with broader vision,

foresaw that England could be compelled to grant Emancipation; the moral sense of the civilized world had grown so clear and dogmatic upon the right of a man to worship God according to his conscience, that England, he was convinced, would have to yield that, and wipe the penal laws from her statute-books; but there was no power, except that of arms, to compel a stronger state to grant to a weaker one a legislative concession tantamount to absolute independence; and he knew that Ireland had neither army, arms, discipline, nor means of subsistence. Guided by his wonderful sense of prudence, O'Connell, moreover, rigidly adhered to the principles involved. He would not accept Emancipation at the cost of either the independence of the Church or of the rights of the Irish people to make their own laws. He denied, again and again, the validity of the Act of Union. He denied the right of the Irish Parliament to annihilate itself. He contended that the members of the last Irish Parliament had authority to make laws for Ireland, but were not commissioned to barter that authority away. "They were," he said, "the servants of the nation, empowered to consult for its good, not its masters, to make traffic or dispose of it at their fantasy, or for their profit." Grattan, Sheil, and their followers looked for Emancipation through Repeal; O'Connell, Doctor Doyle, and their supporters looked for Repeal through Emancipation.

O'Connell's reply to Sheil on this occasion is one of the best specimens of the Liberator's rhetorical power. Vigorous, without vituperation; bold, logical, and convincing, without invective or epithet, it would have won to his side any man less stubborn than Sheil, and it carried the resolution.

"The state," he affirmed, "is secure already of the allegiance of the Catholic bishop; he is bound to the state by his repeated and solemn oaths, but, not content with this, the ministers want to have him become their political agent; they want to have him in the subservient management of electioneering politics. If they succeed in obtaining the power to appoint a Catholic bishop, they will, without doubt, take good care to stipulate with him for the selection of priests devoted to their patrons, and at the ensuing elections we shall see the courtly sheriff become insignificant; the castle bishop will canvass the diocese, and the parish priest will ransack the different districts of the country. And does any man imagine that the Catholic religion will prosper in Ireland if our prelates, instead of being what they are at present, shall become the servile tools of her administration? They would lose all respect for themselves all respectability in the eyes of others they would be degraded to the station of excisemen and gaugers, and the people, disgusted and dissatisfied would be likely to join the first enthusiastic preacher of some new form of Methodism that might conciliate their ancient prejudices and court their still living passions. The ministerial bishops of Ireland would become, like the constitutional bishops of France, one of the means of uncatholicizing the land."

Sheil had presented "splendid fascinations," O'Connell added, to the people, and neither the vehemence of the Liberator, the courageous attitude of the Irish hierarchy, nor the refusal of the people to dream his dreams, withdrew Sheil from his advocacy of the Veto or opposition to O'Connell's method of agitation. In 1814 the government suppressed the Catholic Board, but the glad news was received soon afterwards, from Rome, that the Pope, released from the captivity in which he had been held by Napoleon, had disclaimed the rescript issued, without authority, in favor

of the Veto. In the beginning of the following year the little band of unterrified Catholics met secretly at the house of a Catholic nobleman, Lord Fingal, and at these meetings Sheil and O'Connell again opposed each other's views. Sheil was still tainted with vetoism, and even went so far as to draw up a petition for Emancipation, in which the government was given to understand that the boon would be accepted on the old terms. He was not without support in this, but O'Connell succeeded in getting the petition voted down, and offered a resolution moving a petition for unqualified Emancipation. Sheil spoke at length, and with vigor and effect, against the word "unqualified," but O'Connell's resolution prevailed.

When the Catholic Association was formed, in 1815, a committee was appointed to request of Archbishop Murray, who had gone to Rome on behalf of the Irish bishops who opposed the Veto, such information as he deemed proper to convey regarding the disposition of the Holy Father toward the proposition, and this committee reported as follows:

"That that rescript had been recalled by the Pope, on the principle that it was issued without due deliberation, in the absence of his Holiness and the Sacred College; that the matters contained in that rescript had been referred by his Holiness to a special congregation, composed of the most exalted and incorruptible characters in Rome. His Grace further expressed his complete conviction that the opinions of that council would be formed upon principles purely of a spiritual character, and he was also satisfied that when the opinion of the council should be referred to his Holiness, who had reserved to himself the right to pronounce definitively on the subject, the Sovereign Pontiff would be influenced in his determination solely by a regard for the spiritual welfare of the Catholics of Ireland, for whom he felt strong affection; and his Grace felt satisfied that neither the interference of the British ministry, nor any temporal consideration whatever, would affect the determination of his Holiness."

In consequence of the action of the Catholic Association resolving to demand unqualified Emancipation, and of the moral support of the hierarchy, as well as the belief that the Holy See would remain fixed in the determination which Archbishop Murray had indicated, Grattan refused to present the Catholic petition, and the loss of this able and eloquent champion threw the cause of Emancipation into profound gloom. Indeed, little seemed to remain of it except the brave resolve of the prelates, the priests, and the people, not to accept it unless it were granted without qualification. Sheil, nevertheless, did not give up his hope that a compromise might be effected, satisfactory alike to the government and the Church; but nothing whatever was accomplished for several years, the curse of faction spirit dividing and weakening both parties. In 1821 O'Connell published an appealing letter to the Catholics of Ireland, which would have naturally had the effect, if not controverted, of producing a more genial temper, that might have led to unity of action, but Sheil replied to it publicly, and charged upon O'Connell the blame of failure and the responsibility of dissension. A rejoinder from O'Connell followed, in which he declared himself at a loss to know why he "had provoked the tragic wrath and noble ire of this iambic rhapsodist,"—another destructive comment upon Sheil's tendency to transcendentalism in style. Had these quarrels continued, Emancipation might have been delayed beyond the period when the political accident which hastened it occurred, but the government itself, engrossed with foreign affairs, and

convinced, no doubt, that the Holy See would not agree to the Veto, quietly abandoned it, and the bone of contention which had postponed Catholic union for ten years was removed from Irish politics.

In 1823 O'Connell and Sheil met at the house of a mutual friend, and, after a few candid words on either side, they grasped each other's hands, cast away all causes of disagreement, and solemnly pledged themselves to stand by each other until the cause which both had at heart should be won. The pledge was sacredly kept, and from that happy day is dated the beginning of the triumph of Catholic Emancipation.

A new organization was at once effected—the Irish Catholic Association—and Sheil devoted his irrepressible energy to its propagation. He was determined to secure every influence, home and foreign, political, religious, literary, or domestic, which could be made effective toward the result. The history of the Association is a series of brilliant and persistent efforts, almost invariably rewarded with success. Sheil and O'Connell working together presented a thrilling spectacle, to which the enthusiastic and grateful heart of Ireland responded with quickened and joyful pulse, and the enthusiasm pervaded every class of the people, and produced almost instantaneously national unity and a desperate courage. Each diocese organized, the counties organized, the parishes organized. Sheil's talent for systematizing agitation was as great as O'Connell's for inspiring and maintaining it, and in less than two years from the day of their reconciliation the joint powers of these two men had brought Ireland into an attitude of grim defiance, and steady, constant, and intrepid nerve, which startled the government and fixed the attention of the entire civilized world. The ministry discovered, to their great dismay, that Irish dissension had been annihilated, and that in its place an army of people seven millions strong were organized as if by magic, and that they were equipped with the most formidable weapon which government ever had to contend with,—a Just Demand. The menace of such an organization shook the government like an aspen leaf, and, although not a shot was fired, not a blow struck, scarcely even an agrarian crime committed, united Ireland, silent except when her advocates declared her demand for Emancipation in the name of the Irish nation,—up at last, and on its feet to take it,—was the most powerful foe which England had encountered since the last sanguinary letter of the penal laws had been branded upon her statute-books. Bravely, too, did many of the Protestants of Ireland sustain their Catholic fellow-countrymen, and England was forced, in terror and bewilderment, to confess that at last the Irish people were a unit in the cause of Ireland. To make such a confession was equivalent to admitting the justice of the claim which had slowly but solidly cemented an excitable people, torn for centuries by the intolerance of bigotry, the traditions of faction, and the cunning machinations of English politicians. To make such a confession was but the preface to yielding to the demand, and the government had no hope of escape from this except in the calculation, based upon political experience, that the national unity would not long survive the hidden jarring of the elements which had rent Ireland in every previous effort for her relief. But this calculation proved erroneous. The ministry which relied upon it was retired in defeat and disgrace, only to be succeeded by another—Wellington's—which, beginning its administration by a display of vindictive and witless severity toward the agitation, closed by yielding in the full its unqualified demand.

Powerful friends arose in every quarter. Sheil's literary talents had won many admirers in England and Scotland, who became sympathizers with the cause in which he was engaged. Sidney Smith's pungent satire had aroused the sluggish minds of the English middle class, who caught themselves laughing at their own opinions in *Peter Plymley's Letters*. O'Connell and Sheil were bitterly denounced all over the kingdom, but their speeches were read. Responses came from the uttermost parts of the earth, and resolutions, addresses of encouragement, and money were forwarded from Australia, Canada, the United States, and many portions of the continent. Sheil wrote a series of effective letters in French, which reawakened the interest of that country in Ireland, and attracted the notice of the English government, and the national French sentiment was eloquently expressed by Montalembert and others equally distinguished. Even in the British House of Lords an English bishop declared himself anxious for a settlement of the Irish claims, the only settlement which would satisfy the Irish Catholics.

Sheil and O'Connell spoke frequently on the same platform, and the amusing contrast in their personal appearance, to which we have already alluded, afforded well-improved opportunities for mirth in which both sides joined. In *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, Sheil received the following not unwelcome tribute:

"*Shepherd.* But is na' Sheil a sma' imp?"

"*North.* True; but Dicky, being a man of diminutive proportions, has just enough of madness to make him mischievous, and no more. He can point it as you would the index of a weather-glass, to the precise circumstances of the time. He weighs his periods in his study, with the nicety of an apothecary in his shop, and models his madness into not unskilful tropes, which even please the fancy when one can forget the mischief of the intention."

At another time, in the same periodical, this portrait of the "sma' imp" appears:

"To make amends for his carelessness in all other external affairs, nature has given him as fine a pair of eyes as ever graced human head; large, deeply set, dark, liquid, flashing like gems, and these fix you presently like a basilisk, so that you forget everything else about him; and though it would be impossible to conceive anything more absurdly ungraceful than his action, sharp, sudden jolts, and shuffles, and right-about twists and leaps, all set to a running discord of grunts and moans, yet before he has spoken ten minutes, you forget all this, too, and give yourself up to what I have always considered a pleasant sensation—the feeling, I mean, that you are in the presence of a man of genius."

One of Sheil's most striking speeches was inspired by a text supplied by the Duke of York, then the heir presumptive of the throne. This gentleman solemnly avowed in the House of Lords, that, "so help him God, in every situation, he would uphold the principles of hostility to the Catholics in which he had been brought up." This bitter declaration, emanating from so powerful a personage, excited Sheil to rashness, and, in a speech of terrible accusation, he arraigned the Duke before the nation for his vices, his follies, and his failures, all of which, unfortunately, were as numerous in the household, in the council-chamber, and on the battle-field, as they were notorious and undeniable. But the object of the assault was a member of the royal family, and disease was already preying on his decayed constitution; and before the execrations of Sheil had ceased to resound, the hand of death was laid upon the Duke of York. The sympathies of the people turned naturally toward the dying man, whose sins, in that

supreme moment, were all forgotten, and Sheil was left in the embarrassing position of a man who had wantonly, indeed, fiendishly, assailed if not the dead, the dying. Sheil, undaunted by the ghastly circumstances, expressed a manly regret that the last hours of any being should have been darkened by even just reproach, and closed his apology in this powerful and vivid strain:

"The pomp of death will for a few nights fill the gilded apartment in which his body will lie in state. He will be laid in a winding sheet fringed with silver and with gold; he will be inclosed in spicy wood, and his illustrious descent and withered hopes will be inscribed upon his glittering coffin. The bell of St. Paul's will toll, and London, rich, luxurious, Babylonic London, will start at the recollection that even kings must die. The day of his solemn obsequies will arrive, the gorgeous procession will go forth in its funereal glory, the ancient chapel of Windsor Castle will be thrown open, and its aisle will be thronged with the array of kindred royalty; the emblazoned windows will be illuminated, the notes of holy melody will arise, the beautiful service of the dead will be repeated by the heads of the Church of which he will be the cold and senseless champion, the vaults of the dead will be inclosed, the nobles and the ladies and the high priests of the land will look down into those deep depositories of the ambition and the vanities of the world. They will behold the heir to a great empire taking possession, not of the palace which was raised at such an enormous and unavailing cost, but of that 'house which lasts till doomsday.' The torches will fade in the open daylight, the multitude of the great will gradually disperse, the business and the pursuits and the frivolities of life will be resumed, and the heir to the three kingdoms will be in a week forgotten! We, too, shall forget; but let us, before we forget, forgive him!"

But the orator was neither forgotten nor forgiven, and the government gave orders that Sheil should be prosecuted at the earliest opportunity. His speech on the *Memoirs* of Wolfe Tone, then newly published, seemed to furnish the desired cause. Criminal proceedings were instituted, and Sheil furnished bail, O'Connell becoming one of his bondsmen. The attorney-general was Plunket, and he was assisted by another Irishman, Burrowes. Both, when the act of Union was pending, had denounced the crown and the government in more audacious and treasonable terms than Sheil had employed upon any occasion, and Sheil, instead of decorously keeping the peace while under arrest, defied Plunket to conduct the prosecution in person, and declared that the prosecutor should be convicted, instead of the defendant. The government never brought the issue to trial.

One of Sheil's most hazardous exploits was his appearance at the great anti-Catholic meeting in England, at Penenden Heath, in Kent, whose numbers and enthusiasm, it was expected, would exert a forcible influence upon the government, then suspected of weakness—for the Clare election had taken place. He proceeded to London and purchased a freehold, in order to secure the right to speak, and hurried to Penenden Heath, where more than 20,000 people were assembled, with no-popery banners, tumultuously denouncing O'Connell, Sheil, and everybody supposed to sympathize with Emancipation. If Sheil's presence had been generally known, it is extremely probable that his limbs or life would have been in danger, notwithstanding that he had some friends present, among them the irrepressible William Cobbett. Mr. Shelton Mackenzie gives the following vivacious account of Sheil's dangerous adventure:

"In October, 1828, a great anti-Catholic meeting of the freeholders

of Kent was held at Penenden Heath, in that county. A freehold was given to Mr. Sheil to qualify him to take part in the proceedings. He composed a brilliant oration, which was put into type, before he left London, for appearance in the *Sun* newspaper of that evening. The meeting was stormy and boisterous—Cobbett and Hunt attending, and speaking against the Protestant party—and Mr. Sheil, vainly attempting to be heard, actually spoke only one sentence of his speech. *That*, however, to the extent of several columns, was duly published in the *Sun*, and found numerous readers and admirers. That evening, Mr. Sheil supped at the *Sun* office with Mr. Murdo Young, the proprietor (I was of the party), and he gave us a most amusing description of the day's proceedings, turning everything into ridicule, and charming us much. . . . I recollect that he announced as a *certainty*, that Catholic Emancipation was on the eve of being granted. This was more than three months before the public received any intimation of Wellington's intentions on that score."

Sheil's undelivered address was a polished, courteous, and condensed argument for the Catholic claims, and so much better than anything uttered on the other side, that it more than counteracted any mischievous effect which the meeting might have had. It was very widely read, and became the topic of general newspaper discussion, adding conspicuous friends to the Catholic cause.

Sheil's speeches in Ireland were even often more audacious than O'Connell's, notwithstanding that the latter never prepared himself in advance, and that Sheil, as a rule, wrote every line. More than once, Sheil advanced the idea of arms and revolution; he said, at a great meeting in Connaught, "If ever it shall come to pass that, to the financial embarrassments of England there should be superadded the enormous expenditure of war, and if, when stripped of her commerce—with her machinery and manufactures at a stand, with her vast debt hanging like an avalanche over her head, with famine within and danger abroad—the fleets of France and America shall unfurl their flags upon the seas, then, in that hour of tremendous peril, with an enormous population whose bare physical power would be terrific if put into a simultaneous and gigantic action, and would be doubly terrible if there were art and skill to give it direction, order, system, and effect, then— I have made a pause, and I feel from the silence with which you await my words that there is something of awe in your anticipation; then— But I shall proceed no farther. This is a subject on which much may be said, and *more ought to be thought*, and I shall only add,—May God Almighty give that wisdom to those who are appointed by his providence to sway the destinies of empires, which shall avert these dreadful events whose bare possibility is sufficient to appal, and from whose likelihood every good man must recoil in horror!"

This was very bold language at a time when paid spies listened for any reckless word, which might throw the speaker, under the letter of the law, into a jail.

When he chose, Sheil could be very humorous, and his humor sometimes was extremely rich, if not as broad or as abundant as O'Connell's. One of the leading Orangemen of Armagh was a Mr. Romney Robinson, who had suddenly become solemn, ferocious, and pious, and who was solicitous to destroy the Catholics in whichever manner might seem most convenient and expeditious. Mr. Robinson had "found religion" after a somewhat easy life, and Sheil was familiar with his personal history. He had fallen into an error which has overtaken many better men—he had written a volume of poems. Sheil, in descanting upon

these, made very liberal use of the peculiar quality of the poet's inspiration, and devoted especial attention to one of the poet's classical flights. "Mr. Robinson," said Sheil, "appears to have been upon intimate terms with a certain culinary artist, commonly called a kitchen-maid, whose name was Dolly. . . . He has thought it not inconsistent with his poetical dignity to record this very interesting, but not very uncommon incident, and begins by an invocation to the Furies, to whose inspirations it must be admitted that he was not a little indebted for his oration at Armagh.

"My angry lyre, Magæra string,
In notes Tartarean battle sing.
Instead of tears for beauty's woe,
Let rancor burn and discord glow.
Tho' erst my muse has mourned with Dolly,
My strains now sing her thoughtless folly;
Her pots and kettles, pans and plates,
And poker's healing brittle pates;
* * * *
As when in fire Typhæus roars,
And Ætna shakes Sicilia's shores.
Thus bellowed Dolly,
* * * *
She threw the poker at my head,
And deemed the blow would strike me dead.
The poet now with choler swelled,
Fierce dealt a blow, and Dolly yelled."

"I have read these passages from Mr. Robinson's poems," concludes Sheil, "for the purpose of illustrating and justifying the claims to intellectual superiority, which, in his speech at Armagh, he has made for the Irish Protestants."

The climax of the movement for Emancipation was of course the Clare election, which sent O'Connell to Parliament, broke down the ministry, and precipitated the bill for unqualified relief, before O'Connell was permitted to take his seat. It is doubtful if a more thrilling event ever occurred in any country in time of peace. Vesey Fitzgerald, the member for Clare, accepted office, and was thus thrown back upon his constituents for re-election. O'Connell resolved to oppose him, and, if possible, compel the government to refuse him a seat on the floor of the Commons, solely because he was a Catholic, the seat to which the people had elected him. O'Connell, Sheil, Father Tom Maguire, Steele, and O'Gorman Mahon, entered upon the canvass with a determination to win, by every species of honorable tactics; and the method, no less than the result, shows that they were faithful to that resolve. Sheil has left a graphic account of the affair, in which his talent for description and portraiture is finely displayed. O'Connell's address, intrepid and ringing, announcing his candidacy, produced the wildest sensation in England and Ireland, and the excitement reached a pitch of utter frenzy. All eyes turned upon Clare, and watched the brief and hurried progress of the struggle. Steele opened the canvass by declaring himself ready to fight any landlord who thought himself aggrieved by interference with his tenants. "This," remarks Sheil, "was a very impressive exordium;" and so it was, but the challenge does not appear to have tempted any one. Among the participants was a Father Murphy, of whom Sheil has written too remarkable a sketch to be omitted. Surrounded by a dense multitude, whom he had hushed into profound silence, he presented a most imposing object. His form, clad in sacerdotal vestments—for he was partially robed for mass—was tall and emaciated. His face was long and sunken; but from his blazing eyes, covered by thick, black eyebrows, which stretched in straight lines across a lofty forehead, shone forth the inspiration of genius and religion. He stood outside the chapel door, flanked by desolate crags, at the foot of a mountain, where he welcomed Sheil in a few appropriate words, and then withdrew to the altar. Having finished the mass, he laid aside his vestments, and turned to speak to the people, addressing them in Irish. "His actions and attitudes were as graceful as those of an accomplished actor, and his intonations were soft,

pathetic, denunciatory, and conjuring, according as his theme varied and as he had recourse to different expedients to influence the people." Closing his address, "he became inflamed by the power of his emotions, and, while he raised himself into the loftiest attitude to which he could ascend, he laid one hand on the altar, and shook the other in the spirit of almost prophetic admonition; and while his eyes blazed and seemed to start from his forehead, thick drops fell down his face, and his voice rolled through lips livid with passion and covered with foam. The multitude burst into shouts of acclamation, and would have been ready to mount a battery, roaring with cannon-shot, at his command."

On the day of the election, when all parties were assembled, and the sheriff had read the writ, an incident occurred which illustrates Irish eccentricity, as well as the peculiarities of one of the O'Connell and Sheil party. On the platform were O'Connell and a couple of friends; the demure and Calvinistic sheriff stood near, and on his left were Vesey Fitzgerald, a cabinet minister, attended by all the aristocracy of Clare. Suddenly, a gentleman was discovered in a most striking position. He had leaped over the closely-packed gallery, and seated himself upon a beam above the crowd. A broad green sash, with a medal of "the Order of Liberators" pendant from it, hung over a striped blue-and-white shirt; black curly hair surmounted a handsome face almost hidden in whiskers. The elevated position of this person made him literally the observed of all observers, and it was manifest to the sheriff that no business could be done until he descended. The sheriff had spent a large portion of his life in China, and had acquired a sallowness of complexion suggestive of bohea, and a gravity worthy of a mandarin; he had also "acquired godliness," and spoke in a mincing and deliberate manner, "imparting the cadences of Wesley to the accentuation of Confucius." "Who, sir, are you?" he ejaculated, in surly monosyllables. "My name is O'Gorman Mahon," was the quick and irreverent reply. "I tell that gentleman to take off that badge," rejoined the sheriff as rapidly as his dignity would permit. O'Mahon deliberately replied: "This gentleman (laying his hand on his breast) tells that gentleman (pointing with the other to the sheriff), that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman, or any other gentleman, while he has got the arm of a gentleman to protect him." "This extraordinary sentence," Sheil says, "was followed by a loud burst of applause from all parts of the court-house." The high sheriff looked aghast. His complacency was overpowered, and he sat down. O'Connell surveyed O'Mahon in his altitude with gratitude and admiration, the crowd cheered and laughed, and laughed and cheered again, and the Emancipators felt that the day had begun auspiciously for them.

One of Fitzgerald's supporters was Sir Edward O'Brien, father of William Smith O'Brien, and the fact that he had voted in the Irish Parliament against the Act of Union, did not prevent his tenants from voting against his candidate at Father Murphy's request, and did not save him from a biting sarcasm by Sheil. The latter observed that he wept upon the hustings, and remarks that the tears "arose from a peculiar susceptibility of the lachrymatory nerves, and not from any nice fibres about the heart." The election extended over two days, the Catholic freeholders having to swear in their votes. O'Connell's triumph afforded that gentleman and Sheil an opportunity for graceful compliment to the defeated gentleman, whose personal merits fully entitled him to

their tributes, and who bore his misfortune with calm decorum, not unmixed with a sorrow which he could not conceal. Sheil's diction on this occasion was as elegant as his arguments throughout the canvass had been trenchant and persuasive.

He followed O'Connell to Parliament—the Emancipation bill having passed in 1829—in 1831. His parliamentary career was marked by a steadfast devotion to the right principles of government, and by an eloquent and successful advocacy of the interests and hopes of his country. In the Parliament he enjoyed a congenial audience; his studied periods were valued at their worth, his recondite quotations were adequately admired and sometimes understood, and his classical allusions fell upon ears accustomed to the poets of Greece and Rome. And yet, while on the stump, as we say, with O'Connell, he seems never to have been conscious that he was not addressing assemblages of the scholars of Europe. His style was the same before the peasants of Connaught and the gentlemen of Westminster, and he would not have altered a phrase or omitted a metaphor for the bishops of England or the unlettered Orange yeomen of Tyrone. His style might be condemned as affected and pedantic; but to him it was natural. His fervent cultivation of classical authors must bear the fault, if fault it be; but it never occurred to him that the Irish farmers would have understood him better had he told them in English, instead of in Latin, even such platitudes as

> Mutato nomine, de te
> Fabula narratur;

but he preferred to use the phrase in the original both at Kilkenny and in the king's receptions.

Mr. Lecky* thus felicitously contrasts the oratory of Sheil and O'Connell: "If we were to compare the two speakers, I should say that before an uneducated audience O'Connell was wholly unrivalled, while before an educated audience, Sheil was most fitted to please and O'Connell to convince. Both were powerful reasoners, but the arguments of O'Connell stood in bold and clear relief, while the attention was somewhat diverted from those of Sheil by the ornaments and mannerism that accompanied them. Both possessed great powers of ridicule, but in O'Connell it assumed the form of coarse but genuine humor, and in Sheil of refined and pungent wit. By too great preparation, Sheil's speeches displayed sometimes an excess of brilliancy. By elaborate preparation, O'Connell fell occasionally into bombast. O'Connell was much the greater debater; Sheil much the greater master of composition. O'Connell possessed the more vigorous intellect, and Sheil the more correct taste." Sheil himself appreciated O'Connell's superiority, and avowed it with a candor which was as just to O'Connell as creditable to himself. Nor did he ever attempt to divide the glory of O'Connell's victory; for it was, after all, O'Connell's. It was he who conceived the plans; who, by argument, by patience, by action and inaction, by appeal, by humor, by invective and vituperation, by conjuring and denunciation, by resistance and assault, by conquering the hostile, wheedling the indifferent, converting the cynics, and sustaining the faithful for nearly a quarter of a century, finally massed the Irish people into an angry nation, whose demand it was no longer safe to resist. Sheil had indeed done hard and heroic service; but it was only that of the first lieutenant under a commander-in-chief. Sheil was very proud, and at the same time, perfectly modest, when he said of O'Connell, "I have toiled for more than half my life in that great work, which it is his chief praise that it was conceived in the

* Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland, p. 240.

spirit of peace—that in the spirit of peace it was carried out, and that in the spirit of peace it was brought by him to its glorious consummation." He said this in the ablest of his speeches—his great effort in the defence of O'Connell in 1844—one of the most powerful specimens of argumentative eloquence which has ever been delivered at the bar of a judicial court.

Sheil's notable parliamentary orations—for he was always an orator, no matter what his theme—were on the Irish Municipal Reform Bill in 1836; on the Church of Ireland in 1835; and again on tithes in 1836. On the Church question he was prophetic, and declared its fall inevitable. His speech on the Irish Municipal Bill is frequently quoted in illustration of what we may call picturesque invective, its famous peroration possessing that quality in the highest degree. He tells the House of Commons first: "You took away one Parliament, which, like the House of Commons of this country, must have been under the control of the great majority of the people of Ireland, and would not, and could not, have withheld what you so long refused us. Is there a man here who doubts, if the Union had not been conceded, we should have extorted Emancipation and reform from our own House of Commons? That House of Commons you bought, and paid for your bargain in gold; aye, and paid for it in the most palpable and sordid form in which gold can be paid down. But, while this transaction was pending, you told us that all distinctions should be abolished between us, and that we should become like unto yourselves. The great minister of the time, by whom that unexampled sale of our Legislature was negotiated, held out equality with England as the splendid equivalent for the loss of our national representation. This demand on the part of Ireland is rejected, and that which to England no one was bold enough to deny, from Ireland you are determined, and you announce it, to withhold. Is this justice?" He scathes the ministry with the broken vows of cabinets, that had, one after another, declared their anxiety to do justice to Ireland; and then impales before the assembly, amid infuriated outcries from the ministerial benches, Lord Lyndhurst, who had pronounced the Irish to be aliens in race, aliens in country, and aliens in religion. "Aliens! Good God! Was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim: '*Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty!*' The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply, I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera, through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos? Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge), from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast—tell me, for you must needs remember, on that day, when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, when death fell in showers, when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science; when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty

leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me, if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the 'aliens' blenched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was at last let loose; when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great Captain commanded the final assault—tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valor than the natives of this, your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and Ireland, flowed in the same stream and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory we shall not be permitted to participate!" . . .

It is to be regretted that towards the close of his career, deceived by the plausible promises of the Whigs to do justice to Ireland, Sheil was induced to accept many lucrative offices from the Melbourne and other British administrations, and his voice was seldom raised in Parliament in active advocacy of repeal after he had accepted the post of Master of the Mint. He was appointed Queen's Counsellor, a member of the Privy Council, made Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and Judge Advocate-General. It was even proposed to appoint him Solicitor-General for Ireland. To some extent he realized Moore's words:

> "As bees on flowers alighting cease their hum,
> So settling upon places Whigs are dumb."

When the anti-Catholic agitation in England consequent upon the appointment of Cardinal Wiseman to the See of Westminster broke out, Mr. Sheil was appointed minister plenipotentiary at the court of Florence, where he died in 1851, and was buried in the church of San Michele. But his body was removed to Ireland in the following year, when it was proposed to place him beside O'Connell in Glasnevin Cemetery; but Mrs. Sheil preferred that his grave be made in the family burial-ground that she might share it.

Although it is sad to reflect that the brilliant reputation of Sheil was to some extent tarnished by the vacillations of the latter portion of his career, yet his name will be always held in honor as a brilliant orator, an able lawyer, a fervent practical Catholic in days when adherence to the faith was a bar to the social and political advancement which his talents would otherwise have secured, and as a sincere lover of his country. He was not the least brilliant of that galaxy of Irish celebrities—orators, statesmen, and patriots—which illuminated the latter part of the eighteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth century; men of various positions and talents, and who advocated sometimes different modes of action, but who all in their respective spheres, and according to their various opinions, endeavored to raise Ireland from the position in which she had been placed by the infamous penal laws.

THE SARACENS IN EUROPE.

MANY persons confound the Saracens and the Turks. This is a mistake, and yet a mistake that is very easily fallen into by persons who are unfamiliar with history. Both those peoples have the same religion, they overran the same countries, and nearly always occupied a similar relation to Europe and Asia. Yet they are of entirely different origin, and this difference is strongly marked in their respective characters and histories.

The meaning of the word Saracen is somewhat uncertain. Some derive it from *Sara*, a desert; others from *Sarak*, to plunder; others from *Sarah*, from whom certain Arab tribes claim to have descended; and others from *Sharak*, meaning rising or orient, and from this an Eastern people. Whatever be the origin of the word, in its strict and proper meaning it designates the Arabian followers of Mohammed. By degrees it came to be applied to the Mohammedans of other countries.

The flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, commonly called the *Hegira*, and his recognition as a prophet by the people of the latter city, is the event from which the rise of the Saracenic empire is dated. This took place in July, 622. Mohammed himself lived only ten years after this; and during those ten years his conquests were confined to the Arabian peninsula. His successors made more extensive conquests. Persia, Syria, and Egypt soon became subject provinces. Fifteen years after the Hegira the Holy City of Jerusalem was invested by Moslem forces, and accepted their summons to surrender. The empire of Persia, which had successfully resisted the Romans and the Græco-Romans, succumbed to their arms. So with Syria and Egypt. Conquest was rapidly added to conquest. In the short space of twenty-five years the empire of the Saracens extended in Asia from the Indus to the Mediterranean, and in Africa from the Red Sea to the Atlantic Ocean. Forty-six years after the Hegira the Saracens were besieging Constantinople, and before a hundred years had expired they had overrun Spain, passed the Pyrenees and invaded France. Southern France succumbed to their power. Their armies had swept over Gascony, Burgundy, and Aquitania, and were encamped in the valley of the Loire.

From thence northward to the highlands of Scotland, and eastwardly across all Germany to the confines of Poland, there was no greater distance to be traversed, and no greater obstacles to be surmounted, than what the Saracens had already overcome in their advance from Africa into the heart of France. As for Italy it lay almost at their feet.

Such was the situation, and for one who looks at it from a merely human point of view, it seems as though the chances were even of Europe remaining Christian or becoming Mohammedan. Indeed, they seem to have inclined to the side of the Saracens. They were flushed with victory, eager for new conquests, united by a single purpose, which was to extend their dominion. All of Eastern and Northern Europe was still a wilderness, inhabited only by savage pagan tribes. The Christian peoples of Central and Western Europe were only beginning to emerge from the troubles and confusion resulting from the migrations, invasions, and devastations of Eastern and Northern barbarians. They were not consolidated into kingdoms, but were mostly

split up into dukedoms and petty principalities, often at war with, and always jealous of, each other. Italy, exhausted by repeated foreign invasions and intestine conflicts, was at that time mainly under the rule of the Lombards, who were in no position to aid others, having as much as they could do to maintain themselves. The Eastern or Greek Empire, already beginning to decay, was barely able to keep the Moslems out of Constantinople.

At this time the chair of St. Peter was occupied by the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory III. Regarding with the solicitude of a father, as St. Peter's successors ever have and ever will, the interests of civilization and religion, he saw the impending danger, and wrote to Charles Martel, who was then the virtual king of the Franks, under the title of Mayor of the Palace, and urged him to oppose the Mussulman invaders.

Like a prudent and skilful soldier Charles Martel, knowing the enormous numbers and immense resources of the foe he had to meet, first made all possible preparation. Several months were spent by him in collecting troops from every available quarter. All through the summer of 732 Frank clarions and German trumpets were blowing in Northern France, and along the Rhine, and throughout Germany, summoning vassals and retainers to the standards of their feudal superiors. The impenetrable marshes of the North Sea and the wildest recesses of the Black Forest poured forth hosts of gigantic yellow-haired, half-naked soldiers, rushing forward to reinforce the steel-clad knights and men of arms of Normandy and Austrasia, and along with them do battle for the Cross against the Crescent.

It was a solemn moment. If Charles Martel were defeated there would be no other human force to oppose Mohammedanism, Islam was face to face with the last human bulwark of Christianity. After the Visigoths of Spain there had remained the peoples of Gascony, Aquitania, and Burgundy. After they were defeated there still remained the Franks. But the Franks defeated, there would remain nothing. The Anglo-Saxons were pent in their little island, were scarcely removed from the condition of savages, were divided against each other, and were weakened and wasted by constant conflicts. The condition of Italians and of Greeks we have already described. From them no help could be expected. The army of Charles Martel, therefore, might properly be styled the army of Christendom. The battle it was about to fight would be fought in defence of Christianity. If that army were defeated there would be no human power to prevent the whole world falling under the sway of the followers of the false prophet.

What the result to mankind would have been is easily imagined. Instead of Rome being the source of light and the promoter of civilization to Europe, at that time just beginning to emerge from the confusion caused by the influx of barbarian peoples, and cultivating the seeds of a new Christian civilization which had been planted by the Church on the ruins of the old pagan civilization—instead of this beneficial progress, Europe would have received the impress of Mohammedanism, and have looked, not to Rome, but to Cordova and Bagdad for its religion, its knowledge, and its laws. Mediæval civilization would have been strangled in its infancy, and France, Germany, and England would have taken the type and character of their civilization, if they became civilized at all, from Arabia, Persia, Egypt, and Mohammedan Spain.

On one side were gathered forces from Spain, Mauritania, Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and Persia; on the other, the Franks and Germans. For a whole week the hostile armies con-

templated each other with looks of terror and hate. They must have presented a striking contrast. On the one side dark, slight built, but sinewy men, capable of enduring any amount of fatigue, careless of death in battle, believing it would be a sure entrance into a paradise of terrestrial delights, armed with bows and javelins, lances and scimitars; on the other, tall, broad-shouldered, ruddy-cheeked, fair-haired men, armed with swords, axes, and ponderous spears, looking forward to the conflict in which they were about to engage, not without apprehension, for they knew the prowess of their foes, and could see they were vastly superior in numbers; yet courageously determined to meet the danger, and conquer, if God would vouchsafe to them victory.

At length, on Saturday of the last week of October at daybreak, the Saracen forces deployed in order of battle upon the plain. Their commander, Abderahman, gave the signal for attack. The Mohammedans first poured a deadly shower of arrows upon the Christian army, and then their cavalry fell like a hurricane upon it. The closed lines of the Christians received and withstood the shock. They remained firm and motionless as a wall of marble or a rampart of ice. Twenty times the Saracens recoiled from that wall of marble-like men, and twenty times they hurled themselves against it. At length, towards the close of the day, Eudes, king of Aquitania, who had been defeated but not subjugated by the Saracens, and had joined the remnant of his forces to those of Charles Martel, turned the flank of the Mohammedans. Charles Martel then gave the signal to charge. The men of marble at once changed to giants full of life and fire. The rampart of ice became an avalanche that bore down all before it. The Saracen array was pierced and broken into fragments. Abderahman and the flower of his army perished, cut to pieces with the swords or crushed by the axes of the Christian host.

The victory was complete. The shattered remnants of the Mohammedan forces fled under cover of night, leaving behind them their camp and equipage. In all the churches of Italy and France Te Deums were chanted in thanksgiving for this deliverance, and a special messenger was dispatched by Charles Martel to the Sovereign Pontiff, announcing to him the victory, and attributing it to the blessing he had bestowed upon the Christian arms.

Beyond this point we shall not follow the history of the Saracens in Southwestern Europe. They retreated behind the Pyrenees, and, though they maintained possession of the finest portions of Spain for several centuries, their power gradually declined and that of the Christians increased, until they were first entirely subdued and then expelled from Spain, in the fifteenth century, by Ferdinand of Arragon.

It may not be amiss here to correct a mistake which very commonly prevails as to the relation of the Saracens to the progress of science, literature, and art, and of civilization generally. It is quite fashionable to represent that the Saracens, particularly those of Persia and Spain, gave a great impulse to literature and science, particularly to the mathematical sciences and philosophy.

This is a great mistake, and is based upon an extremely superficial view of the subject. That the Saracens, in the first fervor of their religion and conquests, were in advance of the peoples of France, Germany, and England, as regards many branches of science, is true, but we must not be deluded by this fact into false conclusions. Islam civilization was not a forward movement of humanity, not a new development, but a retrogradation. Mohammedanism neither originated the cultivation its followers pos-

sessed in Spain and the East, nor did it lead to any permanent substantial advance of literature or of science among Mohammedans. The Arabians were not generally a barbarous people previous to the time of Mohammed. Excepting some degraded races which lived along the shores of the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean, the migratory tribes led a simple independent life, as they pastured their flocks and herds on fertile spots amid the desert, but they were neither ignorant nor savage. The inhabitants of the cities had some culture and as much knowledge prior to the establishment of the Saracen empire as they had at any time afterwards.

The Saracens originated nothing and improved nothing. In Arabia and Persia they had the advantage of the literature and civilization which had existed in Central Asia and India from the earliest times. This civilization, on the whole, was not inferior to that of Greece and Rome in their palmiest days. It differed widely from that, it is true, in some respects; particularly in regard to the political and the æsthetical sciences it was greatly inferior, but as regards many other sciences, and as respects culture of manners, it was vastly superior. The peoples of Southern Asia and of Egypt were certainly in advance of the Greeks and Romans as respects a knowledge of mathematics and mechanics and their kindred sciences, and had been so for ages before Solon became the lawgiver of Athens or Romulus traced the walls of Rome. So, too, as regards botany and chemistry, and as for philosophy, it is well known that the Greek philosophers are under extensive obligations to Egypt and Asia for the fundamental ideas of their systems.

The ruins recently exhumed upon the plains of Mesopotamia furnish incontestable evidence that ages before the Saracens founded their empire, before our Divine Lord was born of the Blessed Virgin at Bethlehem, before the foundations of the Temple were laid upon Mount Moriah, before Moses was found a weeping infant among the rushes along the Nile, before Abraham departed from the land of Horan, peoples in Central or Southern Asia knew and practiced methods of computation which in their extreme exactness would put our modern arithmetic to shame, and that in many other sciences, among which we specify that of mechanics, they were far advanced. It has been customary to speak of the peoples of those far-distant ages as ignorant. We have fallen into this habit because we adopt without reflection the theories of infidels, who imagine that man started as a savage and gradually grew into all the knowledge he now possesses. The theory is false and is utterly disproved by history and by recent discoveries.

A reference or two to universally acknowledged facts will make this clear. We have all read of the hanging gardens of Nineveh, and of its broad and lofty walls; of the manner in which Babylon was fortified; of its splendid palaces; of the wide and deep canal, walled with solid masonry, by which the Euphrates was conducted through the city; of the diversion of that river from its course by Cyrus, and of the immense works constructed in Egypt to control and equalize the inundations of the Nile and irrigate vast districts of country.

Now is it not self-evident that none of these works could have been constructed without thorough and exact knowledge of mathematics and mechanics. It requires civil engineers to plan and direct the construction of such works. As well expect the Sioux, under Sitting Bull, to erect in the Black Hills a palace that would outshine the Capitol at Washington, or to throw over the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers bridges superior to those which span

the Schuylkill, as imagine that ignorant people, mere barbarians, could construct the immense and elaborate works with which the most ancient cities of Asia were filled.

As regards Egypt, it is incontestable that, prior to the time of Moses, the physical sciences and the mechanical arts were industriously cultivated. They had exact weights and measures, understood working in wood and in metals, the arts of spinning, weaving, and embroidering, carving, and painting; and, as regards mechanics and engineering, they cut out of mountain cliffs masses of granite which it would strain all the resources of modern mechanical engineers to move. They transported those granite masses overland to the banks of the river Nile; they floated them hundreds of miles down that river, and then again transported them overland to their destined sites. The very stones which cap the Pyramids must have required engineering calculation and mechanical resources of which we now have no knowledge. The removal of the Krupp gun at our late Centennial Exposition from the vessel which brought it to Philadelphia, and the putting it in place, at our late Centennial Exposition, was a work of no little difficulty; yet that was nothing in comparison with the skill and labor which were required to elevate to twice the height of our highest steeples in America immense masses of stone, and place them on the top of those Pyramids, where they remain to this day, silently speaking, and adding their testimony to the countless other proofs, that at a date anterior to all authentic history, there were peoples in Egypt, as elsewhere in the Old World, who had knowledge, and could apply knowledge to purposes akin to those to which men apply it to-day.

As for India we will not enter into details, but simply say that the results of the study of Indian literature, industriously prosecuted of late years by European scholars, furnish incontestable proofs that in early ages the inhabitants of that land were neither savages nor ignorant, but were an intellectual people.

As for Asia Minor, its western portions especially, combined all the culture and knowledge of Phœnician civilization, and of that of Greece and Rome, and that, too, of the flower and bloom of their civilization, while Syria had these advantages, and anterior to them it had all that Phœnicia, Egypt, and Persia could impart.

Now, the Arabians had these peoples as their nearest neighbors, and were in constant communication with them. They had, therefore, the fullest opportunity of profiting by whatever of knowledge, or of art, or of industrial or æsthetical civilization, those countries possessed. Yet, after the establishment of the Saracenic empire, or previous to it, the Arabians were not savages, it is true, but they made no real advance upon their previous condition, and after a time they retrograded.

Great account is made in fiction and popular histories of the literature of the Saracens, of the colleges they established in Spain, Persia, and Bucharia, of the munificent patronage extended by the Caliphs to learning. But it is all an illusion, created by the glamour which popular writers, like Washington Irving or Sir Walter Scott, have thrown around these subjects, or to the suppression of some facts and the exaggeration of others, of which more solid writers, but enemies of Christianity, are guilty.

The actual facts are simply these: The Saracens originated nothing, as we have already said, and, we may add, improved nothing. They were mere imitators, and never advanced any branch of knowledge they received from other peoples.

Their poetry is fashioned after that of the Persians, and is no improvement upon it. Their architecture is

a mixture of Persian and of the Romano-Greek, and is no improvement. Their philosophy is nothing more than a rehash of more ancient systems. They translated Aristotle, and professors in their colleges in Spain lectured upon him, but no real scholar now attaches the slightest value to their Aristotelian commentaries or lectures. The Saracens cultivated mathematics, botany, chemistry, astronomy, and medicine, but there is no evidence that they advanced those sciences. They received them from other peoples, and they failed to perpetuate them amongst themselves, and to hand them down to the peoples who succeeded them in the countries which continued under Mussulman rule.

It is a simple fact, and one of no little significance, that notwithstanding the accounts, real or fabulous, which have come down to us, and which are constantly repeated by writers of fictions or superficial historians, of the immense libraries gathered by Saracenic patrons of literature, there is not extant a single book, nor even the title of any work of solid value on any subject whatever. The poetry and philosophy and legislation of Greece and Rome are still studied. Scholars find treasures of great value in the poetry and philosophy of ancient India. The Christian literature of the earliest ages of the Church, when Christians had to hide in the catacombs or take refuge in deserts, is of real and permanent value; and the subsequent writings of Christians, even in the rudest and darkest ages of European history, when the old civilization had been utterly destroyed, and barbarous tribes were still impeding the re-establishment of order and civilization—are still referred to and studied, and furnish valuable materials for advancing history, philosophy, and theology; but as for the historical, the scientific, or the philosophic literature of the Saracens, no one cares to examine it, except as a matter of mere amusement, or to gratify antiquarian curiosity. No one ever dreams of finding anything of value among its remains. You would search in vain for a single important treatise on any branch of the knowledge which the Saracens received from other nations.

As regards government they started with nothing, and continue to this day, where Saracenic rule prevails, with nothing beyond a rude despotism, pure and simple. If the Caliph or Soldan had regard to right, justice, or mercy in his administration of public affairs, it was simply because he chose to do it; if his tyranny became unbearable there was but one way of escape from it,—that of killing him. He was a despot and his subjects were all slaves, from the grand vizier at his side to the lowest camel-driver and menial. The Saracens had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with better systems of government, but they failed to profit by those opportunities.

The religion of Mohammed was a mixture of fragments of Christianity and Judaism—a compound of different heresies, and in many respects worse than any of them separately. The Koran resuscitated ancient fatalism in its worst form, and sanctified sensuality. It made woman the slave of man, the mere instrument of his lust, and still worse, if possible, it made her a mere animal, denying to her the possession of an immortal soul and an entrance into the Mohammedan paradise after death.

In no sense, therefore, was Mohammedanism an advance of humanity, but in every respect a retrogradation. Europe would never, humanly speaking, have advanced in civilization, had Charles Martel and the Franks been defeated, and the arms of the Saracens triumphed in the valley of the Loire; but the peoples of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and probably those of England, would have been what the peo-

ples of Bulgaria and Wallachia are and have been for centuries. Indeed, they would never have advanced so far. For those peoples have been at times under Christian rule, and have felt and been impelled forward by the influences of Christian civilization.

The conflict, therefore, between the Saracens and the Franks, on the field of Tours, in 732, virtually decided the question, whether Europe should receive a Christian civilization or be handed over to the errors and stagnation which here everywhere characterized countries under Saracenic rule.

In this sketch we have made no reference to the hostile movements of the Saracens against the countries bordering upon the Black Sea and the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea, then forming portions of the Greek empire. The Saracens incessantly harassed these countries. They became a naval power, and their piratical vessels preyed upon the commerce of the Mediterranean, and their fleets made frequent descents upon the coasts of Italy and Epirus, and even threatened Constantinople. They ravaged the islands of the Archipelago and the Eastern Mediterranean, conquered Crete and Sicily, made a lodgment in Italy, and would have acquired possession of Rome but for the prudence and heroism of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo IV. The Greek empire had declined in power, but had not yet fallen to the miserable and despicable condition to which afterwards it sank. The Saracens would probably have overrun all its provinces, and even taken Constantinople, its capital, as the Turks did subsequently, but for the frequent dissensions and revolutions among themselves, and the heavy drains upon their forces, made by the wars which were constantly waged against them by the Christian peoples of Southern and Western Europe.

FOREBODINGS.

Snow through the valley drifteth drearily,
And snow enshroudeth all the hills to-night;
O'er wastes of snow winds wander wearily,
And snow-clouds threatening shut the stars from sight.

There broodeth o'er my heart a heavy dread,
Colder and drearer than the sullen snow;
And darker than the dim clouds overhead,
As the night deepeneth, my forebodings grow.

If I could only tell my fears in words,
Or to my dear ones picture them to-night,
They would fly from my heart as dismal birds
Fly from the coming of the holy light.

But who hath lived and loved, and never known
Some fears so much his own that none could share them;
Some griefs that must be hidden,—borne alone;
All earthly aid too weak to help him bear them?

So, veiled, my pitying God, from all save Thee,
I guard my sad forebodings—friends would chide them;
But thou remember'st thy Gethsemane,
And in thy loving heart thou bid'st me hide them.

MARTIN GUERRE.

A STRANGE CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

It might be supposed that personal identity was a matter little liable to mistake. Cases of personal resemblance, such as would deceive a number of persons at once, and for a length of time, are very rare. Brothers and sisters are sometimes so alike, that they must be confronted in order to be distinguished, but we feel pretty sure that we should soon find out an impostor if we could catechize and cross-examine him. Yet it is sometimes difficult to dispose of bits of evidence adduced in favor of actual impostors. Hardly any one of the false Dauphins, claiming to be the son of Louis XVI, but had his adherents, and there are still little fragments of unexplained testimony militating against the belief that Louis XVII died in the Temple.

The story of the false Martin Guerre is to be found in the first volume of the French collection of the *Causes Célèbres*, and seems to prove that even the evidence as to personal identity which would appear most convincing should be received with caution, and that the persuasion of individuals, in any particular case, should not be allowed to outweigh solid proof of any other kind.

One day, towards the close of the sixteenth century, the little town of Artignes, in the south of France, was thrown into a state of great excitement, by the rumored reappearance of one of its former inhabitants, who had quitted the place eight years before, and of whom nothing had been heard since he had been tempted to steal some of his father's corn, and fled in fear of the theft being discovered. The old man, however, left him his heir, and Pierre, the young man's uncle, managed the property in his nephew's absence. On hearing of his return, every one hurried to the house where the wife of this man resided, a young and beautiful woman, who had passed the time of her temporary widowhood in the strictest retirement; and there, to the satisfaction of all, was the missing Martin Guerre. The long-parted couple were visited and congratulated. Every one recognized Martin. He was barely twenty when he left Artignes, and there was just the change which eight years might have made in him, but no more—features, voice, manner, all were the same, and it was very pleasant in the old town, when old pranks were recalled, former jests laughed over, and the half-forgotten escapades of his boyish days brought to memory. Martin Guerre had always been a favorite, and had apparently come back as good a fellow as ever. Bertrande, his wife, was full of happiness at her husband's return, and there were other relations—four sisters, two of them married, who, with the brother-in-law and an uncle, Pierre Guerre, received the new-comer without a shadow of doubt.

Three years passed. Bertrande had a little daughter, the family harmony was unbroken, when a soldier from Rochefort passed through Artignes, and strange stories began to be whispered. This man had been heard to say that Martin Guerre, whom he knew perfectly, was in Flanders; that he had a wooden leg; and that the fellow who had usurped his name and his rights was a villain and an impostor.

But the soldier and his motives were unknown; his tale was improbable; for what hindered the real Martin Guerre from coming home

to claim his property and his wife? Yet the story produced an effect on Bertrande. She secretly summoned the man before a notary, and had his deposition taken down in writing. It was as if some doubt had entered her mind; but she made no change in her conduct, and continued to treat the man as her husband, whom she had, for so long a time, considered such. Her position was a painful one.

The next event in the Guerre family was a tremendous quarrel between the uncle and nephew. Three years had passed, and Pierre constantly put off giving up the statement of accounts demanded. High words followed; and, in the end, the uncle gratified his vengeance by getting Martin into the prison of Toulouse, in consequence of another quarrel he had got into. Pierre now tried to get Bertrande to acknowledge that she had been the victim of an imposture, but without success.

"Who could know her husband," she said, "so well as herself? The prisoner at Toulouse was either Martin Guerre or the devil in his shape." The rich man of the family, Jean Loze, being applied to by Pierre to advance money for legal proceedings against the impostor, replied that Martin Guerre was his relation, and, if he advanced money, it should be to defend him against his enemies.

In due time, Martin's term of imprisonment ended, and Bertrande received him affectionately on his return home; yet, the next morning, the indefatigable Pierre, with four sons-in-law, was seen coming out of Bertrande's house with Martin as their prisoner. He was lodged in the jail at Rieux, and it was soon known that these insolent proceedings were taken by the wife's authority, who was at last bringing an action against her husband as an impostor. Yet she sent money and clothes to him in the prison. She seems to have been unable to make up her mind positively; and it seems clear that her signature, authorizing the capture, was extorted by threats and violence, used by those five men against a timid woman.

Now began one of the strangest of *causes célèbres*. The accusers charged the *soi-disant* Martin Guerre with being really a certain Arnold Tilh, a native of Sagias. His defence was simple and straightforward. He stated that after the quarrel with his father he led a roving life, and associated with different persons, all of whom he named. He had been in the King's service in France seven years, then had run away to Spain and made his way home as soon as he knew that he could do so safely. Friends, sisters, wife, every one in Artignes had recognized him, and received him with open arms. That his wife was on the side of his accusers was clearly because she was under compulsion. She had lived with him happily and without a shadow of suspicion for three years. Pierre's motives were only too plain; they were revenge and self-interest, and he had been heard by people in Artignes to vow vengeance against his nephew. The accused demanded that his wife should be removed from Pierre's influence and placed under the protection of unbiassed persons. This was granted, and, in addition, a *monitoire* was issued commanding every one who knew anything of the affair to come forward under pain of excommunication. The result was a most triumphant confirmation of every statement of the accused. Further, his answers were completely satisfactory to every question addressed to him. He gave correctly every particular as to his parents, his birthplace, his marriage, the priest who officiated at the ceremony, and even described the dress and conduct of some of the guests. Bertrande was separately examined on all these points, and the answers of the two tallied exactly. As many as one hundred and fifty witnesses gave their evidence. About sixty declared that

the resemblance between Martin Guerre and Arnold Tilh was so remarkable that they refused to say which of the two stood before them; from thirty to forty said decidedly that the accused was Martin, and about fifty more, equally positive, that he was Arnold. On the question of family likeness, Martin's son was pronounced to bear no resemblance to the prisoner, while Guerre's four sisters were found each as like her supposed brother "as two eggs." The decision of the judge at the close of the trial was against the prisoner, and he was sentenced to death. The prisoner appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse, and a new trial was granted. As Bertrande de Ross was to be a decisive witness, if the inquiries into her character proved satisfactory, these were very exactly made. All bore testimony to her blameless life and virtuous character. Would she have lived with the prisoner for three years, unless she had been firmly convinced he was her husband? The supposed husband and wife were confronted. His manner was frank, assured, and fearless; hers, confused, fluttering, and uncertain. He boldly charged her to tell the truth; to say whether he was, or was not, her husband. He would have no judge but herself, and was ready to suffer the punishment if she were prepared to affirm on oath that he was not Martin Guerre. She replied that she "would neither swear it nor believe it." This evasive reply seemed to strengthen the cause of the prisoner, but the judge hesitated to decide. Another inquiry began. Eighty of the former witnesses were selected, of whom nine or ten confirmed, and seven or eight denied, the assertion of the accused; the rest remained neutral. The result was an increase of perplexity. There was more than sufficient reason for believing that the prisoner was Martin Guerre, and quite as much for declaring him an impostor.

The great point to be proved by his accusers was that the person in question was Arnold Tilh. Arnold was irreligious, dishonest, unscrupulous, a drunkard and gambler. The likeness between him and Martin Guerre was so remarkable that nothing was easier than to mistake one for the other. His apparent knowledge of facts, which could only be known to Martin Guerre, merely proved that he had laid his plans very well, and informed himself exactly of all these particulars. No one ever thought of charging Bertrande with complicity in the plot.

Among the witnesses who spoke positively to the prisoner, Arnold Tilh, was one who swore that he had admitted this to him in confidence; two deposed that they had recognized him. Guerre was a Biscayan, but the accused did not know the Basque dialect. The shoemaker employed by Martin Guerre swore that his number was twelve, while that of the prisoner was nine. Then the uncle of Tilh burst into tears on seeing him in chains; a strong evidence, as his recognition must be the ruin of his nephew.

Here was strong evidence; but, strange to say, that on the opposite side was equally convincing, and the latter witnesses had known Martin Guerre from childhood, while the others had, for the most part, only seen Tilh at different times and in casual interviews. There were one or two of the witnesses who, at first, were not sure whether the person was their old friend or not, and whom he convinced of the fact by reminding them of circumstances which could be known only to them and to Martin Guerre. He addressed them all by name, and varied his manner to Martin's intimate friends according to the degrees of intimacy which had subsisted. Could the cleverest impostor play a part so faultlessly? and who could have been his teacher? Either Bertrande—and she was above suspicion—or

Martin himself. And how could Martin have imbued him with his tastes, his ways of thinking, and all the little familiarities which individualize a character?

The slight personal dissimilarities which had been commented on were explained by the difference of age. He had grown much stouter; he had corrected his old slouching gait. Martin had a peculiar growth of the nail of one finger, a scar on the forehead, a blood-mark on the left eye—all of which were found on the prisoner.

As he left Biscay when only two months old his ignorance of the language was easily accounted for. No one had ever heard Martin Guerre speak it. Arnold had lived a virtuous and steady life since his return, such as could hardly have been that of a previously worthless and dissipated character.

Never was evidence more equally balanced, nor public opinion more equally divided. The universal expectation was that a favorable view of the prisoner's case would be taken, when a new actor appeared upon the stage,—the true Martin Guerre, the husband of Bertrande de Ross, witness and accuser at the same time. He was received suspiciously in spite of his wooden leg, and taken into custody. Things looked odd. Might not Piérre Guerre have started this new claimant.

His examination was not satisfactory. His answers were indeed correct, but the other claimant had replied more positively; and, when Arnold respectfully begged permission to question the man himself, a war of words ensued, in which the wooden-legged man used language of much violence, while the other preserved the composure which is supposed to proceed from a good conscience. All this may easily be accounted for if we place ourselves in the position of the respective parties.

Fresh witnesses, now called Arnold Tilh's brothers, were summoned to appear in court, but nothing would prevail on them to do so. Then the new claimant was confronted with the Guerre family. The elder sister was the first to enter the court. For a minute or two she gazed on him fixedly, then she threw herself on his breast, weeping passionately, calling him by his name and imploring forgiveness. Her brother was no less agitated, embraced her affectionately, and freely forgave her error. The scene carried conviction to all. The other sisters were equally satisfied that this was really their brother; and all the other witnesses, even those who had been most positive, agreed that they had been deceived by the extraordinary resemblance, but that this was beyond a doubt Martin Guerre at last.

And now came poor Bertrande's turn. Every one felt for the pale, beautiful woman, who stood trembling at her door, as her eye fell on the stranger, for whose appearance she was, of course, quite unprepared. Her features became convulsed with emotion, and, with a wild cry, she fell at his feet, praying, with heart-rending sobs, to be forgiven. Her beauty and distress touched all hearts but his; he had pitied and easily forgiven his sisters, but to his wife he remained inexorable. He could neither believe her nor forgive her, he said. It was impossible for a wife to mistake a stranger for her husband; she, and she alone, was the cause of the misery and dishonor which had befallen his house.

Arnold Tilh, whose identity was fully proved, made a confession before his death, and explained the story of his deception. He and Martin Guerre had been companions-in-arms, and he had learned from him much concerning his wife, his house, and circumstances, by which he determined to profit, and to accept the situation when he found people addressing him as Martin Guerre on his return to his old neigh-

borhood; and, by clever management, soon contrived to know quite enough of his friend's past life for the purposes he desired.

On the 12th September, 1560, Arnold Tilh was sentenced to death by the Parliament of Toulouse, and on the 16th he paid the penalty of his crime. He was hanged before Martin Guerre's door, having begged pardon of him and his wife, with every sign of true contrition and penitence.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

It is one of the most suggestive and important truths which science has embodied in the faith of philosophy, that space itself is not more "infinite" than are the sphere, number, and complexity of those unseen influences which affect the condition of the earth both as a planet and as a home and focus of sentient life. Astronomical research has thus before it an absolutely boundless field of discovery, which, in the course of ages, it is invited and encouraged to traverse; yet, may we not estimate its progress by the space it embraces, or its completeness by the range of the telescope; for their very haste to mark and note the prominent phenomena of the wide universe has prompted men to overlook the more obscure though powerful influences, which thicken the more closely they surround us, and it surely avails little that the color and place of stars and nebulosities are known, while those multiform agencies which centre in the sun and focate in the earth itself, are as yet unacknowledged, except in the infinite variety of their results.

The telescope with its present powers has indeed sketched out a wide region for patient observation and study, to be extended only when optical science shall afford some new, unthought of contribution to the means and appliances of sight; and astronomers have fitly left off for a time idly recounting the stars, and indulging in vague speculations on what is beyond their ken, for the better purpose of examining minutely those phenomena which lie within the range, though their causes may be beyond the scope of distinct vision. Such agencies have hitherto been too commonly regarded as insignificant in comparison with more brilliant discoveries, but extending research every day gives further proof of their intimate relations to the condition and destiny of our mother earth.

We might instance the study of the laws of heat, light, magnetism, etc., as affording most important additions and aids to a science of which "astronomy" is an inadequate title; but in this paper we shall confine our attention to certain results of direct observation that promise to demonstrate many remarkable relations between the physical condition of the sun and that of the earth, and which continue to gain increasing interest, not only for astronomers, but for all intelligent men.

Day by day, at the principal observatories in Europe and America, is the appearance of the sun anxiously watched, and the spots which often mottle much of its surface carefully mapped out, and even photographed. And, indeed, their *utility* recommends such observations; for gravitation, as we vaguely understand it, is not the only link which

binds our planet to the sun; and we have yet to learn how much the development and present condition of the earth are due to the action of those thermal, magnetic, and chemical influences, which we have every reason to believe are intimately involved in its very existence and entire cosmical relations.

Before recounting the results of sun spot observations, we may remark the difficulty of tracing at a distance of ninety-five millions of miles, and on a visible disk having a diameter of little more than half a degree, the condition and appearances of a body whose diameter is more than one hundred times, and surface twelve thousand times, greater than those of the earth.

It is more than two centuries and a half since sun-spots were discovered, and known to reappear. The discovery is usually assigned to Galileo, whose first work on the subject, *Epistolæ ad Valserum de Maculis Solaribus*, is dated 1612; but the claims of the Tuscan artist may in this respect be fairly disputed in favor of Fabricius, whose treatise, *De Maculis in Sole Observatis*, was written at Wittenberg in June, 1611. Hariot, in England, published his observations in December, 1611; and Scheiner, a Jesuit of Ingolstadt, made some important discoveries early in 1612. Even before this time, spots on the sun had been observed by the naked eye, for Kepler is known to have mistaken one for a transit of Mercury.

Nor is it to be wondered at that these spots have not unfrequently been distinguished by the eye, when we consider the enormous dimensions of some of them. Pastorff observed one which he found to be 46,000 miles in length, and 27,960 broad; and Mayer, in 1758, saw one whose diameter was upwards of 45,000 miles, having an area greater than thirty times the entire surface of the earth. Now, it may easily be calculated that a circle at the distance of the solar surface, having a diameter of *one second* of arc, has a diameter of 460 miles, and contains 167,000 square miles; and such an area would form a distinct speck, the smallest that can be seen as such. Yet spots of an area greater than *a thousand millions* of square miles have been recorded; and these having a diameter of a minute and a half, or about one-twenty-second that of the solar disk, must have been distinctly visible to all eyes under a clear atmosphere. Even the *nuclei*, or dark central parts, the cavities through which, according to Sir William Herschel, we see the body of the sun laid bare, are sometimes of enormous extent; "so large," says one astronomer, "that the earth could pass clean through such a hole without coming within five thousand miles of either side."

In shape, as in size, these spots are extremely irregular.

The outer portion, at least, of the sun is frequently in a state of commotion, to which the most terrific storm at sea suggests only the faintest possible conception. This appears to be extremely probable, both from the motions of the spots, and from the existence of those *red flames*, which, during a total eclipse, have been observed to project from all sides of the sun sometimes to a height of 40,000 miles. That the photosphere, or external luminous envelope, is in a continual state of undulation, is also indicated by those flashing patches of light called *luculi*, which have been observed in all regions of the sun's disk, giving an unequally shaded appearance to its surface, and producing an impression like that from the waves of the glistening sea.

The spots, however, are entirely confined to a belt of one hundred degrees within fifty degrees north and south of the sun's equator.

A single spot, as it appears under the telescope, consists usually of an irregularly shaped patch of at least

three distinctly separated degrees of shading. The central is the darkest, called the nucleus. The umbra forms a broad indented margin to the nucleus; and the penumbra, of a still slighter tint, surrounds the whole. Spots are frequently collected in groups; and so many as eighty distinct spots have sometimes been counted in a single group. Some spots appear to have two nuclei, and in others this singular change is observed in progress. They become bridged across by an embankment and ridges of the matter of the photosphere, and having a feathered appearance in one direction.

In the neighborhood of spots, and confined within the same limits of latitude, are certain remarkable streaks, brighter than the ordinary surface, which have been named faculæ. Some of these waves, whatever they may be, have a feathered appearance, and though seldom straight, have been observed to extend 40,000 miles, with a breadth of forty miles. They move in the same direction, and with the same velocity as the spots themselves; and this fact tends strongly to confirm the inference, that the motion and reappearance of the spots indicate a true and determinate rotation of the solar orb in that direction.

Besides a generally uniform passage, at the rate of about 4000 miles per hour across the sun's disk, the spots are observed to have certain *proper* motions of their own, which at first sight seem to interfere with their general rotary velocity. Mr. Dawes observed a large spot which revolved round its centre in twelve days; and M. Laugier, of Paris, calculated the proper motion of certain irregularly moving spots to be (independently of the high velocity due to the solar rotation already referred to) at the rate of 247 miles per hour. Mr. Carrington attributes such proper motion to the tendency of groups of spots to recede from each other.

Spots also change in shape and size, and their duration varies from a few days to three or four months. Some appear to start into existence while you examine the solar disk, and others to fade away. Many are formed and then die out within a single transit, which lasts a fortnight. Others reappear during three revolutions of the sun, though seldom oftener.

The manner of the rise and obliteration of sun-spots is curious, and is the basis of Professor Wilson's original hypothesis of their being actual cavities. When one is being formed, the umbra appears before the penumbra; and in evanescence, the nucleus and umbra seem to get filled up irregularly, and crossed by faculous ridges. The penumbra is finally encroached upon by darting masses of incandescent matter, and is replaced by the general brightness of the photosphere.

Concerning the nature of these spots, it is a suggestion as old as Maupertuis, that they are masses of the floating unconsumed scum of the incandescent fluid. Lalande supposed them to be protuberances from the interior, standing out from the solar surface like our rock islands from the sea; but the foreshortening of the nearest edges as they recede towards the sun's eastern limb, disproves this hypothesis; and it is even stated, on good authority, that the great spot of 1719 was seen as a notch on the sun's edge.

The explanation most widely accepted, especially since the time of the elder Herschel, is that they are cavities in the elastic solar atmosphere. This "discovery" is due to Professor Alexander Wilson, of Glasgow, who, in 1774, observed the foreshortening of their nearest edges, and who thence advanced the opinion, that they were holes in the sun's atmosphere, caused by masses of elastic fluid escaping volcanically from the fiery globe underneath, and thus, not only laying bare the sun's surface in the central nucleus, but also,

by increasing expansion, causing that widening in their course which might account for the appearance of umbræ and penumbræ. Mr. Dawes states, in confirmation of a similar hypothesis, that the inner edges of the umbræ and penumbræ appear to be massed and tilted up, as if by the action of elastic gas in escaping from the interior.

A fourth hypothesis, accepted by many eminent physicists, seeks at once to account for the spots and to explain the genesis of solar heat—the latter a hitherto unsolved or rather unattempted problem.

Of the existence of countless meteoric stones revolving round the sun, even at a distance of more than ninety millions of miles, we have ample evidence in their periodic appearance in the middle of August and of November, when the path of the earth traverses their belt. Now, it is supposed that such meteorolites, near the sun, within and constituting the "zodiacal light," are continually getting entangled in their perihelion passage in the solar atmosphere; and that thus being "licked up" by the central attraction out of their *elliptical* paths, they form sun-spots during one or two revolutions, to be finally swallowed up by the all-devouring orb. It is further alleged, consistently with known physical laws, that the light and heat of the sun are maintained by and dependent upon this continual incidence of immense masses of meteoric matter.

Neither our space nor present purpose allows us to discuss the merits of this bold and comprehensive theory, further than, in passing, to satisfy the reader of its feasibility. We find that the spots are confined to the sun's equatorial zone, around which alone meteoric matter revolves in variously inclined planes; their motions, too, are various, and their prevalence periodic, and both these facts are accounted for by this theory. It has likewise been shown by Father Secchi, of Rome, one of the most eminent cultivators of experimental physics, that the emission of heat is greater from the equatorial belt than from the other parts of the sun's surface; and it has been found that, on an average, those years are the warmest in which a great number of sun-spots are observed. Nor need it be regarded as inconsistent with the nature of things that even among planets the higher forms of development should be maintained by the destruction of the lower, for the life and growth of every system involves the decay and change of individual forms.

Others, again, consider sun-spots to be analogous to our whirlwinds and cyclonic storms, and allege that, in looking at them, we look down into their rarefied central vortices, which, widening upwards towards the surface of the solar atmosphere, present the appearance of cavities. Sir William Herschel, in 1801, accounted for the distinctness with which the umbræ and penumbræ are separated by supposing that in these we see the rupture of successive strata differing in their densities. Whatever may be the character of such interior envelopes, Arago has satisfactorily proved that the outer photosphere is composed of inflamed gas; for he found that the rays from the sun's edge, which leave it at a small angle, are *not* polarized, as would be the case if they proceeded from either solid or liquid surfaces; whereas the light from inflamed gas is always in a natural condition at all angles of emission.

With regard to the direction and rate of motion of solar spots, it has been found that they move from west to east in conformity with the direction of the planets, and that the sun's equatorial plane thus indicated is inclined at an angle of seven degrees nine minutes to that of the ecliptic.

Owing to certain proper motions among themselves, the *time* of revolution of different spots is subject to slight variations; yet we may fairly infer that the sun revolves on its own

axis in 25⅓ days. Galileo, in 1612, found that a certain spot returned in 28 days; Fabricius, in his *Dialogus*, gives 27½ days; and Scheiner, in 1630, estimated the period at 27 days. These are *rough* observations, so we may allow two days for the earth's progress in the same direction as the spots during their revolution, and regard these three observations as giving respectively 26, 25½, and 25 days as the sidereal period of the sun's revolution. The following are periods of revolution assigned by eminent astronomers, that have been carefully deduced from numerous observations: Lalande gives 25.42 days; Delambre, 25.01; Cassini, 25.59; Boehm, 25.32; Laugier, 25.34.

Spots are seldom seen at the sun's equator, and never in the circumpolar regions; they usually occupy belts in each hemisphere between the parallels of ten degrees and twenty degrees of heliographical latitude. Mr. Carrington, who recently published elaborate results of eleven years' observations, has shown that the spots near the equator revolve in a shorter time than those of higher latitudes, and that this retardation of angular motion is subject to a law more or less definite. His formula gives 24.98 days as the sidereal period of rotation at the sun's equator, and 26.57 days at latitude thirty degrees, beyond which very few spots have been noticed in either hemisphere. Sir John Herschel considers it reasonable to suppose that the body of the sun rotates with a velocity equal to that of its photosphere at the equator, that is, in 25 days, and that the different rates of movement thus indicated in different regions of the solar atmosphere, together with known differences in temperature, are results from that general state of disturbance indicated by the proper motions of the spots and other phenomena. The same philosopher attributes the differences in the periods of the spots, and of the same spot in successive transits, to the different velocity of rotation proper to higher latitudes, and to the effects of the proper motion of a spot in altering its latitude. Thus, he says, the fact that a spot in 1857 was observed to revolve four times in periods of 25.46, 25.67, 25.83, and 26.23 days, is to be explained by the force of its proper motion driving it into higher latitudes.

Some of the most interesting facts regarding sun-spots relate to the periodicity of their prevalence. The region of spots is at times speckled all over for two or three days continuously; in other years, no spots are to be seen for many days.

Again, the degree of maxima and minima variations is subject to a marked increase at periods of fifty-six years—a fluctuation undoubtedly due, as Mr. Carrington suggests, to the action of the planets in certain positions, especially of Jupiter, on that belt of matter called the zodiacal light; and it is indeed to be regretted that the proposal of Major Jacob, to establish an observatory at Purandhur, in India, for simultaneous observations of sun-spots and the zodiacal light, has never been carried out. It was observed, and, we think, demonstrated, by General Sabine, that the fluctuations, in corresponding periods, of the amount of variation of the earth's magnetism are at least due to the same causes which produce the double variation we have mentioned in sun-spottedness.

Those induced currents of electricity in the upper and rarer strata of the atmosphere that are known as auroræ, have long been known to accompany certain earth-currents affecting our telegraphy, and certain states of the weather affecting our most intimate every-day interests; and it is a most remarkable fact that the numbers of auroræ and of sun-spots increase and diminish together.

But, before accepting as a fixed result in this splendid field of inquiry that the sun's influence is main-

tained and regulated by the waste and wear of that planetary system which it appears to sustain, we must await further research to trace more clearly the coördinate changes of the earth and sun, and be satisfied the while that thus, and through many other unthought-of media, is our present condition governed by influences which involve our destiny, and life and death perpetually harmonized.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE fires at Brooklyn and at Holyoke, with their fatal effects, and the numerous calamities only just averted by some lucky accident or the presence of mind of some person less nervous than the rest, has caused the Committee of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters to adopt the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That in the judgment of this committee the danger from fire in churches is becoming alarming by reason of the common use of scenery, elaborate decorations, and illuminations in church entertainments.

"*Resolved*, That we caution the officers of churches against the danger of vitiating their insurance by the introduction of hazards not contemplated by underwriters in the insurance of churches.

"*Resolved*, That we recommend making the following indorsement on policies insuring churches: 'It is understood and agreed, and is a warranty on the part of the assured, that no gathering shall be permitted in above insured building requiring the use of scenery or colored fires, and it is also understood and agreed that no decoration shall be placed nearer than one foot of an uncovered light.'"

We rejoice to see that some of the bishops have condemned the use of cheap and inflammable veils, draperies, and tinsel paper in too great abundance, and that there is an extensive alteration of church doors so that they can open outwards. Such precautions are called for by every consideration of prudence and humanity, and should be adopted without the slightest delay. Any moment the community may be startled from its propriety by some fearful calamity similar to that at Santiago, in Chili, some years ago.

THE statues of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and Archbishop Carroll, have arrived at Philadelphia to adorn the Centennial Fountain in Fairmount Park. That of Commodore Barry arrived and was placed in position last July, and when the large statue of Moses, which will be in the centre, arrives, and that of Father Mathew, the memorial of the great American Catholic patriots of the Revolution will be complete. The erection of this fountain was proposed by the Philadelphia Catholic Total Abstinence Union, which has borne most of the expense of its erection. When completed it will have cost $53,000, and will certainly be one of the handsomest, if not the handsomest, in the country. Considerable differences have existed among Catholics in regard to the propriety and expediency of this monument, and some have considered that a protectory or some institution of practical charity would have been more suitable. But the fountain has now gone so far that its completion is a matter of necessity, and as it is intended to honor the Catholic patriots and the temperance men of other States, and of Maryland in particular, it does certainly seem fair that the whole burden should not be left for Philadelphia to shoulder. A few generous donations from wealthy Catholics would be a great aid.

THE Treasurer of the Catholic Indian Mission Fund, Very Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet, has sent in his report, which embraces four years, from July, 1873, to December 1st, 1876. It states that the Ladies' Catholic Indian Missionary Association, founded October 28th, 1875, has been of essential aid. During one year this Association and its branches have raised $8,605.49. The report says: "A reference to the annual appropriations made by Congress for the support of schools at Catholic agencies, shows that for the year 1873 and for preceding years, eight thousand dollars was the highest aggregate sum thus given to such schools. By our personal efforts the appropriations for 1874, 75, and 76 have been increased from eight to fifteen thousand dollars per annum, making an annual aggregate gain of seven thousand dollars, or a total gain of twenty-one thousand dollars during the three years; all of which is unquestionably due mainly to the efforts of this Bureau. By means of these enlarged appropriations, and a timely assistance from our Mission Fund, we have been enabled to

open six new Indian Manual Labor Boarding Schools and several Day Schools, and to establish two very important and promising new Missions."

THE position of Catholics in British America is, for some reason or another, better than in this country. The system of education is better, Catholics are more frequently elected to offices of trust and honor, and fill them more creditably, and the influence of Catholics in politics and in society is greater. For example, the Mayor of Quebec is a Catholic, so also is the Mayor of Montreal. Of the three members that Montreal sends to the Dominion Parliament two are Catholics. The Mayor of Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, is also a Catholic, and so is its member. The Secretary of State and the Speaker of the House of Commons, and many of the Ministers are Catholics; and the Canadian Commission to the Philadelphia Exhibition consisted of four gentlemen, two of whom were Catholics.

BY common consent it is agreed that the people of the United States are suffering from some very grievous evils. The tone of political morality is confessedly low, crimes of startling magnitude occur with unpleasant frequency; defalcations and breaches of trust are constantly committed by the most educated persons; our divorce courts are very busy, and our Indian policy is a failure because we cannot find honest men to carry it out. Stock gambling abounds, capitalists form rings for the purpose of securing exorbitant profits, immense numbers of working people are starving, and Communism raises its head in Chicago and New York; while both our great political parties are unable or unwilling to apply suitable remedies to change this condition of things.

But stop a minute—we are wrong. On the contrary, both parties have come to an agreement on this subject, and "when they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful." They both agree that there must be no religion in the schools. They are both heartily of opinion that the boys and girls who will be mothers and fathers in the future, must receive no religious instruction, except they pick it up by accident. That is the sovereign panacea for our national ills, the remedy that will cure the diseases of the body politic. They seem to act on the supposition that the less people remember their Creator the better citizens they will be! 'Tis true that history never shows us any people without some religion. 'Tis true that a corrupt people like the Romans under the Empire, or like the Hindoos of all ages, are always found to be slaves. 'Tis true that every great and noble deed has been inspired by religion, and that every heroic and free people have always been religious in some shape or form. All this is true; but they say, in effect, perish the teachings of history, experience, and common sense, and let the nation go to ruin, so that we only save the children from being taught any dogma. For, even if the Catholics can train good citizens in their schools, which is admitted, they will believe in the Pope, in the Blessed Virgin, and in the Sacraments, and will go to confession, and these things are "sectarian" in the eyes of modern legislators. They think that faith is the "fly in the pot of ointment," and that even a very little of it vitiates the best education. So on no account will they aid Catholics to make good citizens, else these citizens will go to mass on Sundays, and to their duties once a month.

THE electoral bill, which was "rushed" through the Senate and the House so quickly and received the President's assent, is an attempt to meet the difficulty and calamity of a disputed presidential succession. It provides for the selection of five members of the Senate, five of the House, and four judges of the Supreme Court, who will select a fifth. To this joint commission and tribunal are to be referred all the questions that have arisen, and its decision is final.

The wisdom of this measure, and its convenience for meeting the present difficulty, has caused it to be hailed with approval by the candid men of all parties, and even extreme partisans have received it with cordiality, and have expressed themselves willing to abide by its decisions.

To parade on St. Patrick's Day or not, that is the question. A summary of the arguments for and against the parade may be interesting. On the one side it is said that parades show the strength of the Irish element in America; that they keep alive the memory of Ireland and her nationality when it would otherwise be forgotten; that the 17th of March is the only distinctively national holiday of the Irish people, and should be publicly honored by them as the 4th of July is by Americans; that such expense as it entails can be easily borne; that the Irish like a little excitement once a year, and that it is the custom, and has been for many years.

THE conference at Constantinople has broken up, the ambassadors have gone home, and Europe waits to see what Russia will do. That power, or rather the Czar and his advisers, seem a little uncertain, and not quite so bellicose as they were some time ago. The ominous spectre of socialism and com-

ies them, and mutterings of Poland serve to remind the too, has a Bulgaria in that

the clergy should take an active s is a question by no means so pears to be to some. Few, we I wish to see the clergy in the ; enter actively the political by no means follows that in Ireland they should not do so. s greatly aided by the Catholic and; and the friends of order e frequently found the clergy most valuable allies. Three ured lately on a platform in rt the candidature of a patriotic ı that county. Great services l to our government during the rchbishop Hughes and Bishop ıpposing a case should arise in nti-Catholic measure would be h as one involving the con- pervision of church property, perfectly right for the clergy oppose it. "No priests in catchword, like "politics and nothing to do with each other." nothing to do with whether es is elected, although honesty gion would have a great deal if the platforms, instead of questions of reconstruction, eform, etc., etc., treated of the Church or of similar questions.

h of England is troubled with oth which needs extraction. of this name, Vicar of Hat- resent attracting a great deal He persists in wearing vest- lights on the altar, using in- g with his back to the people, chalice, and doing all those have been prohibited by law, cite intense disgust in all good ıo regard them as imitations of :. Tooth has been inhibited by ıd condemned by Lord Pen- dge of the new ecclesiastical ıns great risk of being fined :d. He is supported and en- ı large party in the Church of

: taken place at Hatcham meetings on his behalf, and have taken place in various ountry.

ualism helps the progress of the ch in England or not is much . We think that the old Trac- eyite movement did to some e do not think modern ritual- supplies a sort of sham Cath- olicity, which satisfies thousands of good people, who dislike Protestantism, pure and simple, and who but for ritualism would be Catholics. The ritualistic papers are as bitter against the Church as any Orange sheet. In fact English opinion is still very anti-Catholic. There was, we believe, only one Catholic returned to Parliament from England, Scotland, and Wales, which countries send thither five hundred and fifty members; and only one Catholic was returned out of sixty for the whole city of London, in which city there are a quarter of a million of Irish Catholics, forty churches; and in England and Scotland two thousand Catholic priests and churches, with the richest of the English aristocracy at their head.

IRELAND and India, two very different nations, are both, per force, under the same sovereignty, that of the English crown. The one a Catholic country, the other pagan and Mohammedan; the one possessed of many eminent Christian virtues, with a few faults, more of the head than of the heart; the other sunk in unutterable iniquity. Both were won by the combined effects of the sword and treachery; by the sword which hewed down all opposition, by treachery practiced towards unsuspecting allies, and by dissensions artfully fomented. Strongbow, Elizabeth, Strafford, Cromwell, and William of Orange, suggest dark memories in regard to Ireland. Clive, Hastings, Wellesley, Dalhousie, recall similar memories in India.

Both countries are held by the strong arm, and against the will of the people; in this respect England treats the two countries alike; in some respects she treats them very differently.

When the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India on New Year's Day, political prisoners were released, yet the Irish prisoners still rot in dungeons. We do not read of causeless evictions in India, yet how often do we not hear of them in Ireland. When the Irish famine broke out it was long before relief was afforded, but Indian famines meet with immediate attention. English capital flows into India, and constructs railways, canals, public roads; it drains marshy lands, and irrigates barren tracts. Ireland is neglected. Her harbors are empty; her rivers turn no mills; there are few railways, few canals; the Shannon is neglected; the fisheries receive scanty aid.

India is referred to with pride; Ireland is often treated with contempt. Take up any English paper, and you will find that the affairs of India are discussed with interest, those of Ireland with impatience. In matters affecting India the English parties sink their differences to unite in measures of relief; in those of Ireland this is not the case.

THE American people have a practical exemplification to-day of the truth of the proverb that "history repeats itself." The circumstances and accidental surroundings may be different, the essence is alike. Change the nineteenth for the twelfth century, the Returning Boards and bulldozers of Louisiana for the princes of Europe and their servile counsellors, the prize of to-day, viz., the presidency of the United States, for the far greater prize of the twelfth century, the papal chair, and it will be understood in a moment why we meet in history with so many instances of attempts at schism, and the appearance of anti-popes, "counted in" by regal influences.

Nothing but the divine protection could have saved the Church, and secured the succession of her pontiffs for eighteen storm-tossed centuries. The most careful provisions of the founders of our republic, to secure a free choice, have been obliged to be supplemented at the end of the first century, and nearly twenty years ago the choice of a President was the excuse for a secession, and the result was a bloody war.

The same little game may be played again. Already there are rumors that "the Catholic powers, in view of the death of the Pope, will exercise their rights." What rights? And who are the Catholic powers? The Catholic people exist everywhere; but we know of no Catholic government that can be trusted. Is it Italy who retains Rome, or Austria, or Spain, or Portugal, or Belgium, or France? all of which States have Catholic rulers to-day, but may be in a condition of revolution to-morrow. We opine that the cardinals will care but little, in their choice of a new pope, for the opinion of these Catholic powers.

Now that there is so much said about Russia and the Greek Church, which exists in that empire, the following particulars of its doctrine and discipline may be of interest: The Greek Church believes in the Divine presence in the Eucharist. It denies the authority of the Pope. It rejects purgatory, but admits of praying for the dead; and forbids all kinds of carved images, but permits paintings. It denies auricular confession to be a divine command, but practices confession attended with absolution, and sometimes penance. It admits the seven sacraments, but baptism is performed by the immersion of the body three times in water, and the communion of both kinds is practiced with leavened bread, and the wine is mixed with water. The anointing of the body is allowed to all sick persons as a means of restoring them to health, and purifying them from their sins. The secular clergy are permitted to marry but once, and only a virgin; laymen are allowed to marry only three times. The Greek, like the Catholic Church, accepts tradition as well as the Bible, but differs from the Catholic Church in maintaining that the Holy Ghost proceeds only from the Father, and not also from the Son.

To vote or not to vote is the question among Italian Catholics, and it is one which is generally decided in the negative. The pious think that to vote for parliamentary members would be to recognize the usurpation of Victor Emanuel, and they therefore leave all the voting to be done by the radicals. But in case of the death of Pope Pius IX (which heaven long prevent) the case might be altered, and the twenty million of Catholics in Italy might take it into their heads to vote, and then it would be found that the anti-Catholic zealots had not their own way altogether. Italy is Catholic notwithstanding all the sins of her governing classes, and will always be so.

THE exact provisions of the Compromise Electoral Bill are as follows: Where there is only one set of returns from any State, such vote shall be counted in due form unless rejected by the concurrence of both houses of Congress.

Where there are two or more sets of returns from a State, and the Houses disagree as to which should be counted, then all points of law connected with the case are to be submitted to a Board of Arbitration constituted in the following manner: Five Senators to be appointed by the President of the Senate; five Representatives to be appointed by the Speaker of the House; and four Judges of the Supreme Court, who shall select a fifth Judge to complete the tribunal. The decisions of the Board are to be final unless rejected by concurrent vote of the two houses.

The members of the Commission are: Judge Bradley, Judge Clifford, Judge Field, Judge Miller, Judge Strong, Senator Bayard, Senator Edmunds, Senator Frelinghuysen, Senator Morton, Senator Thurman, Representative Abbott, Representative Garfield, Representative Hoar, Representative Hunton, Representative Payne.

Of these, nine, Judges Bradley, Field, Miller, and Strong, Senators Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, and Morton, and Representatives Garfield and Hoar are Republicans, and the other six are Democrats.

HARD times in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, where thousands of miners are out of work, and others working for a pittance; hard times in New York, Baltimore, Phila-

delphia, and other great cities, where a vacant situation attracts hundreds of applicants; hard times in business circles, where collections are difficult, and where bad debts abound; hard times in the Southern States, overburdened with taxation, badly governed, and divided in opinions on questions in which race problems are involved; hard times generally. And yet the country is spacious, and possesses millions of untilled acres, waiting for the axe and the plough. Let Catholics take advantage of the times, and organize colonies, who may leave the teeming cities and the barren mountains, and go to the fertile lands which await them in Texas, Minnesota, Kansas, Colorado, California, etc. Let the wealthy unloose their pocket-books, and the moderate contribute according to their means, and aid to save the poor from misery by transplanting them from places where labor is superabundant to where it is needed.

FIRST the church, then the school, then the pastoral residence; this is what we see is nearly the universal rule in organizing a parish in America. First the church, because without a permanent, nay, a beautiful structure in which to worship God a congregation does not feel satisfied, and the requirements of worship are not fulfilled. Then a good, efficient Catholic school, for it is in vain to show the evils of the public-school system without providing good Catholic schools. Parents will send their children to a public school, as the least of two evils, if there is not a good Catholic school, and sometimes when there is. Third, the pastoral residence, and thus save rents, and preserve the health and secure the comfort of the priest, who has given up family ties and the hopes of acquiring wealth, and lives only to minister to religion. If every parish in this country had all three of these requisites it would be a great benefit, and progress would be certain.

THE arguments against the parade on St. Patrick's Day are as follows: First, the hard times and the expense of these displays are dwelt upon; then it is said that they only bring into prominence such persons who, caring nothing either for Ireland or for the Catholic faith, seek to impress the general public with the idea that they are influential leaders of the Irish element in America. It is also said that in some locations they provoke animosity and rioting. It is forcibly argued that the money spent on parades would be far better expended in schools or hospitals. The bad weather generally prevailing on March 17th is also dwelt upon, and the sickness and colds often following parades is spoken of. Such are the arguments adduced against the parade, yet we suppose that there will be as many parades this year as ever.

THE formation of Catholic colonies is, we rejoice to see, exciting more attention. Bishop Ireland's colony, in Minnesota, is doing well, and we hear preparations are making to form similar colonies in Texas and other portions of the Southern States. The advantages of Catholic colonies are numerous. If they had been started forty years ago we would not now have to mourn the loss to the Church of many persons, whose parents, isolated from any priest or any Catholic influences, suffered them to grow up with little, if any, Catholic training, and gradually to forget their Irish or Catholic lineage, and be absorbed into the general mass of the non-Catholic population around them.

THE example of Edward Creighton, Esq., a citizen of Omaha, who left $200,000 to found a college, is one that deserves to be widely known and extensively imitated. After providing for the reasonable expectations of descendants and relatives, no better way can be devised for the disposition of wealth than founding colleges, seminaries, or scholarships. By this "men's good deeds live after them" most effectually, and generations to come bless their memory.

THE Golden Jubilee of the Episcopate of Pius IX, will be celebrated by His Holiness on the 21st of May next, and it is desired that tributes of love and affection should be sent to Rome. Mrs. Sherman has taken charge of this movement in the United States, and active measures are in progress to make it a success. We cannot but urge upon all our readers the desirability of our country taking a prominent part in the forthcoming great outpouring of Catholic love and fidelity to the Holy See.

THE session of the British Parliament for 1877 *must* see some vigorous action taken by the Irish Home Rule party, or that party will lose its influence at home, and the advocates of repeal, or even of independence, will become so numerous as to sweep all opposition away, and cause the most formidable uprising that has ever taken place in Ireland. The Irish people are tired of promises, and demand deeds. A sweeping land reform even will not do.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUT OF SWEET SOLITUDE. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The first edition of Miss Donnelly's book of poems was so often reviewed in Catholic publications throughout the United States, that it seems superfluous to do aught but call attention to a second edition. Unfortunately, however, books of poetry and fiction very seldom meet with the thorough attention they deserve from Catholic magazines and papers; they are "reviewed" hastily, and we fear that the publisher's name on the title-page has often more to do with the "critic's" conclusion than the merits of the author; and it has been the fate of the authoress of the book before us to meet with unreasoning admiration, self-complacent detraction, or utter indifference, from writers of her own faith. Except in one instance, we have seen no article that could be called a critique of the book from Catholic sources. In literary circles Miss Donnelly's poems have been accused of a lack of culture, while in other circles, not literary, the intense devotion which characterizes them obscures all faults. If we judge them by the light of their arrangement in this book, we must admit that there is some truth in the first accusation, for the poems are certainly uneven, and near the perfect art of such gems as "The Bronze Berenice," "Legend of the Robes," "The Two Guests," "Gualberto's Victory," "Unseen, yet Seen," we find some verses of little value poetically, and others disfigured by that lapse of taste which is as bad as the putting of metal on metal in heraldry—a mosaic of French and English words, always well chosen, but always detracting from the good effect of the poem. We need only point out as an example, the *fauteuil* in that charming lyric, "The Poet's Little Rival." And this is a wilful fault against art, arising from the fact that the poetess is too easily satisfied with a rhythm or a rhyme; having found the good, it often happens that she fails to look for the best. She has proved herself capable of such perfect work that we will accept nothing but her best. She has intense devotion, pure imagination, fancy; but it must be admitted that her poems would at times be improved, if her poetic impulses were disciplined by a more thorough devotion to an art of which she is the inspired priestess. If the form of her inspiration is not always up to the highest standard, the inspiration is given unsoiled from God; and, it may be argued, it is better to sacrifice art to true sentiment, than true sentiment to art. Eleanor C. Donnelly has proved that she should do neither; and Catholics have a right to ask for a collection of her poems comprising the *best*—a collection which will satisfy the cultured and elevate the taste of the uncultured. She has suffered most from her friends; the injudicious comparisons made between her and Longfellow serving to enhance the merit of neither. She possesses sufficient genius to stand alone among the poets; and if she prefers to give her life to religion and the poor, rather than to religion and poetic fame, let us, at least, have an opportunity of judging her by her best. In her *Out of Sweet Solitude*, we have a casket of exquisite gems, with here and there, few and far between, a flawed stone. The great success of her first venture from solitude should be a guarantee that the public would eagerly receive a second.

THE LIFE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCE CONSORT. By Theodore Martin. With Portraits. Volume II. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The second volume of the life of Prince Albert comprises a very interesting period in the history of Europe, extending from 1845 to February, 1854. It was a period of agitation among the people, and of intrigues between the rulers of almost every part of Europe. England could not avoid being affected by both. The relation of Prince Albert to Queen Victoria, as her husband and consort, was a delicate and difficult one. Under the constitution and laws of England he had no political power or status. He was not legally recognized as a counsellor or adviser of the Queen, and even his *presence* at the meetings of the Queen with her ministers, her constitutional advisers, was on a number of occasions resented and severely animadverted on by the public press as officious and illegal intermeddling.

The course pursued by Prince Albert under these circumstances is well brought out in this volume, chiefly by means of copious extracts from letters of Prince Albert and of the Queen.

The domestic life and relations of the Queen and her consort are frequently touched upon and clearly brought to view; and, we may add, they present a marked contrast in their virtuous happiness and peacefulness to those which history has recorded of many, if not most of the sovereigns of Europe.

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THE ROYAL PLACITUM—PLACET—EXEQUATUR.

THE Royal *Placitum*, or *Placet*, is one of the protean shapes in which the State Almighty of our day pretends to interfere in the government of the Church, to her no trifling vexation. We beg leave to introduce the reader to the arrogant enormity, apprising him, at the same time, by way of explanation for the unpleasant introduction, that the time has come when Catholics should make themselves conversant with many things affecting the Church, which hitherto formed the exclusive knowledge of the clergy. But the world is on the inquiry now, and though it professes to be very materialistic, yet it dabbles in theology and everything therewith connected, proximately and remotely. Our dogmas are scrutinized, our ecclesiastical history conned over attentively, and our disciplinary canons carefully examined, not for the instruction of the people, but for the destruction of the Church. The secular powers especially take an obtrusive interest in ecclesiastical matters, some in virtue of the assumption that the Church is a dependency of the State, others, that she is a mere abstraction, and all of them that she is a dangerous political organization, ambitious of supreme dominion. Perhaps it was in view of this last consideration, that the Royal *Placitum* or *Exequatur* was excogitated. We purpose to examine its nature and origin, and having accomplished this much, we shall have also established how illegitimate is its existence, and how not inapposite the appellation we gave it in the beginning, an arrogant enormity. Let us examine the etymology of the terms. *Placitum* is a Latin word, signifying that which is agreeable, pleasant, and comes from the verb *placeo*, I please; whence *placet*, he, she, or it pleases. It is the old Latin form, used to signify assent to any proposition. The word *exequatur* literally means, let him act, or, in the case here at issue, let it take effect.

Bernard Van Espen, a notorious Jansenist of the eighteenth century, and a cringing regalist, may be regarded as the parent of the Royal *Placitum* or *Placet*. He defines his offspring as *the faculty which the civil authority grants to Pontifical Bulls and Briefs, and to all the other acts of the ecclesiastical authority, to take effect within its dominions.* To

this he subjoins a definition of the right of the *Placitum*. He calls it, *the right of defence against the attempts of the Church, naturally residing in the political authority, by virtue of which it declares without effect those Pontifical Bulls and Briefs, and any other act whatever of the ecclesiastical authority, to which the above-mentioned faculty has not been granted.* This zealot for royal prerogatives went so far as to apply the *Placitum* even to the dogmatical constitutions of the Roman Pontiffs. Theoretically there is no distinction between the *Placitum* and the *Exequatur*. They are one and the same in principle. Practically, however, the *Exequatur* is the more aggravating insult of the two to the divine authority and independence of the Church. We will instance this distinction, and we cannot better do so than by examining the *Placitum* in action. When the Roman Pontiff appoints a Bishop, the right of the *Placitum* exacts from him that he present the Bulls of appointment to the civil authorities of the place before he takes possession, or exercises any of his functions. Should he neglect or refuse to do this, not only is he deprived of his benefices, but the law will not recognize any of his acts, say the appointment of a parish priest, and hence, neither the acts of the latter, which have any reference to the civil department, such as marriages and baptisms. The evil to be avoided was sufficiently great to induce the Holy See to tolerate the presentation of the Bulls to the lay authorities. These, for the most part, contented themselves with recognizing the authenticity of the pontifical acts, which came to be regarded as the credentials, so to say, of the newly-appointed bishop, or ordinance proclaimed. But the *Exequatur* is still more exacting. Not only must the Papal Bulls, Briefs, and ecclesiastical acts be submitted to the secular authorities, but the intolerable indignity is superadded of covering the seal of the Fisherman's Ring with that of the king. Nay more, for the infliction of such an outrage the ecclesiastical authorities must present a formal petition to the government, written on stamped paper, which is doubly taxed by the addition of an internal revenue stamp. It is thus in Italy.

This much premised on the distinction of terms, we can proceed to examine the nature of the *Placitum*. Its nature is in this, that no act of the ecclesiastical authority which is to affect the public can have effect unless the secular authority permits. Cardinal Tarquini very aptly compares the Church in this predicament to Lazarus in his grave-vesture, when the power of God had evoked him from the sepulchre. He was bound hand and foot, and awaited the charity of the bystanders to unswathe him, before he could begin to make use of or enjoy the life given back to him. The *Placitum* binds the Church hand and foot, and gags her mouth, so that she cannot even mutter, until she appear before the pursy and conceited syndic of a village, to ask, by her abject appearance and downcast eyes, the power of speech. The basis or foundation of the *Placitum* is conceived by the regalists to be a *natural right against the attempts of the Church*. They very frequently call it the *Jus cavendi* —the right to beware—against the Church! There is more fiendish malice couched in that phrase, *Jus cavendi*, than in the fiery edicts of a Nero, a Diocletian, or a Caracalla, proclaiming the extirpation of the Christians. Her situation is the worst that can be conceived. She is suspected—not unlike the reclining Cerberus, who blinks peaceably enough, indeed, from a doorstep at the passers-by, but whose character is declared to them in the damning inscription beside him, *Cave canem!* —or like one of those bulls that were driven around the walls of ancient Rome, with their great horns swad-

dled in hay, and supporting between them the flaming classic placard: HVNC TV, ROMANE, CAVE TO! (Roman, look out for this fellow!) A strange situation for the worthy spouse of the meekest of men! "But that you may perceive more clearly" —we are quoting the illustrious Tarquini—"the nature of the *Placitum*, place before your eyes the mother of a family, living at home with her children. For to nothing better than the mother of a family can the Church be compared. Such indeed she is. By her side you behold her children, into whose ears and hearts the icy spirit of this discipline of the *Placitum* is assiduously insinuating itself; hence their minds are perpetually beset with diffidence in this domestic shadow; hence with fear and trembling they behold every gesture, every movement of their mother. Does she sit at table and present a cup to her offspring? Beware, lest it be mixed with poison. Does she call her children about her to advise them? Prick your ears, consider every word; evil designs may lurk couchant underneath. Does she embrace her offspring? O fly from her; she has a dagger concealed under her gown! Not unlike a man with a suspicious countenance, who enters at a city gate. He is interrogated, his passport is examined, his person searched, and he is finally brought before the magistrate, and all this for the safety of the State; so the Church, our mother, according to the theory of the *Placitum*, being open to suspicion, as who should plot for the destruction of her own children, must be carried before the authorities as often as she publishes anything for the government of her flock—that the meal of the empire be provided for, forsooth!"

The advocates of the Royal *Placitum* consider it as a right, naturally inherent in the secular authority. Now if it be naturally inherent in, it must, of necessity, be co-original and coexistent with the secular authority. That which is natural to any being begins to exist with it, ceases to exist with it. The natural rights of man cannot be alienated. They are attributes of his manhood. Violence may interfere with their exercise, but no power of earth can hinder their existence. It is the same with the right of any constituted society, with any government having a legitimate existence. If, then, this right of the *Placitum* is natural to governments, we ought to be able to find traces of it away back at the beginning of constituted secular authority, or at least, at the beginning of the Church's existence. But the historian will seek in vain through the course of fourteen centuries for anything bearing the remotest resemblance to the Royal *Placitum*. Tarquini says, that the Royal *Placitum* sprang from an association of ideas, and in explanation of this, he cites a passage from the Bull of Pope Martin V, *quod antidota*, which narrates that "Urban VI (1378–1389) had granted to certain prelates, that in their cities and dioceses some apostolic letters could not be carried into execution unless such letters be first presented to the prelates themselves, or to their officials, and approved by them." This approval was called *Vidimus* (we have seen), or *Placet*. It is hardly necessary to observe, that this cannot be cited as an example of the *Placitum* in its modern quiddity. It may be called an *ecclesiastical Placitum*. However, it suggested the idea of the Royal *Placitum* which appeared in France in the year 1381, when the Duke of Anvers, then administrator of the realm, ordered the imprisonment of the Rector of the University of Paris, because he permitted the letters of Pope Urban VI, which called the refractory duke to obedience, to be read in public. This example of the *Placitum*, however, has one very extenuating circumstance connected with it; the act of prohibiting the reading of the Pontifical letters is

not to be attributed to a sacrilegious ambition of the Duke of Anvers to hamper the action of the Church, but rather to a laudable zeal in preserving her unity, for he regarded Urban VI as an antipope, as did nearly all France at that time. A similar instance is narrated of Martin, King of Sicily, who, before setting out to Aragon in 1405, gave orders that no Pontifical Bull or Brief or letter should be allowed to go into execution, until it had been seen and approved by the queen. But he too regarded Pope Boniface IX as an intruder, and not as the legitimate successor to the Pontifical throne. We pass over a similar example in France in 1399, in which not only the secular authority, but the clergy also were implicated, and another in Lusitania, about the same time, both of which bear reference to a number of spurious Bulls and Pontifical constitutions, which were being published to the no little scandal and detriment of the faithful. For a genuine example of the Royal *Placitum* we must come down to the fifteenth century, when John II, King of Portugal, established, that the apostolic letters should not be published in his kingdom before they had received the approbation of his chancellor. He received a severe rebuke for this interference, first from Pope Sixtus IV, and afterwards from Innocent VIII, in his Brief *Olim*, dated February 3d, 1486. He received it like a docile son of the Church, and revoked his order. The next example of the *Placitum* is attributed to the Duke of Complutum, who promulgated the examination of the apostolic letters at Naples in 1561. He was excommunicated by St. Pius V. Though he gave his submission afterwards, and abrogated the *Placitum*, still the evil had taken such deep root that it continued to show itself from time to time in the kingdom of Naples down to the present century. From Naples we pass to France, where, on the 6th of May, 1665, a decree was promulgated establishing the *Placet*. From France the innovation spread into Savoy, and appeared in a royal edict, dated June 6th, 1719—an edict which Clement XI condemned immediately in the celebrated Bull *Apostolatus*. Of Germany, Jung writes, that no traces of the existence of the *Placitum* can be found anterior to the seventeenth century, and these are so languid and uncertain, that they can only be termed the mere shadows of the *Placitum*. He concludes that no positive instance can be found before the days of the Royal *Sacristan*, Joseph II. Spain, under Philip V, furnishes us with the next instance. He found, however, a valiant opponent in the illustrious Cardinal Belluga. This worthy follower of the great Osius appeared one day before the king, and said: "It is not lawful for thee," and with characteristic clearness he proved his assertion. Then approaching the throne, he tapped it gently, and said in a whisper, "*Non expedit tibi*"—it is not expedient for thee—and he proceeded to show from history how the Lord never permitted his Spouse to be insulted with impunity. Spain herself, in the thousand vicissitudes which harassed her from the first day of her pretending to interfere in church matters, bore the marks of God's vengeance about her. Turning our eyes to Belgium in the eighteenth century, we encounter the figure of Van Espen with the edicts of Guicciardini in his hand, the which, quoth he, establish the fact, that the *Placitum* is of ancient existence, and founded in truth and justice. A true Jansenist, he was a court sycophant, a creature who, in these days of *Reptile Funds*, would be regaled with the daintiest cates at the banquets of ministerial incense-bearers. He explored ecclesiastical antiquity in search of monuments attestative of the legitimacy of what ambitious royalty itself had hitherto regarded as an abortion. He only

evoked skeletons of precedents, commentitious documents, which could not bear the daylight of sound criticism. So they slunk from observation, even before the death of their conjuror, not, however, until they had left the evil seed behind them, which unfortunately took root in the privy chambers of princes, and sprang into a powerful and extended existence throughout Europe in the still more monstrous form of the Royal *Exequatur*. Such is the origin and history of the Royal *Placitum*, which is universally and unanimously characterized by canonists as an intolerable error.

The Church has declared it such from the very beginning of her existence, first by implication, and afterwards in an explicit manner. What is the Royal *Placet* after all, but the repetition of the old story, Cæsar prying into and meddling with the affairs of God? What but the *Placitum* did that sterling hero of ecclesiastical liberty, St. Athanasius, condemn, in his oration against the first regalists in Church history, the Arians? "Many synods," said he, "have been convoked hitherto; many decrees of the Church have been published, but the fathers never suggested such things to the emperor; never did the emperor pry curiously into ecclesiastical matters, a new spectacle which has been invented by the Arian heresy." But Lucifer Calaritanus comes more closely to the point in his celebrated address to the Emperor Constantius. "Prove that thou hast been appointed judge over us; prove that thou hast been made emperor for this, that thou, by the force of thy arms, shouldst bring us to the will of thy friend, the devil. But thou canst not prove it, because it is commanded thee, not only not to domineer over the bishops, but to obey their statutes, in such a manner that, shouldst thou attempt to undermine their decrees, shouldst thou be taken in pride, thou shalt die the death. How canst thou say that to thee it belongs to judge the bishops, whom, if thou obeyest not, thou art already, as far as God is concerned, condemned to death? Since these things are so, why dost thou, who art not of God's domestic, assume this authority over the priest?" Theodorus Studita delivers a similar objurgation: "Do not dissolve, O emperor, the ecclesiastical order! For the Apostle says, the Lord has constituted in his Church some apostles, some prophets, others evangelists, and others pastors and doctors for the consummation of saints; but he did not add kings. To thee, O emperor, is committed the political state and the army; take care of these. But leave the Church to the pastors and rectors according to the Apostle."

We might accumulate testimonies at pleasure, which are an implicit condemnation of the *Placitum*. But it would be supererogatory; besides, we are not proving a thesis. Our purpose is simply to make the reader acquainted with this form of persecution which is so harassing to the Church nowadays. Yet we are not without the confidence, that to know it well is to perceive its injustice, supposing for the moment that the Church had never condemned it, either implicitly or explicitly. Think you, however, that the Roman Pontiffs have quietly tolerated this evil since it has taken a positive and durable form, without publishing explicitly what the teaching of the Church is in the matter? Not to speak of the condemnation of the Duke of Complutum by St. Pius V, of the congregations of Gregory XIII, held on this matter, of a decree of the Propaganda, published October 2d, 1675, and of two decrees of the Holy Office, there are nine pontifical constitutions of so many Roman Pontiffs which anathematize, as an intolerable error, the doctrine that the right of the *Placitum* is to be considered among the naturally inherent rights of the secular authority. We would mention

here, by the way, that the government of Italy has of late insisted so strenuously on the necessity of bishops asking for the *Exequatur*, as to make it an indispensable condition to their entering upon the duties of their ministry. Hitherto, the only penalty incurred by the new incumbents for not asking the *Exequatur* was the withdrawal of the stipend paid by the State. This, however, was a trifling loss to men of apostolic spirit. On the other hand, the charity of the Holy Father supported them in default of the secular contributions. But now, despite the crying injustice of the act, and in direct contradiction to an article in the Law of the Papal Guarantees, which says: "The *Exequatur and Royal Placet, and every other form of governmental assent for the publication and execution of the acts of the ecclesiastical authority are abolished*,"—the government demands, under penalty of a legal nullification of the public acts of the ecclesiastical ministry, the postulation of the *Exequatur*. In this juncture, which, as the reader will easily perceive, is a direct hindrance of the exercise of the ecclesiastical ministry, the Italian bishops addressed a *quæsitum* to the Holy Office of Rome, asking what was to be done, or, considering the circumstances, was it lawful for them to ask for the *Exequatur?* The Congregation of the Holy Office published the response on the 29th of November, 1876. It was in these terms: *Tolerari posse;* it can be tolerated. It is a question of saving souls.

But the law of nature cries out against such an arbitrary use of power. Were there never such an institution as human laws to regulate the relations between man and man, between one society and another, nature herself would reason thus: Neither the Church nor the civil power has a right to exercise the *Placitum*, each over the other. If in my soul I suspect a man to have designs upon my life or property, the very most I can do, at least until I have palpable and unimpregnable proofs of his evil designs, is to be on my guard. But I dare not kill him. Neither can I imprison him; no more than can the laws of any country, however despotic its form of government, incarcerate a subject, simply because there is a possibility of his offending against them. It would be the excess of tyranny. But, setting aside these considerations, let us glance at the law of the gospel; and by the law of the gospel here, we do not mean to designate that precept of charity, and love, and mutual forbearance, concerning which the All-charitable, the All-loving, and the All-forbearing was divinely eloquent, but that other law, the constitution of Christianity, which makes us children of a common parent, the Church. The very conception of a Church excludes the idea of a *Placitum* or secular interference. The power of binding and loosing, of extending and restricting, was given to the Apostles alone. The princes of this world were not alluded to, except in the light of persecutors. For the rest, the Divine Founder comprised them in the universal obedience to be given to the Apostles and to their successors, couched in the "Teach all nations," and in that other declaration commendatory and condemnatory, "He that heareth you, heareth me; he that despiseth you, despiseth me." One consideration more. The Royal *Placitum* has been imposed upon the Church by Catholic princes, her own children. They have stood up to judge her, they have bound her, they punish her. What is this but a matricide, against which nature spiritualized cries to heaven for vengeance with a vehemence, and an efficacy, too, impossible to the ordinary relationship of blood between mother and children? We assert no paradox, but speak as Christians; the relationship between Mother Church and her children is dearer and more

sacred than that existing between a human mother and her offspring, as the life for which she nourishes them is more important and more lasting. Therefore, sanctified nature execrates this matricide, and with holy indignation exclaims, with the Romans of old, *Parricidarum pœnas, robur et saxum!* In the old Roman laws it was a received maxim: "*Leges* ERVBESCVNT *correctores patrum filios facere;*" the laws *blush* to institute children the correctors of their fathers. And Pascal II, in his letter to Henry, King of England, expressed a similar sentiment regarding the Church, in deprecating the pretensions of the king in ecclesiastical matters: *Nec enim decet ut a filio mater in servitutem abducatur;* nor does it become a son to lead his mother into slavery. But the rulers of to-day have forgotten these maxims, as they have forgotten those of justice. They have forgotten the groanings of their Mother, and have conspired against her, who always defended their birthright. Her Bridegroom is a witness of her reproach, and will comfort her in good time. But even now, her unnatural sons are bearing the marks of their degradation about them. They have lost their birthright, and have become mere *constitutional* creatures, pitiful sufferances, staggering under an incubus more degrading still than that which they imposed upon the Church. We would call it the *Popular Placitum.*

ORVIETO.

THAT last glimpse of Saint Peter's on the way to Orvieto! How like a vision it lingered in the blue of that Italian distance; a thing of heaven rather than of earth. And when the near hills, with their olive groves and vineyards, came between it and us, we realized how much grandeur had passed into our lives, not only from the sight of it, but from our fealty to its traditions.

We were still under the exaltation of this sublime moment in the life of a pilgrim to the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, when the old fortified Etruscan town of Orvieto came in sight. As we step from the car, what views open before us, through arches which seem to have no other use than to frame in those pictures of magnificent mountain ranges and valleys slumbering in the noonday sun of July; while on the other hand rise the heights of Orvieto, empurpled in their own delicious atmosphere, terraced with verdure and crowned by its Duomo!

Nor is this enchantment of distance broken, as we ascend the heights by a road which has not one steep angle, so carefully has it been graded. The eye is drawn, first by the distance below us, then by the heights above us, without knowing which to lose for the other. Here is a tower we must remember to sketch; and before this is fairly passed another object has charmed the eye. All at once we have entered the gate, and our wheels are rumbling over narrow, paved streets, between tumbling-down old houses and crumbling palace fronts. The world of beauty, all around Orvieto, seems to be suddenly shut out from us. Our spirits fall. Is this the Orvieto we have heard of, read of, dreamed of? The swift turns of the heavy vehicle around the corners make us dizzy, a little sick, in truth; and we begin to

think how tired we are, when another turn of the street brings us, face to face, with what! our dream? Yes, and still more, with the reality of our dream, and with a reality so far surpassing it, that all we have heard or read shows dull before it. For, here, as fresh as the New Jerusalem sent down from heaven to her Bridegroom, stands the facade of the Cathedral of Orvieto, in all the beauty of its unfading mosaics, its untarnished gold and venerable sculptures. No need of guide-books to tell us that at last we are before the Duomo of Orvieto.

We have time to exclaim joyfully not more than once, when we find the sunny square has been crossed. Again we plunge into the gloom of narrow streets and tall towers with sculptured armorial bearings, into the medley of shops, and artisans and cooks, of peasants in costumes and donkeys with panniers. Every street seems to have been built on a curve, and it is with a sense of relief roughly earned, that we find ourselves driving into the courtyard of the Albergo delle Belle Arti. But what a profound quiet reigns through these wide halls, and up and down these solemn flights of stone stairs. "Is every one enjoying a siesta?" we ask ourselves. Meanwhile one flight of stairs and a hall overlooking the courtyard, bring us to apartments, spacious, scrupulously clean, with open fireplaces and high ceilings. What could we ask more? But when we step to the windows, we find ourselves so near the neighboring house across the street that we can almost shake hands with the inmates. It is a pleasant-looking house, and a pot of carnations, in full bloom, stands in the open lattice. But for all that, we seem to be in a prison, "We must go up higher; where we can have some off-look," we say impatiently.

"Signora will find none," remarks the civil attendant. But we are not convinced; and the light feet of our companion willingly climb story after story only to find the same neighbors, the same pot of blossoming carnations; and we are forced to believe we shall never see the sky, so long as we remain in our Orvieto apartments. In half an hour dinner is served, and served for us two with as much care as if for a full *table d'hôte*. This over, we make no delay in threading the narrow, shaded streets back to the cathedral, to find its beauties breaking upon the eye with the same startling radiance as at first.

"Like nothing in the world but the festal page of an illuminated missal!" we say, again and again, as we stand opposite this facade, which embodies the faith and piety, as well as the imagination and skill of an efflorescent period of art. How like spikes of flowering plants those Gothic pinnacles, with their leafy finials, spring up into the air. But see! on those topmost ones are angels; or, are they saints? saints, no longer bending under the crosses of mortality, but buoyant with the joys of a celestial state, and pausing on these airy pinnacles like birds in a flight between heaven and earth. What a weaving in and out of black basalt and of cream-white marble, which, by dwelling together for centuries, have lost both blackness and whiteness, and blend to the eye only as light and shadow, while niche and column, mosaic and sculpture, rose-window and relief form a unit of inconceivable beauty against this tender blue sky, and the mountains lying off in a dreamy haze.

It was long before we could make up our minds to leave this facade, which seemed born of sunshine as much as any flower of the field. But the doors standing open so invitingly prevailed, and with a feeling like those who sang the fifteen gradual psalms, as they mounted the fifteen steps of the temple, we passed up these steps of alternate white and purple Apennine marble. We had

resolved not to linger on the threshold, but who can pass these reliefs on either hand without pausing? For here are represented, in spaces divided by branches of the vine, symbol of the mystical vine of the Church, the history of man from the creation to the last judgment; not that exterior history of man which regards his civilization, but a history of the interior, universal man, in his relations to God and to eternity. We have seen the Loggia of Raphael, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, where these same subjects are treated in fresco with a sublimity we can never forget. But, wonderful as they are, we turn now to the predecessors, and in a certain sense the teachers, of Michael Angelo and of Raphael, and realize that we have come nearer to the traditions of the Pentateuch, Gospels, and Apocalypse, by more than even the two hundred years intervening between John of Pisa, Lorenzo di Maitani, the scenic artists who worked in Rome and Albano under his inspirations, and the masters of the Loggia, Stanze, and Cappella, of the Vatican. If on the ceiling by Michael Angelo the Creator, by a touch of his own omnipotent finger, is seen to give life to the inanimate form of the first man, with what a paternal tenderness is he seen in this sculptured pilaster at Orvieto to lay his hand on the head of the newly created man, as if giving him the paternal benediction! These angels, too, are no strange beings in a world foreign to their own. With their feet just lifted from the earth, they come a single pair to our first parent, talking together of his happy destiny. This sculptured Eden is full of the most delicate sympathy, of the most exalted love. In the creation of Eve, and even in the expulsion from Eden, it is the Father rather than the Creator, whom we see, while the vines are in the full exuberance of summer. We pass from one pilaster to another, to wonder at the fertility of imagination which marks each group, until we come to the Last Judgment, where the vines are found to be weighed down with fruit, and only here and there a shrivelled leaf. In these planes, one above another, are given the mystery of the resurrection from the dead, the awful depths of hell, the condemned passing with lamentations and gestures of despair to their place of punishment; and, in contrast to all this, the joy of the newly awakened just, and their gratitude for their happy sentence. There is a wonderful solitariness expressed by the condemned. Huddled together in their misery there is still no companionship, no sympathy for each other's distress. Each one is occupied with his own. The wicked spirits who receive and welcome them to this dreary abode, are their tormentors not their companions. But how charming are the relations between the redeemed and their angel guardians! With what gratitude do those who have received a happy judgment kneel at the feet of their guides through all the perils of mortality; and then, in what a delighted intercourse do they pass onward together to heaven! Here, indeed, is that companionship which the Church calls "the communion of saints." They are dear members of our household, that of the Heavenly Father!

Days would not suffice to study all these groups; but, happily, their story is told with such simplicity that "he who runs may read;" and even on a first visit we can enter into the spirit of the designs. How admirable, too, the framing in of these sculptures, the weaving of these themes into the gorgeous web of colors above! The columns which adorn the three portals are carried, like coils of the most delicate marble, over the entire arch of each door, taking along in their grooves a mere thread of mosaic, caught in with them like a string of brilliant gems, which now flashes into light,

now falls into shadow; the columns themselves, divided from each other by flat spaces, filled alternately with mosaics and knobs of acanthus leaves, giving an elaborate beauty to this story of the facade altogether unique, and allowing the eye to pass with delight from the colorless sculptures of the pilasters to the glowing resplendence of the upper stories.

How easily do we credit, in the actual presence of these wonders of skill, the touching narrative of that devoted Christian architect, Lorenzo di Maitani, who, during forty consecutive years, according to M. Rio, labored to beautify this reliquary of the Corporal of Bolsena, which was to him instead of a country; and who, when compelled to make short absences to Siena or Perugia, whose cathedrals were constructed under his care, still returned to his dear summit at Orvieto with renewed ardor. It is from M. Rio, too, that we have learned the several artists to whom we are indebted for the sculptured pilasters. All the bronzes must be given to Lorenzo himself. The Last Judgment he gives to John of Pisa; but the Creation, so redolent with the joys of a newborn paradise and the innocent happiness of our first parents, he gives to those Sienese artists who modelled in Rome and its neighborhood under the influence of the grandest works of sculpture in the world; to whom Lorenzo was a master, and also, as we have said, an inspiration.

But what of the interior of this temple to which such varied beauties are merely the exterior?

On a summer afternoon, the sun not only pours its light through the three front portals, but through the western window, set with alabaster instead of glass, thus sending a mellow radiance through the upper arches of the grand nave. And how grand and how serene that nave is! At first, it seems cold and almost bare, compared with the gorgeous exterior; but in a few moments the eye measures both length and height;* takes in the majesty of the vast arches, and their columns of black basalt and cream-white marble, with gigantic statues of the Apostles at their base. A repose, such as only grand spaces comparatively bare, can inspire, takes possession of the soul. The mind, undistracted by multiplicity, dwells calmly on everything before it. The floor, so often elaborately set with colored marbles, is here of an even tint, and the eye is free to explore the very depths of this sanctuary, all aglow with its stained glass, and its frescoes, from the very stalls in the choir to the height of the lofty arch. On the right is that wonderful chapel, to which Fra Angelico and Luca Signorelli draw so many feet; but to the left is the one which has been drawing our own, steadily but surely, from the time we set foot on Italian soil. It is, in truth, the very soul of the cathedral itself, for this wonderful of art was designed as a receptacle for the relic which gives its name to the chapel: Cappella del Santissimo Corporale.

The Bleeding Host of Bolsena: a name familiar to every Roman sightseer, as it makes one of the subjects treated by Raphael on the walls of the Stanza d'Eliodoro. It story, which has passed into the logical works on the Holy Eucharist and even into the treatise on the Mass by our own Father Muller, C. S. S. R., reads thus:

In the year 1263 a Bohemian priest was celebrating Mass in a church at Bolsena. This priest had a serious doubt concerning the doctrine of transubstantiation. Perhaps this doubt had come over him more actively than usual, and in a way to make consecration a sacrilege, a grievous wound to the most tender heart of our Lord; for, straightway, as he holds the newly consecrated host in his hands, drops of blood start from its sacred pores; and when, in his fright, he lays down the host,

* 97 yards long, 35 yards wide, and 111 feet high.

it leaves a perfect impression of itself, in blood, on the snow-white corporal; while the acolytes and the kneeling faithful are witnesses not only to the agitation of the celebrant but to its cause.

As to the celebrant himself, with the pious horror of that moment, faith had entered his heart. Without consuming the consecrated elements, he hastened to Orvieto, and threw himself at the feet of Pope Urban IV, who was there in exile; confessed his doubts, and narrated the miracle. The Pope lost no time in sending the Bishop of Orvieto to Bolsena, to bring thence the host and the corporal; and then, with all the clergy of Orvieto, met the prelate on his return at a bridge some miles distant from the city, and received the sacred deposit from his hands.

Under the inspirations promised to his office, the Pope recognized in this occurrence a strictly supernatural fact, demanding a special act of thanksgiving from the Christian world. Without delay he instituted the feast of Corpus Christi, to honor our Lord in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar, and also called upon Thomas Aquinus, the angel of the schools,* to compose an office for this feast. The response made by Saint Thomas to this call was one of the most sublime offices of the Church liturgy, to which we owe those hymns so dear to every Catholic heart, so familiar to every Catholic ear: "Pange Lingua," "Sacris Solemniis," "Verbum Supernum," and "Lauda Sion."

But this was not all. The Pontiff, exiled from Rome, like many another exiled pontiff, showed to the world how superior are the prerogatives of a successor to Saint Peter and the Vicegerent of Christ himself, to all and every circumstance of time and of place. Not only should another feast grace the ecclesiastical year, and that a feast of such beauty and majesty of ceremonial as to resemble a triumph; not only should another office be a well-spring of devotion to the faithful, but he would crown this fair summit of Orvieto with a temple as unique in its beauty and inspiring in its decorations as the feast could suggest.

The solemnity of Corpus Christi was celebrated by Pope Urban IV, in person, with great pomp, at Orvieto, on the first Thursday after the Octave of Pentecost, in the year of our Lord 1264. This great Pope, however, having died at Perugia the following year, the celebration of the new festival was interrupted, until Pope Clement V, nearly forty years after, enforced the bull of Urban IV, which is pronounced to be a masterpiece of learning and piety, enforced it not only in Italy, but throughout the world.*

In 1344 Pope Clement VI granted an indulgence to those who should visit Orvieto with the intention of venerating the Holy Corporal; and we see Pope Gregory XI, forty years later, granting still further indulgences to those who should assist at the works on this cathedral. "There," we are told, "were to be seen citizens of all classes co-operating, besides multitudes of pilgrims, who, after attending religious services, would spend the rest of the day in doing what they could to help the masons, stonecutters, or other artisans at the sacred building. Persons of good condition carried burdens on their shoulders; and those who could not do rough work, brought drink or food to the laborers, enabling them thus to refresh themselves without leaving the spot.

* Saint Thomas, at this time, was professor of philosophy at Orvieto.

* In establishing this feast, neither Urban IV nor Clement V can be supposed to have forgotten the revelations on this subject made to a holy religious (of the order of Citeaux, named Julienne), and to another holy person called Eve, who lived as a recluse near the church of Saint Martin in Liège, by reason of which a festival in honor of the Blessed Sacrament had been appointed for that diocese. No event stands alone; but we must still date the solemnity of Corpus Christi to Urban IV and to Orvieto.

Companies of artists were sent to seek and to work the most suitable marbles at Rome, Siena, and Corneto."* Thus embellished with all which art and piety could devise, the cathedral was consecrated by the cardinal bishop of the See, November 13th, 1677. Are we surprised, after recalling these supernatural motives, at the perfection of their result? Or, are we surprised to find the signs of the Eucharistic presence unmistakably brilliant in the chapel devoted to the relic which furnished the motive for the entire cathedral? The wrought iron gate, which divides this chapel from the transept, is closed; but we kneel outside, conscious that we are before one of those shrines towards which all hearts and all steps should turn from a motive higher even than veneration—with supreme adoration! If there is one spot in the world which, more than all others, can confirm a wavering faith in the dogma of transubstantiation, or glorify an humble faith in it to a seraphic joy, it is this chapel of the Holy Corporal. "Happy fingers," we say to ourselves, "happy fingers, which deserved to weave the linen of this holy corporal! Happy fingers, which deserved to set the stitches in its narrow edge!" And yet just as happy are the fingers which have woven and stitched the plainest corporal used at the humblest altar in Christendom!

Six o'clock finds us again on our way to the cathedral for mass. But the narrow streets no longer oppress us by their gloom. There is a coolness in these morning shadows, a cheerfulness unlike any other in the day, and the people we meet on the street do not seem to look upon us as mere travellers. We wonder at first, and then remember that yesterday we had our red guide-book in our hands, this morning our morocco-covered missal. Yes, this is the secret of the half nod and smile we meet from one and another, as we hasten to the cathedral. "Signora," they seem to say, "is not going to the Duomo just to admire it; she goes there out of love to the Santissimo Corporale."

How joyously we mount the steps of purple and white marble. We enter the side-door this morning just as we see others doing, and we follow those who enter before us. We are right; we knew they would take us to the Cappella del Santissimo Corporale. The gate in the wrought iron grating is wide open, and we can hardly pause even to throw a glance into the solemn choir lighted up by the morning sun. Early as it is, one mass is nearly over. It has been one of our cherished wishes to receive holy communion in this chapel; so we wait for the next mass, and have time to study the frescoes which literally cover the walls. As in so many other chapels we have seen, these pictures seem to have been put on to the wall without any regard to effect or even to symmetry. They have not been painted as decorations, but to tell a story. Raphael's picture in the Stanza d'Eliodoro gives the one scene of the miracle at the altar. These pictures in the chapel at Orvieto dwell upon every circumstance of this great event, and bring out the secrets of all hearts concerning the dogma of transubstantiation, and the occasion of the miracle as well as the miracle itself, and, finally, its effect, not only upon the people, but upon the head of the Church, Pope Urban, and the measures taken by him to perpetuate the remembrance of the miracle to the glory of God in the Sacrament of the altar. What a preparation is thus given by the pencil of Ugolino di Prete for our own devout attendance at the next mass and for holy communion, and who can doubt that he told the story for this very end? In the midst of these pictorial records of the cathedral history stands the altar of choice marbles; but in place

* Heman's History of Mediæval Christianity.

of the usual altarpiece is a tabernacle, to be reached only by a flight of steps at each end of a platform. This remarkable tabernacle contains the massive silver shrine in which the Holy Corporal is preserved. The shrine is four hundred pounds in weight, and was adorned, not by Ugolino di Prete, but Ugolino di Vieri, with twelve paintings in enamel, representing the Passion of our Lord, and the miracle of Bolsena. Thus, everything in this chapel bears upon the mystery of transubstantiation, and the very faces of the people around us are characterized by a serenity which comes only with exalted faith.

When we left the cathedral again and by its side-door, we found numbers of strangers enjoying their morning walk to and fro in the shadow of the Duomo. The view from the steps on this north side of the cathedral is simply delicious, with the light of early morning on the dark mountains clothed with forests, on the roofs of the picturesque town below, and kindling into beauty the old bell tower of San Dominico. A row of cottages facing this side of the cathedral, their tiled roofs stained with every tint of lichen, and their quaint doorways rich in shadows, makes the foreground of this picture, which we could not leave behind us without having sketched, and sketched, too, in water-colors; for what is anything in Orvieto without the glorious color which belongs to it as by a right of inheritance.

We took the advice of the custodian to devote the mornings we had to spend upon the cathedral. It is the only time that the paintings in the choir can be seen to advantage. They are by the same artist, Ugolino di Prete Ilario, to whom we owe the story pictured on the walls of the Cappella del Corporale, and are characterized by the same spirit of piety, and the same desire to tell his story so as to be understood. The life of the Blessed Virgin is in twenty-eight compartments. Twenty-two of these are in two rows, extending from one side of the choir to the other, and take up the history from the expulsion of Saint Joachim from the temple to the finding of our Lord in dispute with the doctors. These subjects are treated with charming vivacity. The series is carried forward in the space above the eastern window, representing her dying interview with the Apostles, her death, burial, resurrection, and assumption, her coronation occupying a large lunette on the rounded ceiling of the choir. Three spaces, corresponding to this one, are filled by representations of the three persons of the Holy Trinity, each attended by angels. On the north and south walls the twelve Prophets are represented at full length, and below them the twelve Apostles, each holding in his hand a scroll containing the article which he contributed to the Apostles' Creed. Below all these, and immediately above the stalls of the choir, are represented, in a line of forty half-length figures, those fathers and doctors of the Church, who have honored the Blessed Virgin by titles or epithets of great beauty and excellence. It would be impossible to understand all these without the aid of something more than mere guide-books, so much have they suffered from time. But once understood, they give one an exalted idea of the strictly theological spirit in which art was practised in those ages. Again and again we were made to realize, that these pictures were not painted merely to adorn the walls, but, rather, to adorn the souls of those who worshipped before these altars with the cardinal virtues of faith, hope, charity, and to furnish their imaginations with the lovely imagery which the Church, through her gospels, epistles, and traditions, has preserved for the faithful, and which she is ever mindful to put before their eyes in ways which will attract their attention, fix them in their

memory, and produce fruit in their lives. It was when animated by such motives that art was the beautiful handmaid of religion, the illuminated book of the ignorant, and the inspiration of whole communities of holy, religious in their quiet cells and shaded cloisters.

It is, indeed, in the midst of such vivid representations of supernatural events, that the canons of the cathedral of Orvieto have sung matins and lauds, prime, tierce, sext, none, vespers, and compline, for five hundred years.* The stalls of these monastic canons are, in themselves, marvels of skilful woodwork. It would be impossible to give an idea, in words, of the delicacy and intricacy, the absolute minuteness, of these decorations in wood; light woods inlaid on dark, and dark woods inlaid on light; while the back of each stall bears a picture in different woods, which is no stiff caricature of its subject, but in several instances as nobly conceived and executed as if in stone. It would seem, indeed, as if the material signified nothing to the mind of these enthusiastic artists, their enthusiasm rendering all materials subservient to their ideas.

If we have lingered long before describing the chapel, which is supposed to be the principal attraction within the cathedral, it is not because we were slow to enter it. One returns again and again to this chapel, on the right of the choir, this Cappella di San Brizio, to which Michael Angelo came to study long before he was called upon to lay his brush to the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. Like the Cappella del Corporale, and the choir, the best time to see its walls is the early morning. We no sooner enter this chapel, than we know that art has overcome many difficulties, has learned much concerning its own capacities for expressing sublime ideas, since Ugolino di Prete painted in the choir and in the opposite chapel; for these pictures date nearly a century later.

Instinctively, our eyes turn to the vaulted ceiling, arch melting into arch to rise into a perfect whole; and there, confronting every soul which enters that gate, is Christ, in his awful beauty as the Judge of men. Seated on the clouds of heaven, with the clouds for his footstool, with rays of glory forming a circle of light around his entire person, he bears the round world on his knee, while his right hand is raised to summon before him the souls of "the quick and the dead." The space between this circle of light and the sides of the arch is filled with adoring angels. Ruskin says, these Etruscan painters treated Gothic arches like the inside of an inverted vase, suiting the subject to the space before them, and turning every accident of form to advantage. This was never more true than in the ceiling before us. The one figure of Christ with adoring angels filling this long compartment, we see in the high pointed arches around it, set close with pyramidal groups of saints — the prophets, doctors, confessors, virgins and martyrs—each group filling its own arch; noble, and at the same time pathetic figures, for they carry to heaven the glorious marks of their conflicts on earth. The whole ceiling is given to this celestial parcel of the last judgment; but only a small part of it was actually painted by Fra Angelico, which happened in this way.

The rulers of Orvieto agreed with Fra Angelico, on the 14th of June, 1447, to occupy his summer vacation, year by year, in painting his chapel of San Brizio, in fresco. He was to bring with him his pupil, Benozzo, and two assistants. He began immediately, and by the 2 *8th*

* In all the monastic churches of Europe, as well as in the cathedrals, the Divine Office is sung in the *choir*, which is the space behind the high altar. This space is very large, and affords every opportunity for architectural and pictorial effects, as well as musical ones. In St. Peter's, however, the Office is sung in a side chapel of great magnificence.

of September, the three most southerly compartments in the groined ceiling of the chapel were completed, two by himself—the figure of our Lord and the group of prophets—the other by Benozzo. But just as the season's work had thus happily ended, one of his assistants, Antonio Giovanelli, fell from the scaffold and was killed. The gentle nature of the angelical friar never recovered from this shock, and he could not be induced to return to Orvieto. This disappointment was all the greater, as at this time Fra Angelico was at the height of his fame, having been invited to Rome by Nicholas V to paint that chapel in the Vatican which still bears the name of this great Pontiff; or, sometimes, that of the "golden chapel," on account of its splendor.

During fifty years the chapel of San Brizio remained unfinished, when it was decided that Luca Signorelli should complete the work. Taking up the solemn theme as it was left by the angelical friar, using his designs even for the continuation of the ceiling, the calm grandeur of the celestial vision is unbroken. But it is on the wall that Signorelli expresses that idea of the judgment of the wicked and their torments, which the *Inferno* of Dante had made familiar to all Italy, and which was in unison with the spirit of his own genius. Here we no longer see the poetic, meditative imagery of the cloister, but the awfully real impersonations of sin, which a mind as active as Signorelli's would find suggested by the nature of his subject. And first we see Antichrist preaching his falsehoods, and deluding the souls of men. Nor is this smooth-tongued Antichrist a monster to be dreaded. The figure, the countenance in its outline, the gracious fall of hair parted on the forehead, and the flowing draperies, are all easily mistaken, at first sight, as belonging to our Lord; and it is only upon a second look that we perceive the hypocritical semblance. Following this preaching of Antichrist is the death of the wicked previous to the judgment, represented by a horrified group called the "Fulminati." Huge angels, with enormous wings, breathe columns of fire on these wretched beings; men and women, and women with babes in their arms! In vain do they try to evade the descending flames with which the very heavens are lurid. Each one is pursued, overtaken, struck with death, whether boldly defying, or cursing it in despair, or deprecatingly pleading for mercy; for the day of vengeance is come, the day of pitiless judgment. To this scene succeeds the resurrection. Two angels, giants in size and strength, appear on the clouds, blowing the trumpets of doom. And to this call what a response is made! Instantaneously, simultaneously, the newly awakened bodies and fleshless skeletons struggle again to birth from the solid clay. How they wrestle with the grassy turf which has covered them for centuries; all rising in expectation of a judgment from which they cannot flee, and which even the just have reason to dread, yet arising with the eager alacrity of beings new born!

For the heaven in this chapel we cast our eyes on the celestial groups of the ceiling; but here, on the walls, Signorelli compels the most unwilling to see what hell may be, and its tormenting demons. Horrified, we see human shapes assumed by superhuman intelligences, wholly and entirely bent on evil, with a superhuman power to inflict it. To these wicked intelligences, which sinned not through ignorance but knowledge, are given up the souls and bodies of the condemned. Nor are these condemned ones merely rough types of humanity; but delicate women, high born as it would seem from the very nobleness of their aspects; with noble intellects, too, and of gentle culture; how one shudders to see such shapes carried to a doom, compared with which the

most awful death is but a trivial accident to the mind of the Christian! Many, who came only to wonder at the marvellous skill of Signorelli, for they have been told he was a master from whom Michael Angelo did not disdain to learn; who came merely to wonder, supposing they should smile over these mediæval fancies, have groaned audibly before the frescoes on the walls of San Brizio, and have cried out in the anguish of a contrite mind: "Save us, oh Lord, in the terrible day of judgment!"

The awful fascination of these pictures makes one for a time oblivious to anything else, at least to anything below them. Only the majestic calm of the groups above can distract the mind. But after awhile we find a link between these scenes of terrible agony and the regions of absolute bliss. Angels, tall, and clothed like deacons, only without dalmatics, and with faces of grave happiness, play on lutes, and thus charm the senses of those who have passed the dread ordeal of judgment, and are on their way to heaven. We follow them, and almost see them finding places among the groups on the ceiling. But fatigue, at length, compels the eye and the mind to turn earthward, to meet with a consolation wholly unlooked for. Again we seem to tread the accustomed ways of men, and feel the breezes of this world on our cheeks, and are charmed with glimpses of a paradise of color, of song, of poesy! All the iridescence of birds of fair plumage, all the delights of tropical blossoms, trailing vines, and summer life are hinted at in the arabesques which cover the lower half of the wall. These arabesques are divided into square compartments, and in the centre of each is a portrait of one of the great writers of Italy, Cicero, Ovid, Horace, Seneca, Dante, and Virgil. Of all these the picture of Dante is the best preserved, and has a peculiar charm. The great poet is represented in the flower of his age, and turning over his books with the air of a happy student; in truth, the most pleasing picture of Dante we have ever seen. Besides the portrait, each compartment contains four small medallion pictures of scenes taken from the works of the author they surround.

As if nothing should be lacking to the grandeur of this chapel, we find on the right hand a Pietà, in marble, by the same Ippolito Scalza to whom we owe the St. John, St. Thomas, and St. Roch, near the entrance. In this group are given not only the Madonna with the dead Christ on her lap, but St. Mary Magdalene pressing one wounded hand to her cheek, and holding one foot in the excess of her grief; while St. Joseph of Arimathea stands, looking down upon the dead face of Israel's Redeemer with a sorrow as profound as it is tender, one hand holding the pincers, the other the ladder. It is the nearest approach we have seen to the Pietà by Michael Angelo in St. Peter's.

Over the altar of the chapel of San Brizio hangs the miraculous Madonna di San Brizio, still an object of veneration. Unlike other Madonnas of that period the Blessed Virgin is standing, with the Infant in her arms. The artist evidently intended to represent a raised dais, with a throne in the background. Four angels are seen in the air, one on each side with folded palms, and above these two angels bringing crowns. In spite of the modern look of those which have been placed later on the heads of the figures, quite contrary to the idea of the artist, there is a singular sweetness and majesty in this crowned Virgin Mother and her crowned child, under whose feet she has placed her open palm, which might well win the heart, even if no traditions hallowed the picture to the pilgrim; and it never fails of some tribute of praise from the most rigorous critic.

If the morning light is favorable for the cathedral, the late afternoon is equally so for exploring the small town crowded on this mountain summit. The whole city can be traversed in a day, and yet one can linger many days in Orvieto, and only begin an acquaintance with its beauties. The strongest attraction next to the cathedral was the old church of San Dominico, where we had expected to find such treasures of ancient art. But in vain did we look on the whitewashed walls for that Madonna, painted by Simone di Martino for the Dominicans of Orvieto, and so renowned for the charm of its color and the elegance of its forms. Every trace of the grand old Dominicans, who had nourished sacred sciences and sacred art in this favored retreat, had disappeared. Not the fading vestige even of St. Thomas, the angelical doctor, who composed within its walls the office of the Blessed Sacrament, and taught philosophy to students, who well might believe they were listening to the voice of an angel; nor of that other angelical, the Fra Angelico of the chapel of San Brizio, who, while painting that celestial ceiling, must have lived with his brothers, the monks of San Dominico, was to be found. The only relic of the noble period to which all these memories belong, is the Gothic monument by Arnolfo, in honor of Cardinal di Braye, who died in 1282. The whole monument is conceived according to the spirit of the thirteenth century, and the old cardinal lies in a sublime sleep worthy of a Christian sculptor like Arnolfo, who gives an equal proof of his merit as an architect and mosaic worker in the accessories of the monument. With a sad heart we roamed through the desolate cloister, after visiting the secular school established here by the Princess Marguerite. The glory of San Dominico had fled, with the expulsion of the noble order which had thrown such a halo of sacred tradition around its walls. There were no rose-bushes, even from which to take a bud; and we were obliged to content ourselves with a sprig of the low purple mallows in the grass-plot. We had passed a crumbling palace, which must have been one of rare beauty in its day; and a bell-tower, square, with little turrets on each corner, and the cross rising from the midst of them, too picturesque to be ever forgotten. But leaving San Dominico by another way, we strolled to the farther end of the town, overlooking the old walls of the city, the newly opened Etruscan tombs, and the glories of mountain and valley which surround Orvieto. We clambered down the steep path inside the walls, looked through the ancient port-holes, and thus framed in many a bit of distant mountain and vale, with castles and villas crowning their summits or hidden among olive groves. Suddenly the square tower of San Giovenale rose before us on the very point of a triangle overlooking this panorama, to all appearances as solid as if hewn out of granite. The side-door was open, and we entered, not to be awed by the Eucharistic presence, for no lamp burned before the altar; but awed still, for on every wall and on every column were the crumbling remains of saints and angels, depicted according to the types of those Umbrian artists which take such a hold upon the imagination and the heart. A few more years, and even these remains will have disappeared, notwithstanding the care taken of every scrap of color clinging to the surface of wall or column; and the traveller, still more the pilgrim, to San Giovenale, will leave it with the same disappointment with which we had already left San Dominico. Behind the altar, however, was still to be seen a mosaic on a gold ground; and if lacking the religious grace so peculiar to Umbrian art, was still devout in its motive, and consoling by its durability.

In this same part of the town we

came, just at sunset, upon another charming spot, like a perfect surprise; for San Bernardino gets only a passing notice from the guide-books. The side-door was open; but so, too, was the grand portal, the beauty of which had struck us at first glance. There was a light before the altar, and the cheerfulness of the nave contrasted with the solemn gloom of San Giovenale. As we made our genuflexion and walked up the nave, what a distance of range upon range of blue mountains suddenly opened upon us from the side-door on the left! Both side-doors were open to let the cool airs of the coming evening breathe through. On the right hand lay the paved piazza and the old stone houses of the street; but on the left hand lay that same world of marvellous beauty, which every now and then is seen from these heights of Orvieto. Transported by this contrast of distant mountains with the subdued tints of this interior of an ancient church, we stepped to the open door and into the green court, to pause before one of the most touching pictures of what was once a cloister. An aged priest was drawing up a bucket of water from a well in the corner near us, to water a bed of pinks, asters, and lilies, close by the old convent wall. He did not see us at first, and we had time to note the grave placidity of the aged face, the refinement of every gesture. When he did see us, however, it was to give us a smile of welcome. He invited us to look at his bed of flowers, and then led us to the walled rampart, on the very edge of the height, to see the wonderful view spreading out before us under the lingering twilight. Against the blue of the sky, and the hardly deeper blue of the far-away mountains, rose the crumbling cells of this monastic home of other centuries; and as the silent, desolated cloister stood there before us, the aged priest seemed the only living link between us and the ages when these walls echoed the sweet matin and vesper songs of men who lived only for God. There was a pensive beauty, a melancholy charm, about the spot, which we shall recall to our dying hour with delight, and when, with a smile as pensive as the hour and the spot, the aged priest picked a few of his pale purple asters for us, we took them as precious mementoes of San Bernadino, its aged pastor, and the charm of its ruined cloisters overlooking a mortal paradise.

The next morning was our last in Orvieto, and we must take one more look at that facade. The *Duomo* stands in the midst of a piazza which allows all its beauties to be seen. No one has ever dreamed of intruding upon its spacious surroundings. On one side is the long row of picturesque cottages. On another are solemn-looking houses, with seats in front of them of black and white marble, on which the merest passer-by can sit and rest himself, and look all the while at the most glorious facade in the world. On the third is the long palace, with square windows in Gothic arches, in which, at different times and by reason of divers necessities, thirty-four popes have had their residence, and built by the same Urban IV who projected the cathedral. Between the palace and the solemn old houses there is a square tower, on which stands a gigantic warrior, who strikes the hours on the great bell with the stroke of his sword. We did not content ourselves with sitting on the marble seats, however. In the stories above are the museums, in which are to be seen hundreds of vessels taken from the Etruscan tombs below the town; designs on parchment for the facade of the cathedral, and for a pulpit which was never completed; a beautifully carved reading-desk, a precious reliquary, by Ugolíno of Siena, the same artist who wrought the silver shrine with its paintings in enamel for the Capella del Cor-

porale; a Magdalen, by Signorelli; a Madonna, by John of Pisa; and, more beautiful than all, the original painting, by Ansano of Siena, for the mosaic in the very apex of the facade. From the windows of these museums we had sat for hours looking at the facade, before the afternoon sun threw over its golden surface a radiance too dazzling for the eye. Here we would take our last look, and gather all its precious forms and colors and designs into our memories.

Again the eye followed the sculptures of the lower story; the twisted columns holding their brilliant thread of mosaic, with alternating sculptured acanthus knobs, and broad bands of the costliest *pietre dure;* the enthroned Madonna, by Maitani, with its canopy sustained by angels, all in bronze, over the middle portal; in the Gothic arch over the southern door, the Birth of the Blessed Virgin; in the spaces between this foliated pointed arch and the perpendicular towers, the vision granted to Saint Joachim and Saint Anna; above these, under another pointed arch with its foliations and aerial angel, the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple; corresponding to this, on the northern side of the great rose-window, the Marriage of the Blessed Virgin; below this, over the northern door, the Baptism of Our Lord, and between the arch and the towers, the Annunciation; above the round arch of twisted columns and *pietre dure* of the middle door, under a pointed foliated Gothic arch, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin; while above all these, above the rose-window, and above the open arcade running along the front, above the great rose-window of alabaster, set in mosaics and *relievos* and jasper-work, above the noble statues in their fretted niches which frame it in, above all these, under another pointed and foliated arch, with *pietre dure* running up to its very point, is the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, by that Ansano of Siena who is said to have "lived wholly in God;" and all these in mosaic with ground of gold, and the mosaics themselves edged and set in choicest sculptures; the whole like an opal in the dark setting of the streets below, and lighted from the dome of heaven above, with a background of loveliest mountains melting into the sky itself. Or let us say, rather, remembering the miracle in which the Cathedral had its beginning, like a most precious *remonstrance*, which from age to age presents Jesus in the consecrated Host to the adoration of the faithful!

JOSEPH BENNETT'S LENTEN DISCIPLINE.

He had done him a great wrong, there was no doubt of that. They had been dear friends always, Joe Bennett and Roderick Halstead; had lived within a stone's throw of each other, had gone to the same school, and studied the same lessons, and they went to sea together as cabin-boys in the same ship. But Joe's was the stronger, more faithful character, and it showed itself in one marked way. While fickle Rod fell lightly and harmlessly in love with every pretty face he saw, Joe had loved Charlotte Drowne from her childhood, and he never was to love any other woman, though this woman never became his wife.

Yet he asked her to marry him, when he came to bid her farewell

the first time that he left Boothbay, and she accepted him, smiling through her tears, and bringing to his honest lips some silly tender words about the dew on the roses. She wore his ring, and wrote to him whenever an opportunity came to send a letter, and she welcomed him home gladly, and watched him go again through tears till he had made two voyages, and was gone upon the third. And they promised each other that if he was as successful this time as he had always been, and came home with as snug a sum to help form his home, they would be married. Yet all the while you would have felt that Charlotte had won a far greater prize in her future husband than he—though he would have scoffed at the idea—had gained in her.

It was true, though. And if she had married him, and had had always his forbearing thoughtful love about her, shielding her from a breath of trouble, and bearing the brunt of every-storm for her in his glad free-will, I doubt if she ever would have been worthy of him. It was a nature that needed many a blow and bitter trial to make it what it finally became. In her girlhood she was only a confiding, weak-hearted, loving thing, who, if one support was taken from her, sought at once another; more eager to be comforted, no matter from whom the comfort came, than she was faithful to mourn over the true heart that had loved her well.

Rod Halstead did not go on that third voyage with Joe. He had tired of the sea, and a fair chance for business offered just then in Boothbay, he seized the chance, and became a postmaster instead of sailor.

"You've been a brother to me, old fellow," Bennett said, with a warm grip of his hand, as they stood on the pier, waiting for the ship to weigh anchor. "I've no brother to have my lass in charge of while I'm gone, but I trust her to you as surely."

"I'll guard her well," quoth Rod, and he meant it too. "You shall have her as you leave her when you come home again, Joe, only a trifle merrier," and his own eyes grew moist as he looked at poor, trembling, weeping Charlotte as she clung to Joe's arm.

"You shall have her as you leave her." Joseph Bennett, as the bark Alcestis sped out to sea, looked back, with all his heart in his face, to the pier where the two whom he loved best on earth stood, watching him. She was clinging to Rod's arm now, he had said something which had brought a watery smile to her eyes. Joe's heavy heart grew lighter.

"God bless him!" he said. "He's cheered her already. No doubt he's telling her of the good day when I'll be home once more."

And he had guessed the truth; it was exactly what Rod was telling her; it was exactly what he did tell her over and over again for many a day. She came to count his words, his cheery face, his very step upon the walk, as her daily comfort, and he alas! he came to think upon her as the woman who must be his wife.

Light and fickle his loves had been before, the flame easily lighted, and blown by a breath away. This love, waking slowly and imperceptibly, grew very strong within him, and he let it have its will. At first, it is true, he called it friendship, but as the time drew near for Joe's return, he learned to his cost that it was more than that, and it seemed to him that he could not live without her. "If Joe would only die," he said wistfully to himself.

The Alcestis was due in June; the May foreign mail brought Halstead a letter, postmarked Hong Kong. He knew the handwriting, so like his own, copied from the same copies under the same master, but evidently the hand had trembled.

"Dear Rod," it said, "I'm down sick, and my money is gone. You must break it to my little girl ten-

der as you know how. I can't bear to write it myself. Tell her I'll be home as soon as I can, God prospering me, and bid her keep a good heart for my sake. Yours ever, J. B."

It was ten o'clock at night when Halstead read that letter. He has been all the evening chatting and singing with Charlotte; on his return home he found the foreign mail come in, eleven hours earlier than usual, and had received the letter sooner than he otherwise would. It was long past midnight when he flung himself, still dressed, upon his bed, for a brief and broken slumber, and clenched in his hand was another letter. "Dear Rod, I have met one whom I cannot part from. I love her. Tell Charlotte, and beg her to forgive me. She will find a better man than I. We leave here to-morrow for ——, but you won't care where. I never can face Boothbay, and her and you again. Your friend, Joseph Bennett."

Yes, Rod had dared write it all out, even to that honest name. And he dared show it, denouncing the man who wrote it as a traitor and a villain, sure that in this, at all events, he spoke the truth. And all Boothbay saw, and read, and heard, and believed, and Charlotte mourned a little while, and was speedily comforted, and no one dreamed of blaming her when she became, before the week ended, Roderick Halstead's wife. Her aunt with whom she lived had just died; she had no other relatives in Boothbay; it was well for her, people said, that so good a man stood ready to give her his name and his protection. It was an evening wedding, and the bridegroom had not previously approached the sacraments, but then he had never been very strict in his religion, and only the Easter before he had performed his Easter duty. Charlotte was not over zealous either, and she made little difficulty.

People said that Rod Halstead made a far steadier postmaster than they would have fancied from his fickle boyhood. He was always in his place, and always specially careful of the foreign mails. Nobody dreamed how much he feared those thin envelopes, nor in what a treadmill of anxiety he lived lest some one should find out his crime. But the inward trouble told upon him in its constant gnawing at his heart, and Charlotte found by sore experience how bitter and stinging those words may be, which a man can say to his wife when he has no other method to free himself of his burdens.

He had written to Joe that Charlotte was dead. "When he knows that, he will cease to think of coming home," thought Roderick, not reading well the strong soul of his friend. But before this letter had time to reach its destination, two came from Joe to Charlotte, and when Rod opened and read them, as he did with eagerness and by stealth, their abiding trust and love sent the hot flush of shame tingling over him. After these, the letters ceased, but Rod's fears never ceased.

"I cannot leave Boothbay," he told himself. "I must stay by my office, or the affair will be found out somehow."

The crew of the Alcestis, returning home, reported that they had left Joe Bennett sick at Hong Kong, and "the landlord had a pretty daughter to look after him," they said, laughing. "Mrs. Halstead had done well to take the prize that lay close to her hand."

But when Christmas came, when fears might seem to be laid to rest, when people had ceased to speak of Bennett, and the nine days' talk had died, then Roderick told his wife that they must leave Boothbay.

"I'm tired of it," he said.

She fretted at first, then yielded.

"Home is where you are," she said, smiling fondly at him; and pleased by her submission and her affection, he proposed that they should go to walk together before

he went to the office. She asked to go to the pier, and they stood there in lover-like fashion, counting the sails that dotted the wintry sea.

Idly they noted a schooner coming into port; then, as it drew nearer, they watched it with interest.

"It's Seth Batson's whaler," Charlotte said. "There'll be glad hearts and homes in Boothbay to-night."

A man stood on the forecastle, looking straight out before him to the wharf, a man with a grave, earnest face, marked with lines of some sore grief, yet more touching still to see in its resignation. When Joe Bennett learned that his Charlotte was dead, he had borne the blow sweetly and patiently, but it had crushed ambition and energy from his heart.

"Let me get me home," he said. "If I can't have her living beside me, to gladden all my days for me as I had hoped, I can at least live where her grave is, and strive to be the better man for being where she used to be. And my good Rod will tell me all about her."

So, when Seth Batson's whaler touched for water at Hong Kong, Joe, weak and feeble still from his illness, was granted with real kindness a free passage home.

"There'll be none looking for me," he thought, as he stood there on the forecastle. "But if I could choose now, I'd rather, far rather, had loved her, and had her love, and then let death take her, than never to have loved my Charlotte."

The sailor's soul was speaking in its true grief like the poet's soul. Lonely and sad as he was, the thought of their past joys and affection thrilled him with a present and living gladness.

"Here, Bennett, take a peep at the old place," a sailor said, handing him the spy-glass, through which he had been looking for his own dear cottage.

Joe took the glass and looked. Had any one watched him very closely, he might have seen the bronzed face grow pale, and the hands tighten their hold with a curious, swoon-like clench. He bent down against the railing on one knee as though to steady himself, and then looked again.

"You shall find her as you leave her, only a trifle merrier."

That then was his Charlotte, standing on the pier, the wind blowing hard against her, and so causing her to cling closely to Roderick Halstead's arm; causing her, too, to look up in his face, and laugh gayly. Joe had thought to find her laid beneath the frozen sods, where his voice could not reach her, nor any joy bring smiles, nor any fear bring tears to her sweet child-face again. What did it all mean?

He gave back the spy-glass.

"I can't understand," he said to himself. "This passes my comprehension. But I'll trust 'em. God helping me, I'll trust 'em both till I know all."

The schooner came up along the pier; there were greetings and glad home-welcomings for all but to one. Joe Bennett saw that the only forms he cared to see were gone, and he hid himself in the cabin till he could land unobserved.

He had told his story to none on board the whaler. It had seemed to him that he could not bear to mention it.

"I am in great trouble," was all he said. When, as they remembered it, in the course of their joyous evenings, the sailors told in their homes that Joseph Bennett had been with them like a man in trouble, people wondered, and raised suspicion, and made thoughtless, cruel jests, but never a suspicion did they cast on Roderick Halstead. And no one left his own fireside to seek the wanderer or question those who were dearest to him.

But at their cosy tea-table, Roderick sat opposite Charlotte, and

talked and laughed with her as he had not done for many a day. They would leave this haunted place, he thought joyfully in his heart; in some new home they would cast all fear away; he would have her to himself in all her tenderness and beauty, with no dread of some wretched hour which should change his life to hopeless misery. And even as he thought this jubilantly, the time of retribution had come.

You may say that Joseph Bennett, if he loved Charlotte with such peculiar tenderness, might have trusted her to the end, and gone away and left her with her present joy unbroken, choosing to bear any grief rather than to bring grief upon her. Perhaps he might. But there are varying degrees of unselfishness, and Joseph Bennett had not reached the topmost height. Moreover, One wiser than man had his own good plan and purpose here for the weak woman's nature, which suffering was to strengthen and perfect.

The door behind Charlotte opened. Rod looked up, and suddenly and forever the bright smile vanished from his face. Charlotte turned to see the cause of his trouble. A man, bent, trembling, haggard, stood in the doorway; a man, who held out his hand pitifully, not to her, but to her husband, and spoke in a voice of strange despairing hope, the hope of a forlorn hope, not to her but to him.

"Rod, old fellow, I'm come for my Charlotte, my little lass. You've taken good care of her for me?"

Halstead left his chair, came and put his hand on Charlotte's hand, where the wedding-ring was shining, and Joe's ring had long been missing.

"We heard you loved another," he said, while his very lips were white. "She's my wife, she is," he said.

Joe came a little nearer to them. Vaguely, while he watched him, there came into Halstead's mind a memory of their schoolboy days, when he and Joe had watched a wounded and dying hare drag itself along to the place where its young ones were. Why should Joe's faltering steps bring back that memory?

"Charlotte," Joe said, still in that heart-breaking tone of despairing hope, "Charlotte, you didn't believe it? You didn't ever believe that of me, Charlotte, my love?"

Quivering all over, she looked at her husband. "He told me so," she said.

Rod's very face condemned him, and he made no attempt at concealment.

"I loved her!" he cried, passionately, as if those few words told all.

Then for a brief space there was silence, and then Joe Bennett spoke.

"I loved her, too," he said. "I loved her so, and I trusted her so, that I wouldn't have believed she would be false to me, though the whole world told me; not unless I heard it from her very lips! And I loved you, Rod Halstead, and I trusted you like no other man on earth."

Silence again, a strange silence, for Charlotte was not weeping with those ready sobs which had always come for any grief before. She sat there quite still between the two men upon whose lives her life had wrought such bitter work, and she seemed like one nerved up to hear all and to bear all to the end.

"You have ruined my life," Joe went on at last. "Live now, and be as happy as you can. No word of mine shall let men know the wrong you've done me. But I never can forgive you. You've ruined my life here and hereafter, for I never can forgive you. May God help us all!"

Joe's old friends and neighbors met him in the street next day, and began by passing rough jests upon him, which, at first, he did not understand. But they quickly ceased to jest when they scanned his pallid

face; and he, when he understood at last the meaning of their words, made no attempt to remove the suspicions that were rife in Boothbay. Anything was easy to bear compared with the one crushing blow. He hired a small room near the wharves, and found enough to support him by keeping a small shop of sailors' stores, and there he lived a quiet, harmless life.

And Rod and Charlotte did not leave Boothbay.

"I've borne the worst now," Rod told her sullenly. "We will wait and see what comes of it. But I must give up the office anyway. I can't stand the sight of it."

Yet, though they waited, nothing came, nothing, that is, of outward suspicion or disgrace. People said indeed that Mr. and Mrs. Halstead were altered, but they found the reasons for it in Charlotte's feebler health and some loss of property. She grew very weak, poor child! Used always to lean on others' judgment, to trust others' goodness, all at once her props had failed her. In her loneliness and disappointment she learned where the only lasting strength, the only unfailing wisdom, could be found. In the days of her bright, gay girlhood, none but masses of obligation found her in the church. Now each morning saw her there. Each week she came humbly to receive the sacraments of cleansing and of strength.

"I don't deserve it," she used to say, sobbing. "I don't deserve it, but oh! where else can I go now, and who else can help me?"

Joe came often, too, to church, kneeling in a far-away corner, praying often, "God have mercy on me! God have mercy on me!" But one Easter passed, and then another, and he did not fulfil his Easter duty, nor once in all that time did he approach the altar.

"There are those as have done me a great wrong," he said to the kind old priest, "and I cannot forgive them."

Rod came to church sometimes of a Sunday; that was all at first. Charlotte never alluded to the past after that one night of Joe's return, when her husband, as if he could endure no longer to keep his evil secret to himself, had told her all. But she never came to him again with her winning trust, never looked at him again with that childlike look of helpless confidence. Instead, he grew to lean on her in a way that was sad and touching to behold, and yet, to the unseen eyes that read the linked mysteries of those three lives must have been sweet to see.

Sometimes Charlotte met Bennett unexpectedly at the church door or on the street; she never went to the wharves now, and even had she wished it, she was generally too feeble to go farther than to church. Always, when she met him, she stopped him and she spoke to him with the same meek, contrite plea, "Dear Joe, forgive us."

At first she had added, "for old times' sake forgive us," but that was soon altered. "For the dear Lord's sake," she used to say. And still, in either case, Joe answered, "I cannot, I cannot. I would if I could, but you've ruined my life for me between you. Here and hereafter you've ruined it."

What Charlotte suffered words cannot tell, but she never once murmured. But day by day the burden of those two souls lay heavier upon her, till she would have sunk beneath it, had she not learned to unite it to that far heavier load of souls borne patiently upon the cross.

Living daily in the atmosphere of her love and patience divinely taught, never meeting with reproach by word or look, borne with in his peevishness, upheld in his remorse, Roderick Halstead loved her as he had never loved her in their merry days, came to reverence her and to trust her, and to long to know the com-

fort that through all her grief she knew. But she never urged and petted him; she only prayed long and waited, and he knew she prayed for him. One day in Lent, when the rain was falling chill in the short dark afternoon, and yet she stood ready to go over to the church through all the storm to make her confession, her husband came to her, his lips trembling, and his dim eyes seeking hers pitifully between fear and hope. Both of them remembered, as he stood there silently for a moment before he spoke, how another figure had once stood in that doorway as pale and trembling as he.

"Charlotte," Rod said huskily, "I *wish* I could go to confession too."

That dark and stormy Lenten evening, Joseph Bennett sat alone in his one room that was shop and parlor both. A sudden knock startled him. "Come in," he cried out.

A man and a woman entered dripping with rain; entered and came up to him where he sat dumb with amazement, and it was the man and not the woman who spoke first.

"Joe," Roderick said falteringly, "I did you a great, great wrong, and I never can make up to you for it. But I'm sorry for it with all my heart, and I beg and pray you to forgive me."

And Charlotte did not speak at all. She clasped her hands under her wet cloak, and prayed silently to Him who had answered in His time and way one often-uttered prayer, and who, she firmly believed, would yet answer the other desire of her heart.

Joe wavered. Then he heard outside the thud of the waves against the pier, the steady fall of the rain, the whistle of the wind.

"Listen," he said; "listen to that outside, and then to me. In storm and shine you have each other. I've none to love me. No, I never, never can forgive you. Go, leave me alone, as I must forever be."

She did not speak to him at all. She seemed to listen as he bade them; then she spoke aloud to God. "What more can man do, my Lord?" she prayed. "Work thine own will, thine own will, whatever it may be."

She had offered all, as time and again she had done, to God, for their reconciliation; and again the prayer and vow contented her. But Roderick strove once more.

"Joe, if God forgives, cannot man forgive? I will do anything you bid me."

Joe turned upon him, not with fiery hatred, but with the settled calm of a many months' uninterrupted decision never to pardon.

"You have nothing that you can give me now," he said. "You took all long ago, and you never can give it back."

It was bitter for Rod to bear; it marred the trembling joy of his next day, when, in the gray mist that still hung heavily over Boothbay, he and Charlotte made their way to the church, and knelt side by side, as they had never done before, to receive their Lord. But in her calm strength of faith that peace would yet be made among them, Charlotte's happiness knew no cloud.

Kneeling in his distant corner, Joe Bennett watched them, and prayed drearily, "Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, O Lord!"

Two days later, while setting his little shop in order, he heard men talking beside his open window.

"It's that awful throat distemper," said one. "But didn't she die suddenly?" asked another. "No, not in that sickness," was the answer. "Not for so frail a woman. She was a strong enough lass, she was always, but of late she's been weak and ailing."

"Her husband is down with it, too, they say."

"Yes, but he's stronger. He will pull through, more likely. The Hal-

steads are a long-lived race, and the Drownes never were; though, as I said, Charlotte was healthy enough as a lass."

Joe left his shop, and went away up the street to the Halsteads' home. The doctor was just leaving it. "I say, Bennett," he cried, "couldn't you lend a hand in there? That good fellow may live if there is real care taken of him, though it's little he will care for life without his Charlotte."

"I've had to live without her," thought Joe grimly to himself, as he passed the doctor without answering him, and went straight into the house.

In the front room, on the settle, with a sheet thrown over the form wasted not by her death-sickness, but by suffering and sorrow, all that was mortal of Charlotte—once his Charlotte — lay. Joe stood and looked fixedly at her face.

"She ruined my life," he said.

A low, moaning sound came from the room near by.

"Let him moan," Joe said between his teeth. "I made my moan long ago by reason of him. 'Twas worse pain I bore than body-pains can be."

But presently the sounds ceased and all was still.

Joe bent down a little nearer to the white face. "Charlotte," he whispered; "Charlotte."

Once his voice, saying that name, would have brought the pink, sweet blushes to her cheek; would have wakened the lovelight in her eyes. Once she hung upon his words, and looked to him for help and strength and comfort, and he was her all to her.

"She came to trust another very easily," Joe thought with bitterness. And he added, half aloud, musingly, "She doesn't trust him now either. She's dead now."

Dead *now?* Curiously there came to his mind the look of her face in his shop two nights before; yes, and its look when, meeting him in church or street, she had pleaded for forgiveness. He understood it now. So far as trust in man was concerned, Charlotte had died long ago. The fickle thing, who had stood so in need of help that when one prop had failed her, she had lightly contented herself with another far more apt to fail,—this frail being had learned at last to seek God's strength and love and wisdom, and to do without the human aid. Nay, more, Joe felt with a pang that she had ceased so much as to miss it, and to be content and glad with "God alone."

They had ruined his life! It flashed on him like the lightning; *had* they ruined it, or was it he himself who was making of it a worse than useless thing? Joe thought it out steadily in honest fashion.

"She did all she could to make up for it, poor soul!"

Yes, that was true. She had done what she could. And God, who saw it, and who alone knew how deep and earnest that woman's atoning work had been, had taken her out of the fight at last, crowning his other gifts with so large a grace at the end that she did not grieve or dream of grieving that she had not seen the full fruits of her prayers. God could do it all; He knew.

All this Joe could not read, but he read it in fact.

"God pardoned her," he said. And then, slowly, "He pardoned *him* too," said Joe.

Still the face shone there before him like a star, unmoved by his presence, wrapped in peace he could not break by love or harshness. And through that face in death God wrought his work. Joe sank down on his knees, sobbing humbly like a baby.

"I've ruined my own life," he said; "nobody else could do that for me. You've done what you could to make up for the trouble, both of you, and you will get heaven and

joy, while I am shutting myself out with my own hand."

Was the barbed arrow of that silent look to pierce his soul more deeply still, for the rapid thought went on?

Suppose they had *not* done all they could, what then? it would still be no excuse for him. Had this woman been nothing in these past four years? What if she had chosen to cry out against man as he had done? What if she had chosen to murmur against God? No, she had taken another course than that; each grief, each heartache had lifted her nearer heaven; that which *she might have made* her soul's eternal ruin, had become for her a path to endless life.

"I have sinned," said Joseph Bennett, in awe and true contrition. "Now God have mercy on me, as I pardon them, for I forgive them with all my heart."

The moaning had begun again, but neither her husband's suffering nor her old lover's long-desired pardon could break Charlotte's placid slumber. Joe rose up to prove his hard-bought penitence true. "I'll see to him for you, Charlotte, my love," he said.

They made their Easter communion, those two old friends, now friends once more. They lived together, Rod leaning upon Joe for help and counsel, Joe caring for Rod to the last. For it was Joe who was left companionless finally, to learn Charlotte's blessed lesson of "God alone." He ceased to sorrow over what he had thought keen cause at first for sorrow, that Charlotte did not know on earth the peace of reconciliation that they had known. He came to thank God for all the suffering that had been his portion; to thank God that the woman he had loved so dearly had never become his wife. He ceased to think of her as "Charlotte, my love." God's love was enough, a thousand fold more than enough in this world, and for all woe in this world a measureless compensation of joy in heaven.

But all his life long, Joseph Bennett used to make it an especial prayer in Lent, that God would help tempted men and women both not to pass by their Easter duty, and risk their hope of heaven on the vain plea that another had ruined their lives for them, when in stern reality their ruin rested with themselves.

ROBERT EMMET'S SPEECH TO THE IRISH PATRIOTS, JUST PREVIOUS TO THEIR INTENDED RISING.

"THE darkest hour is e'er before the dawn!"
O friends, whose lives are pledged for Freedom's cause,
And if within *this* hour, your souls are dark,
Remember, that the rose-glow soft and rare,
Which ushers in the dawn of Liberty,
The royal Sun of Nations waits you now!
No more shall Erin, gem of Ocean, stand
In fetters weeping, her green vesture soiled
With dust of conq'ror's heel, and gemmed with tears,
But radiant, throned her valiant sons among,
Defy her tyrant—nay, defy the world!
O Erin! pulse of all our loyal hearts,
How can we yield to whispers of despair,
Mavourneen, when we hope our humble hands
Will rear thy throne, and let our life-blood be
Its rampart of defence from foe or storm?

Friends, gaze with me beyond the Ocean's far
And wave-crowned waste, where men of iron will
And purpose true, from England's hated hand
Their heritage of freedom long withheld
Have wrested, and won for their country fair
The title nations covet, few possess,
"Home of the free," America's proud name!
Oh! let us emulate her sons' firm faith,
Their patriotism pure, their bravery,
And merit, that on History's page, our place
Be side by side with theirs, in all the world,
The grandest record Time doth hold or keep!
Land of the brave! of Liberty the home,
Be thou our Erin's sister, and be ours
The honor with thy Washington to share
The noble name no royalty can reach,
Far placed above the crown, the throne of state,
The gilded sceptre, or the cloth of gold,
"His country's Saviour—guard of Liberty!"
Be ours, oh! noble friends, whose dear applause
My fairest honor is, the joy to raise
Our Sunburst from the depth of English thrall,
And floating golden in the air of heav'n,
Be ours the pride to see its drap'ry green
Soft mingled with the folds of their bright flag
Against the blue of heav'n, the stars and stripes,
Fit banner of the noble and the free!
To-morrow night, within *your* brave, true hearts,
That thought bright carry, shrouded round with shade
Of mem'ry's record dark; six hundred years
Of England's coward hate and tyranny.
Firm and united be! But carry out
Our plans for capture of the city here,
And all the land will rise to aid you then.
Once let our rising be of note abroad,
And France will aid us. Then, let England cow'r
Before our hosts, and cringe as tyrants do
When honor meets them, and when courage strikes!
Down, England, then! Rise, Erin, crowned and free!
Our lives thy guard; our truth, thy sure defence;
Our hearts thy kingdom; and our souls, *thy life!*
Lift up your hands in noble pledge, brave friends,
And swear with me;

In life, in chains, in DEATH,

Our country holds our only loyalty!
May these hands wither, ere a blow we strike
For aught that danger to her freedom brings!
So help us, God above! So help us, sure,
So nerve our arms, so breathe into our hearts
The breath of liberty! In Heaven first
Its fair life given, that to break our bonds
Its might may lead us and our own Green Isle,
Radiant and free, from Ocean's bosom smile!

RELIGION AND HEROISM.

In discussing the general question of the honesty of the Catholic priesthood, and their internal belief in their religious professions, Dr. Newman makes the following thoughtful remarks:

"I wonder (he says) that the self-devotion of our priests does not strike a Protestant in this point of view. What do they gain by professing a creed in which, if their enemies are to be credited, they really do not believe? What is their reward for committing themselves to a life of self-restraint and toil, and perhaps to a premature and miserable death? . . . What could support a set of hypocrites in the presence of a deadly disorder, one of them following another in long order up the forlorn hope, and one after another perishing? If they did not heartily believe in the creed of the Church, then I will say that the remark of the Apostle had its fullest illustration: 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.' Protestants admire this, when they see it; but they do not seem to see so clearly that it excludes the very notion of hypocrisy.

"Sometimes, when they reflect upon it, it leads them to remark on the wonderful discipline of the Catholic priesthood; they say that no Church has so well-ordered a clergy, and that in that respect it surpasses their own; they wish they could have such exact discipline among themselves. But is it an excellence which can be purchased? Is it a phenomenon which depends on nothing else than itself, or is it an effect which has a cause? You cannot buy devotion at a price. 'It hath never been heard of in the land of Chanaan, neither hath it been seen in Theman. The children of Agar, the merchants of Meran, none of them have known its way.' What then is that wonderful charm, which makes a thousand men act all in one way, and infuses a prompt obedience to rule, as if they were under some stern military compulsion? How difficult to find an answer, unless you will allow the obvious one, that they believe intensely what they profess!"

That heroism and self-devotion may be elevated and exalted by religion is an axiom requiring no proof; but that all true heroism, all real self-devotion is founded on that faith "which is the substance of things to be hoped for," is not so fully apparent; still the evidence in favor of this view may be obtained without any very great difficulty, and whether we contrast the heroism manifested by the Catholic priesthood in the presence of disease and the certainty of death from contagion, or that which, not only the priesthood, but also all the religious orders as well as the laity have shown in battle and beside the ambulance, with that which is prompted merely by discipline and obedience, merely natural duty or patriotism, we cannot fail to mark the great contrast, and to feel that from the heart of every martyr who has fallen a victim to religious devotion and self-sacrifice, either in hospital or on the battle-field, or as one of those silent martyrs whose deeds are unknown and recorded only in the Book of Life, the cry has gone up in its fullest significance: "They indeed have striven that they may receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible one."

These thoughts have been brought strongly before us while reading a little book recently published in Paris, called *l'Héroisme en Soutane*, by General Ambert, and the following paper is entirely derived from this source, in the belief that at the present time of doubt and incredulity it cannot be without service to contemplate the heroism and self-devotion displayed by the French Catholic clergy and laity during the late war, and traced by the author in his interesting book, from the very beginning of the contest to those days of madness which stained the streets of Paris with the blood of those martyrs—in the truest sense of the word—the martyrs of the Commune.*

* Our article will be a very free translation and necessarily a very great abridgment, but we shall endeavor to render it as faithful as possible, referring the reader for many most interesting details to the book itself.

Hardly had the war of 1870 commenced before a great cry of grief was heard throughout France. The national pride had never sustained so severe a blow. Evil passions were awakened, and the burning breath of Revolution was felt in the air. The priests were aroused, and listened eagerly to the distant sounds. They would have been deaf to the joyful cry of victory, but the moans of a bleeding country penetrated their very souls. They hastened to march towards the scene of suffering. They came from all parts, without call and without watchword; or rather, the country called them, and their watchword was, "God and France!"

A writer, distinguished both in literature and politics, has said: "The Christian religion is the first and only one which has cared for all the weaknesses of humanity, mental weakness, frailty of sex, of age, and of condition; this alone has changed the world, and is the political significance of that verse of Holy Scripture, *Emitte spiritum tuum, et renovabis faciem terræ.*" Some of the priests took their course towards the camps in order to assist the dying soldier on the battle-field; others, without separating from their flocks, prepared these for the time of trial. Some organized ambulances, and became later the protectors of the villagers, caring for the wounded, extinguishing the burning harvests, sustaining drooping courage, and proclaiming the rights of the poor and feeble. On many a winter night the priests might be seen, guiding the young "Mobiles" over the mountain paths, where they had gone astray and were likely to be surprised by the enemy.

When the villagers saw, upon the distant horizon, the long dark columns which announced the approach of the enemy, they all fled, driving before them their frightened flocks, mothers carrying their infants, the elders slowly following with the weeping children. One man alone remained—the curé of the village. The air had long resounded with the mournful toll of the bell, and at this period there were but two voices heard in all France, the cannon and the church-bell. As soon as the enemy had arrived the bell was silent, and the curé, armed with his breviary, would present himself to the general. How many villages, hamlets, and farm-houses have been preserved by the prayers of the humble curé; how many wounds have been healed by his hand; how many times has he led into his presbytery, and warmed with his charity, the exhausted soldier fainting by the wayside! Among these poor village curés, many have paid for their devotion with their lives. They have fallen as the common soldier falls, without noise and without show; no echo has repeated their dying words, and but too often the secret of their death has been carried into Prussia by some brutal soldier.

When the war was declared the French army numbered only forty-six chaplains. A single priest for a division of twelve thousand men was obviously insufficient. Applications came in on all sides, and became still more numerous in the time of disaster; one of these may be taken as an example of the spirit which inspired them all. The Abbé Testory, a canon of the Chapter of St. Denis, wrote to the Minister of War: "I beg you to nominate me as chaplain of the army of the Rhine; I will accept the lowest place, provided I can only serve my country, and take care of our valiant soldiers on the field of battle." By the beginning of September more than ten thousand applications had been received at the Ministry of War. About a hundred Jesuits appeared on the field of battle; many of them were wounded or killed during the war. In one of the battles of the army of the Loire a priest was carrying upon his shoulders a wounded soldier who still breathed; a charge of German

cavalry swept all before it, and the priest received a sabre cut upon his face. This noble scar is still conspicuous upon the face of the Père de Rochemontaux when he gives his benediction to the faithful. Three Jesuits died in Germany among the prisoners whom they were serving. All the religious orders, without exception, were represented in the service of their country. Capuchins, with their brown robes, their bare heads and sandalled feet, gave an example of courage, sanctifying poverty, and rendering humility honorable. Many Dominicans might be named; the Pontifical Zouaves were served by Fathers Ligier and Gerlache, of the Order of St. Dominic. The 15th of December, 1870, witnessed the death of a religious of this order, in the ambulance of his convent, brought to the grave by the hardships of the war; he was called Père Antoine. In the world he had been called Baron Armand de Layre, and had also the diploma of a doctor of law. This is not the place to recall the martyrdom of the Dominicans of Arcueil, but we mention that before their assassination these Fathers had transformed their house into an ambulance. The Order of Carmelites lost at Spandau Father Hermann, who, unwilling to abandon the prisoners, died of small-pox while serving the soldiers. A single convent of Trappists, that of Notre-Dame des Dombes, supplied thirty-five brothers to the troops of l'Ain. The abbot of this convent, Dom Augustin, took the care of the troops attacked with small-pox; struck down in his turn he died, praying for France. This abbot, Dom Augustin, who had preferred the life of a Trappist to the world, was the Marquis d'Avezac de la Douze, of a noble and ancient family; his ancestors, during the Crusades, had fallen by the side of St. Louis, while he, the Trappist, died among the common soldiers. Cistercians, Premonstratensians, Carthusians, Oratorians, and Professors of the Sorbonne, all furnished chaplains to the army, or made themselves conspicuous in Germany by their efforts for the good of the prisoners.

In the midst of this host one class of men have merited the front rank, the Brothers of the Christian Schools. In its pride the world gives them the name of "Frères Ignorantins;" but where were all the learned Academicians, the distinguished scholars, so famed for eloquence and literature; the statesmen who govern the world, and the poets who charm it; where were all the financiers and men of the world, so skeptical and full of mockery; where were all these in the hour when "Brother Ignoramus" fell upon the field of battle, busied in the removal of the dead? On the 8th of December, 1870, the dead were being removed in wagons from Petit-Bry, Champigny, and Croisy; the Christian Brothers who had charge of this were clearing away the snow in order to find the bodies of the fallen soldiers—they had not had an instant's repose since the preceding night. Two Prussian captains were superintending the removal of the bodies of the German soldiers. One of these captains, who had followed with kindly look the prodigious labors of the brothers, said: "We have not seen the equal of this in France." "With the exception of the Gray Sisters," said the other captain. During the campaign the Christian Brothers counted nineteen deaths in their ranks. One day they were marching outside the ramparts of Paris, having at their head the venerable Brother Philip, seventy-eight years old; a doctor belonging to one of the ambulances, seeing them march thus in the face of death, cried out: "Blessings upon you for all the good you do, you humble servants of the soldiers! Truly yours is the true science—the science of charity, abnegation, and devotion, the science which makes heroes; and

Paris and France, when delivered, will say that you have deserved well of your country."

The 19th of December, 1870, Brother Nethelme, a professor in the school of Saint Nicolas, was struck by a Prussian ball, dying after two days of suffering. He was hardly buried when a young man presented himself to the Superior, Father Philip. "I have come," said he, "from the department of Lozère, to take the place of my brother Nethelme, who has just been killed." "Have you received the consent of your family?" asked the Superior. "My father and my mother," replied the young man, "kissed me and blessed me before I was allowed to depart." This indeed is chivalry in its heroic grandeur and most sublime simplicity.

Such was the devotion manifested by the religious orders throughout France, and the courage and abnegation of the secular priesthood was no less strikingly displayed, the keynote to the intimate relation which was felt to exist between priest and soldier being given in the following sentence from Donoso Cortes, which was found written on the last page of a prayer-book, belonging to a priest who fell during the war: "If we consider the hard life which a priest must live, the priesthood will seem to be a true militia; while, if we consider the holiness of a soldier's office, the army will be seen to be a true priesthood." Of this devotion and true heroism we have many most striking examples.

On the eve of the occupation of Le Mans, January 11th, 1871, the Abbé Fouqueray arrived in the French encampment. He learned that P. Doussot, chaplain to the Pontifical Zouaves, had been made prisoner, and he asked as a favor to take his place. The line of march lay through the snow, the wind blowing in gusts, the moon hidden, the trunk of the birches glistening like silver. Death seemed to be on all sides; the suffering of such a march, and the gloomy thoughts it inspired, depressed the stoutest hearts. The young priest, however, had a calm brow and a serene aspect; he took his place during the march with charming simplicity. The ground was soon covered with dead and wounded; he went from one to another, placing the dead under shelter, sustaining the wounded, ministering to those who were dying, —thus he received the last words of Captain de Bellevue. Finally he was struck by a Prussian bullet, then by a second and a third. At last he fell, and now the body of this valiant priest rests in the village churchyard of Champigny.

Another incident related to the author is as follows: After the defeat at Le Mans the disorder became so great that the wounded were abandoned by the roadside, placed in cars from which the driver had unharnessed the horses in order to escape more quickly. A colonel of the "Mobiles" was in the same car with the narrator, together with two soldiers, dangerously wounded and shaking with cold and fever. No help came, every one was taking care of himself; a few men ran by, but they were deaf to all supplication. Presently a priest appeared and quickly approached the car. "I was looking for you, my friends," said he. Seeing the soldiers half frozen and almost lifeless he took his own clothing to cover those who were suffering, and then, stopping some of the fugitives, he addressed them with prayers, reproaches, and promises, to such good purpose that they finally obeyed him. "Push at the wheels," said he, and harnessing himself to the car he drew it with infinite labor to a village. There he begged coverings, straw, and food, and, finally coming back with a horse, conducted his charge to the hospital. "The amount of good," said the narrator, "which this priest, the Abbé Géraud, accom-

plished during the war God only knows."

On the 6th of August, 1870, 30,000 French fought against 150,000 Germans. When retreat was inevitable, the French left 5000 dead, 5000 wounded, and 5000 prisoners in the hands of the enemy. The Abbé de Beuvron assisted by the Abbé Young, a young vicar of Reichshoffen, had charge of the ambulance of the church and mayoralty of Froeschwiller. The church serving as a mark for the Prussian artillery, the projectiles fell all around the wounded; and when, finally, a shell exploded in the sanctuary, the priest, who was giving his blessing to the dying, thinking the building about to fall, invited those present to make an act of contrition, and gave general absolution. A few moments after, the Prussians entered the village. The Abbé de Beuvron, who was caring for the wounded in a shed, advanced to meet the enemy, and placing himself before the church door, tried to protect the poor soldiers. A Prussian soldier directed the barrel of his gun at the breast of the priest, but the latter pointed to his chaplain's cross, and signed to him to raise the gun. Surprised at such noble and simple courage, the Prussian grenadier placed himself before the ambulance. Meanwhile the flames devoured the belfry of the church, and it was on the point of falling. The chaplain ordered the tabernacle to be removed, and seizing a litter saved the wounded. Hardly was the last one in a place of safety, when the roof of the church fell in. The dying prayed for a glass of water, but the Germans were vigilantly guarding the four wells. The priest, with a gourd in his hand, went to the sentinels and earnestly begged for some drops of water, with which he moistened the parched lips of those who most needed it. The knapsacks of the dead furnished some small pieces of biscuit, and boiling the flesh of the slaughtered horses, the chaplain found means to relieve the sufferers. This mode of life lasted four days.

At the battle of Sedan, the inhabitants of Bazeilles were fighting in defence of their hearths. The curé, a white-haired old man, sustained their spirits, encouraged them to resistance, and showed himself the strong man of the Gospel. When the village was taken, the Prussians set fire to the houses, and shot a certain number of the inhabitants. Amidst the smoking ruins of his village, the curé of Bazeilles was dragged before a council of war, where he energetically defended himself and the peasants. The council of war condemned the curé to death.

The correspondent of the English *Times*, who followed the Saxon army, wrote:

"There is a man whom, from Sedan to the battles before Paris, I have constantly seen following the wounded. He has neither carriage nor horse, but with a staff in his hand he follows the course of battle, and with the elegance of a well-bred man and the tenderness of a woman, he brings consolation to the dying. He is a French priest, a Benedictine. I do not know how many times I have met him on his mission of charity. The other day he suddenly presented himself to me, near the field of battle, to ask where the wounded were to be found. He had come on foot about twenty miles. No government pays him; he is a volunteer in the best sense of the word. Every witness of his efforts prays God to give him the recompense he deserves. He is in the prime of life, of noble appearance and distinguished manners."

A missionary chaplain, the Abbé Mussas, chaplain of St. Genevieve, relates a scene which passed on the 16th of August, 1870, at Rèzouville, to show that sometimes not a word, nor even a gesture, is needed to relieve suffering.

"I remember (he says) a soldier in the house at the corner of the Rue de l'Eglise, who had one of the most terrible wounds I have seen during this war, where I have seen so many. The surgeon was leaning over him, forcing into place organs from which the skin had been entirely removed. The mere sight of the operation made me shudder, and the sufferer, his head thrown

back upon the ground, his features pale and contracted, his arms locked, moaned piteously. I drew near and knelt beside him; then I gently raised his head, supporting it with my left hand, while with my right hand I held his arms, or stroked his forehead or cheeks, as one might do with a sick child. But I did not speak to him, and only my eyes fixed upon his told him how much I sympathized in his sufferings. This was enough to calm him immediately; and although the surgeon still continued his cruel service, he ceased moaning. After some moments, as I moved a little to take a position more convenient to myself, without disturbing him, he thought I was going to leave him. 'Pray do not go away,' he cried, 'it does me so much good to see you there!' I stayed until the end of the operation, after which he fell into the heavy sleep which often follows a severe crisis."

Thus we see that the ministry of the priests takes a thousand different forms, example, prayer, and even silence.

A captain of "chasseurs à pied" relates the following:

"I had just been carried to an ambulance established in a barn. The number of the wounded increased every moment, and the two surgeons were quite insufficient, being called in every direction. Two artillerymen entered, bearing a priest, whom they placed upon the damp straw of the ambulance. His head bound with a bloody handkerchief, his pale face, closed eyes, and parted and trembling lips, all showed that he had been struck by a projectile. Being able to walk, I went towards this priest, who wore upon his breast a red cross upon a white ground. I raised his head, and taking some water, bathed his eyes and face. He soon recovered consciousness and looked around him. I called one of the surgeons, who examined and quickly dressed the wound, caused by a ball which had grazed the skull. During the operation the priest prayed with clasped hands. After having thanked me, he rose, and, leaning on a fork which had been left in the barn, moved toward the wounded. I resumed my place on the straw, and saw him kneel beside those who were suffering most, take their hands, and speak to them in low tones. The poor wounded soldiers looked at him with eyes bathed in tears; his words seemed to console them all. One of these soldiers had his jaw broken, and the lower part of his face enveloped in bandages. He was an old dragoon, whose flashing eyes, alone visible, expressed the joy with which he listened to the words of the priest. Wishing to change his position, the dragoon raised his right hand, cleft by a sabre-cut. The blood had coagulated, and no longer flowed from this wound; but the effort and motion opened the vein. The priest called to the surgeon, and while he took from his box the necessary compresses and bandages, the priest supported the arm of the soldier. Then I saw two great drops of blood fall from the brow of the priest, and, flowing down his pale cheeks, drop upon the hand of the dragoon. The blood of the priest had mingled with the blood of the soldier. What had long since been realized in the ideal world had just been accomplished in this material world."

Père Tailhan, of the Society of Jesus, formerly missionary in Canada, had wished to be attached as chaplain to the seventh battalion of the "Mobiles" of the Seine. He was beloved by officers and soldiers. In the fight of Buzenval, Père Tailhan, having lost his battalion, joined the "Mobiles" of Seine-et-Marne, and went into the battle with this battalion. He received almost immediately a severe wound in the head from a ball. Surrounded by many officers and soldiers who wished him to be taken to the ambulance, for the blood flowed profusely, the Jesuit replied: "It is nothing; a wound on the head does not hinder me from marching; I shall stay here as long as a soldier may need my ministry." The head of the priest was bound up with a handkerchief, and he remained under fire, going to the wounded to help them, or give them his blessing. This devotion was nearly fatal to Père Tailhan, for some days after an erysipelas appeared, which endangered his life. He was mentioned in the order of the day.

Perhaps the best service rendered by the Christian soldiers of France during the war, was to show that religion gives fortitude and courage. Believers proved themselves better disciplined, more energetic, and far more brave then unbelievers. Thus the country finds a better protection in the religious man than in the unbeliever or the ungodly, and it becomes evident that patriotism is inseparable from religion.

This could be easily proved by argument, but is still more clearly shown by examples.

The whole army of Africa knew General Renaut, who had received the name of "Renaut of the rear-guard," for his brilliant bravery in retreat. On the field of battle his pale thin face was illuminated by an inward fire; the smell of powder intoxicated him, and he breathed its perfume with visible delight. During the siege of Paris, General Renaut, Senator of the Empire, was in command of the first corps of the second army. At the battle of Champigny, being struck down by the explosion of a shell, he was taken up by the Christian Brothers and carried to the hospital. On arriving, he asked for a religious, and the chaplain came to him immediately. The General held out his hand with a look of satisfaction, then, without waiting for a question from the priests, repeated aloud: "I believe in God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. I have confidence in the prayers of my sister, who is a religious at Tours; oh, yes, she prays for me!" He was silent and looked slowly around him, until his eyes rested on a picture of the Blessed Virgin. "Oh, yes, I love her, and I invoke her!" he cried. Death was near. The General, intrepid under fire, brilliant in battle, brave among the bravest, asked for the crucifix, which he pressed to his lips while receiving Extreme Unction. Then, while those around his bed were kneeling in prayer, he broke the silence, and said: "Yes, pray for me; pray for France! I die for France!"

General de Sonis, wounded in the battle of Patay, underwent the amputation of a leg. He had displayed great bravery in bringing off the Pontifical Zouaves. Forty-six years old, and father of ten children, he was sustained by religion and chivalrous feeling. Three of his sons, the youngest of whom was not sixteen years old, served as soldiers in 1870. The following lines, written by General de Sonis, give a true picture of this noble Frenchman and Christian: "When God gives lessons, he gives them like a master—nothing is wanting in that which France is now receiving." "For ourselves, let us not talk; but let us pray God not to abandon us, and to give us grace to die as Christians ought, with arms in our hands, our eyes raised to heaven, face to face with the enemy, and crying: *Vive la France!*" "In joining the army, I condemn myself to death. God will preserve me if he so wills; but I shall have him every day in my breast, and you well know that God never, never capitulates." Truly, if France had had many such sons, her salvation would have been assured.

During the war of 1870–1871, a military corps was formed under the name of "Legion of Volunteers of the West." This corps is more generally known under another name, the Pontifical Zouaves. The religious patriotism of the soldiers of this legion is most striking, in the midst of all the evil passions let loose by the recent revolution. We must go back to the time of the Crusaders to find such men of war. Their brilliant bravery, their silent devotion, the proud and respectful bearing, were the admiration of the army. "Respect is passing away," said Royer-Collard; "but the Pontifical Zouaves revived respect. They respected others, and made themselves respected."

Their call for volunteers was heard not only in the chateau; the peasant's cottage supplied, as comrade to the gentleman, the simple-hearted laborer, upright in spirit and strong of arm. The battle of Loigny would have been enough to immortalize a regiment of the line. Here the Pontifical Zouaves were only 350 in number, and 207 were left upon the field of battle. Four officers escaped the carnage, the others were either dead or wounded.

On the 10th of January, near Le Mans, the Pontifical Zouaves again distinguished themselves. General Gougeard, passing at evening before the line, said to them: "Zouaves, you are heroes; to-day you have saved the army." Of six captains, four had been killed. When in August, 1871, the Zouaves were disbanded, the Minister of War said, in his order of the day: "The army thanks you, by my voice."

A battalion of the "Mobiles" of Eure-et-Loir was commanded by Hippolyte de la Molère. This officer, who fell in the combat at Epernon, was at once truly pious and chivalrously brave. Some days before his death he said to his young soldiers: "My friends, I have Mass said to-day for us all. I oblige none to be present; but, in coming to pray with me to him who holds in his hand the destiny of France and our own, you will give me pleasure." So winning was the voice of their chief, that all united in prayer. On the day of his death, La Molère went to battle knowing that his single battalion could not resist the enemy. He was marching with firm step, his sabre in his hand, when he met a priest in the principal street of Epernon. Kneeling, the officer said: "Father, I may die. Please hear my confession, and give me absolution." Two hours after, he had given back his soul to God, and the priest, a prisoner in the hands of the Prussians, was marching towards the enemy's camp.

Captain Bouvière was adjutant-major of the 77th of the line. He had distinguished himself in Mexico as a brilliant, chivalric, and highly accomplished officer. At the commencement of the war, he wished to receive Holy Communion; a few days later he was mortally wounded. Lying on the bloody ground, he raised himself with great effort, and said with firm voice: "Now that I have received Extreme Unction, I take you to witness that I die like a soldier and a Christian."

MESSINA AND CATANIA.

ANY one who has not been himself a traveller, and who in the yearly exhibitions of pictures, whether of oil or water-color, has stood entranced before the glowing coloring of a Stanfield or a Richardson, may well conceive the Mediterranean to be an exquisitely beautiful and peaceful lake — blue as azure by day, golden with phosphoric light at sunset, and perhaps still more lovely when the cold gray glimmer of moonlight tips the crest of each tiny wave, and throws dark sharp shadows athwart each tawny-colored sail. Far different generally, however, are the recollections of those who have habitually, especially during the winter seasons, ploughed their way across this stormy sea. It justifies more than any other the epithet bestowed on it by the old French writer of "élément traitre;" and from the smallness of the usual passenger-boats, and their insufficient accommodation, the sufferings of the unhappy passengers obtain but slender alleviation. So our travellers found, when fate led them in an evil hour to choose this means of locomotion from Palermo to Messina. It was, therefore, with very great joy that, on rounding the Point, they came at last in sight of the bright and glittering town, with its fine port and busy harbor, its ruined

forts and beautiful background of mountains, above which (though at fifty miles' distance) Etna towers with its snow-capped peak. The Faro Point stretches so far eastward as apparently to meet the opposite coast, while the long range of Apennines, with their bare and arid sides, give a picturesque character to the otherwise uninteresting Calabrian shores.

Leaving the servants to prepare their breakfast in the somewhat noisy hotel, our party went directly on landing to the cathedral. It is one of the few buildings which have escaped the terrible earthquakes which have desolated and overthrown the greater part of this ancient town. In truth, the position of the city, between Etna on the one hand and Stromboli and Vesuvius on the other, renders it peculiarly liable to these convulsions. The Messinians say that the cathedral was saved by the direct interposition of the Blessed Virgin, whose miraculous picture by St. Luke hangs over the gorgeous high altar, which is a masterpiece of inlaid work, and one of the finest known specimens of Florentine mosaic. At the back of the altar-screen is the famous letter, supposed to have been written by the Virgin herself to the Messinese after they had been converted by the preaching of St. Paul, assuring them of her favor and protection. The cathedral was built by the good Count Roger, and though much injured by subsequent restorations, still retains some interesting portions of the original work. Such are the vault of the tribune and of the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, rich with mosaics, as at Monreale; the fine old granite pillars in the nave; the ancient font in white marble, surrounded by a broad band of mosaics; the lectern, resting on four lions; and a handsome jasper paschal candlestick.

The facade is in some respects like that of the cathedral of Siena, having broad bands of red and white marble, with mosaics between; and the Norman doors are singularly rich in carving and decoration. There is a beautiful bénitier, leading to the door of the sacristy, of early Norman date, resting on an inverted marble column, with pagan Greek inscriptions. The sagrario is rich in cinquecento church plate and relics. There are some very fine monuments, especially one to an old Greek Bishop, and another of a Spanish Archbishop of Cordova. Beneath the cathedral is the Norman crypt, with its low marble columns, Byzantine pictures, and groined roof. One of the ladies went behind the high altar to see if she could find the niche of the monk mentioned in the famous Messinian ghost story; but the carved woodwork of the choir has effectually covered up the supposed site of the apparition. To those of our readers who may not have known this legend it is here reproduced.

In the year 1784 there was a terrible earthquake at Messina. Houses were thrown down, many lives were lost, the very graves were opened. The only thing which escaped was the cathedral, and the people attributed its safety to a miracle. A few years after this event, the Chevalier ——, a man of noble French family, one of whose brothers was a distinguished general officer and the other a minister at Berlin, visited Messina for the purpose of seeing the scene of devastation, and of making researches among the monuments and ruins. He was of the Order of the Knights of Malta, and a priest; a man of high character, of cultivated intellect, and of great physical courage. He arrived at Messina on a summer day, and getting the key of the cathedral from the custode—for it was after Vespers—commenced copying the inscriptions and examining the building. His researches occupied him so long that he did not see that the day was waning; and when he turned round to go out by the

door through which he had come in, he found it locked. He tried the other doors, but all were equally closed. The custode, having let him in some hours before, and concluding he had long since gone away, had locked up the building and gone home. The Chevalier shouted in vain; the earthquake had destroyed all the houses in the neighborhood, and there was no one to hear his cries. He had therefore no alternative but to submit to his fate, and to make up his mind to spend the night in the cathedral. He looked round for some place to establish himself. Everything was of marble except the confessionals, and in one of these he ensconced himself in a tolerably comfortable chair, and tried to go to sleep. Sleep, however, was not so easy. The strangeness of the situation, the increasing darkness, and the religious awe which the strongest mind might be supposed to feel under the circumstances, effectually banished any feeling of drowsiness. There was a large clock in the tower of the cathedral, of which the tones sounded more nearly and solemnly within the building than without. The Chevalier, with the intensity of hearing which sleeplessness gives, listened to every stroke of the clock. First ten, then the quarters; then eleven, then the quarters again; then twelve o'clock. As the last stroke of midnight died away, he perceived suddenly a light appearing at the high altar. The altar candles seemed suddenly to be lighted, and a figure in a monk's dress and cowl walked out from a niche at the back of the altar. Turning when he reached the front of the altar, the figure exclaimed in a deep and solemn voice, "Is there any priest here who will say a Mass for the repose of my soul?" No answer followed; and the monk slowly walked down the church, passing by the confessional where the Chevalier was sitting. As he passed, his eyes being naturally riveted on the figure, the Chevalier saw that the face under the cowl was that of a dead man. Entire darkness followed; but when the clock struck the half-hour, the same events occurred; the same light appeared, and the same figure; the same question was asked, and no answer returned; and the same monk, illuminated by the same unearthly light, walked slowly down the church

Now the Chevalier was a bold man; and he resolved, if the same thing occurred again, that he would answer the question and say the Mass. As the clock struck one, the altar was again lighted, the monk again appeared, and when he once more exclaimed, "Is there any Christian priest here who would say a Mass for the repose of my soul?" the Chevalier boldly stepped out of the confessional, and replied in a firm voice, "*I* will!" He then walked up to the altar, where he found everything prepared for the celebration, and summoning up all his courage, celebrated the sacred rite. At its conclusion, the monk spoke as follows: "For one hundred and forty years every night I have asked this question, and, until to-night, in vain. You have conferred upon me an inestimable benefit. There is nothing I would not do if I could for you in return; but there is only one thing in my power, and that is to give you notice when the hour of your own death approaches."

The Chevalier heard no more. He fell down in a swoon, and was found the next morning by the custode, very early, at the foot of the altar. After a time he recoverd and went away. He returned to Venice, where he was then living, and wrote down the circumstances above related, which he also told to several of his intimate friends. He steadily asserted and maintained that he was never wider awake, or more completely in possession of his reasoning faculties, than he was that night, until the moment when the monk had done speaking.

Three years afterwards he called

his friends together and took leave of them. They asked him if he was going on a journey. He said, "Yes; and one from which there was no return." He then told them that the night before, the monk of Messina had appeared to him, and told him that he was to die in three days. His friends laughed at him, and told him, which was true, that he seemed perfectly well. But he persisted in his statements, made every preparation, and the third day was found dead in his bed. This story was well known to all his friends and contemporaries. Curiously enough, on the cathedral of Messina being restored a few years after, the skeleton of a monk was found, walled up, in his monk's dress and cowl, and in the very place which the Chevalier had always described as the one from which the spectre had emerged.

Returning to their hotel, our travellers found the kind and obliging prefect, Count Z——, in waiting to show them the Marina, and its beautiful promenade, fine fountain, and gay groups of fishermen, and afterwards the church of St. Gregorio, on a rising ground above the town, from whence the view over the straits, city, and port is quite magnificent.

The Sisters of Charity have the care of the military hospital here, as at Palermo, and gave our travellers a beautiful Benediction service. To the children of St. Francis a very interesting little church in Messina is the Oratory of the Merchante, built in the sixteenth century. Its walls are covered with frescoes and paintings, illustrative of the saint's life; the large altarpiece, which represents his death, being looked upon as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Schidoni. The churches and university teem with pictures of the Messinese school, but they are rarely of any great merit.

The following day saw our party *en route* for Catania. They had determined to have a long morning at Taormina, and so started directly after the six o'clock Mass.

At Messina, as in Spain, it is the custom of all women to go *veiled*, and in black, to church. One of the English ladies, approaching the altar that morning in a bonnet, was gently told that she could not communicate without being in what was there considered the only suitable dress; which, luckily, she was able at once to adopt.

Passing through the Porta Ciera, and on through mulberry and vine-trellised slopes leading down to the beach, they came to Cape Scaletta, with its ruined watch-tower and picturesque rocks. The fine Benedictine monastery of St. Placido, built in the Italian style, is perched in a glen of the mountains above. From La Scaletta, crossing a ravine spanned by a picturesque bridge, the road winds round another headland, called Capo Grasso, marking, with the cape on the opposite coast, the entrance to the Straits of Messina. The whole scenery reminded the travellers strongly of the Corniche. Here lies the village of Ali, noted for its mineral baths, the resort of so many Sicilians during the summer months. Our party had two very light carriages, with four horses in each, so that they bowled rapidly along the beautiful road, and in a very short time found themselves at Cape St. Andrea, where a road branches off to the left, and winds up to Taormina. At the point of the headland they looked down on two romantic little bays, shut in by bold rocks of marble, which project into the sea, and are hollowed into large caverns, full of sea-birds, reminding them a little of Handa Island. From every available niche and cranny of the fine cliffs of mica slate and marble which overhung the road, sprouted forth cactus and aloes and carouba, and a multitude of flowering plants. Leaving the main road, and following the steep path up the hillside, the party, hot and breathless, arrived at

last at the little church of St. Pancrazio, built on the ruins of a Greek temple, just outside the gate leading into the town. Taormina itself is a poor and dirty little place, but is perched in a glorious situation, on a rocky ledge overlooking the valleys below, surrounded by a Saracenic wall, with square towers at intervals, said to have been repaired by Charles V. There are still some very curious and interesting remains of the old Sicilio-Gothic palaces. Leaving their carriages at the miserable Locanda, which is the only attempt yet made to accommodate the many visitors to this beautiful spot, our travellers again pushed on, in spite of the burning sun, and toiling up a steep and rugged path, fringed with wild sweet roses and prickly pear, reached at last the famous theatre. It rests against the sides of a hill, the seats being hewn out of the rock, and is in perfect preservation. But its glory consists in the view, which exceeds anything in Europe; looking on the one hand on the beautiful line of coast and bright blue sea, and on the other on the mountain range, above which towers Etna, at that moment sending forth jets of fire and smoke, which towards evening shed a crimson glow over the whole surrounding country; while in the middle distance are gardens and orange-groves, and stone pines and cypresses, and picturesque villages, and convents and churches, and a luxuriance of vegetation, and a brightness of coloring, and a clearness of atmosphere, which drive a painter to positive despair, from the sheer impossibility of reproducing, even in a faint degree, the intense beauty of the original. Well may Faber exclaim: "Sometimes in a beautiful climate we come upon a scene which, by its surpasssng beauty, so satisfies mind, heart, and senses, that we sit entranced, taking it in without understanding it, and resting in the simple enjoyment of the sight. [redacted] while a man may sit amid the folds of Etna, or on the marvellous mountain-shelf of Taormina, and look out upon the scene. Everything that wood and water, rock and mountain, dazzling sky and translucent air can do, with the grand spirit of old history brooding over all, is there. It cannot be analyzed or explained. We are taken in the nets of a beauty which masters us, and the sheer thought of it is a joy without thought for hours."

Our party spread their luncheon in the shade of some of the broken columns, and one of them tried to sketch, but threw away the result of the attempt in despair. They then visited the so-called Naumachia, of which only the Roman wall remains; and then with reluctance retraced their steps towards the old town. The cathedral has a fine Sicilio-Gothic doorway, with shafts of white marble and black lava, and fine dog-tooth mouldings. In the midst of the town rises an old Saracenic castle, with a chapel on the summit called La Madonna della Rocca. At the back of the castle rock is a picturesque old abbey, the windows of which are still filled with exquisite tracery. Determined to leave no part unseen, the more enterprising of the party resolved, in spite of the heat, to toil up to the little village of Mola, which is situated on a lofty peak overhanging the town. It was by this very track that Dionysius of Syracuse climbed up one winter night, when the snow lay thick on the ground, and surprised the garrison. From the portal of the old church of Mola, with its red marble pillars and round arches, the magnificent view fully repaid our travellers for the toil of the ascent.

Leaving Taormina, and descending once more to the highroad, they came upon Capo Schiso and the village of Naxos, the first Greek settlement in Sicily. Here the inhabitants, as in the village called Del Greco, near Palermo, still wear the Greek dress on high days and holidays, and speak the Greek tongue.

On the beach close to this village is a fine statue of St. Pancrazio, the first Bishop of Sicily, ordained by St. Peter in the year 40, and called the Apostle of Sicily, as he first converted it to the Christian faith. Crossing a succession of rapid streams, fed by the snows of Etna, whose eruptions sounded day and night like the detonation of artillery, they drove through a region almost unequalled in fertility, and yielding grain and wine of all kinds in the greatest abundance. On the right was the famous stone pine and chestnut wood, of which the chestnut trees are the largest in the known world, being between 60 and 70 feet in circumference. After this the road enters on a waste of lava, the remains of former eruptions; the coast breaks into bold and rugged cliffs, which show where the fiery torrent has been checked by meeting the adverse element, which has worn them into grotesque forms and hollowed them (as in the Giant's Causeway or the island of Portland) into numerous caverns, supported by natural piers and columns, which it is hard to believe are not hewn by the hand of man. This kind of scenery continues up to the very gates of Catania, which town our travellers reached soon after dark.

Earthquakes and eruptions have combined to overthrow and destroy this bright and beautiful city; but nevertheless, it always rises again from its ruins, and at this moment is one of the cleanest and gayest towns in Sicily, abounding in commerce and manufactures and with a very agreeable society. The Catanese have a proverb:

"Se Catania avesse porto,
Palermo sarebbe morto."

Be that as it may, the glistening white houses against the dark lava-beds which surround the city, and the many towers and palms which rise up against the bright blue sky, give it an Eastern appearance, which is very striking, and which is heightened by the dress of the women, who wear the large manto of black silk, covering all of the face except the eyes, with bright-colored petticoats, as at Cairo, and strings of coral or pearls.

The morning after their arrival found some of the party very early at the great church of the magnificent Benedictine convent, said to be the largest monastic building in Europe. The Superior, the Abbate D——, a man of high birth, first-rate ability, and singular personal holiness, received his guests with the greatest kindness and hospitality.

After Mass and Benediction were over, the latter being most beautifully sung, the Abbate requested the organist, Prince C——, to play something to his guests; with which request he instantly complied, and most good-naturedly went on for more than an hour with every description of music. It is difficult to conceive a more magnificent instrument, and it is, in fact, declared to be the finest in Europe, certainly exceeding those at Haarlem and at Freiburg, both in the sweetness of its tone and its marvellous power. After hearing the organ, the Superior took them into the sacristy, where there is a fine picture, by Novelli, of Tobias and the Angel. The relics are very valuable, especially one of the nails of the True Cross, which is preserved in an exquisite reliquary of the fifteenth century. From the sacristy, the party, by papal permission, visited the abbey, going through the cloisters and up a fine staircase to the corridors, opening out of which are the cells and refectories. But the glory of the monastery is its garden, with its terraces and fountains, its myrtles and oleanders, its orange-trees and cypresses, and its exquisite and varied flowers. The monks are all of noble families, and do not exceed fifty in number. They have a museum, chiefly of Sicilian antiquities and natural products, and a magnifi-

cent library, containing many most beautiful manuscripts, and including a very curious copy of Cæsar's Commentaries, a Psalter of the thirteenth century, a fine illustrated Dante, and a beautifully illuminated Bible of the fifteenth century, besides some wonderful Breviaries and martyrologies. The Abbate then kindly entertained his guests at breakfast in his own charming rooms, where he receives audiences and virtually transacts most of the diocesan business.

From the convent he good-naturedly undertook to escort our party to the Santo Carcere, or prison where St. Agatha was confined, and finally martyred. The church has nothing remarkable in it but a fine Norman portal, which was originally brought from the cathedral. The cell of the martyr is inclosed in a little chapel to the right of the high altar. St. Agatha was tortured at fifteen, in the time of the Decian persecution, by order of the Prefect, who wished to marry her. Enraged at her constancy, he caused her breasts to be cut off. But God healed her wounds in the prison, and the inhuman judge, untouched by the miracle, then caused her to be laid on a grid-iron, and consumed by a slow fire, under which torment she expired. The exact spot of her sufferings and death is pointed out. From thence the Abbate took our travellers to see the church and convent of St. Placida, a very beautiful Benedictine convent, where the nuns received them most kindly, giving them ices and fruit, and showing them all the treasures of their house. The cathedral is uninteresting, badly kept and badly served. Built by Count Roger, it has been almost entirely destroyed by a succession of earthquakes, and contains now nothing worth looking at but the relics of St. Agatha, which are kept in a silver shrine in a side chapel dedicated to the saint; and which are carried in procession on the day of her martyrdom.

Our travellers next visited the Museo Biscari, which contains the largest known collection of Sicilian antiquities, and some very beautiful statues and terra-cotta vases. Catania still boasts of the remains of a very fine amphitheatre, theatre, and baths, although nearly buried by successive earthquakes. After Benediction at the cathedral, the evening was spent listening to a very good military band, under the kind chaperonage of their German friend, Colonel E—— (to whom they have brought letters of introduction), and sitting eating ices in the Piazza del Duomo, which has a European reputation. In the centre is the famous fountain of the elephant, the device of Catania, and on its back rises an obelisk, evidently of Egyptian origin, supposed to have been brought by the Crusaders from the East. This piazza is in the centre of the town, and from the streets which radiate from it, the views are equally beautiful on all sides.

Some friends having arrived the following day in their yacht, tempted the party to go down to the port, which is small, and can only contain vessels of small tonnage. It is picturesquely overhung by old walls and gates, said to have been constructed by Charles V. The quay has been turned into a promenade, with avenues of acacia and seats of marble; a very pleasant evening lounge for those who have been toiling all day in the intense heat of the centre of the town. The Prince and Princess R—— also arrived that day with the last news from Rome, and agreed to accompany our party to Nicolosi, where, by the advice of the Prefect, they had settled to go that afternoon in order to make arrangements for the ascent of Etna.



"BEHOLD, THY KING COMETH."

Oh, dress thy tent with lilies and with palms,
 Robe thee in marriage-raiment white and holy,
And greet his coming with rejoicing psalms,
 Who hath not scorned to choose a bride so lowly!

Go forth, upon his pathway gladly flinging
 All the poor treasures thou hast deemed so fair;
Behold! He cometh from the Orient, bringing
 Sceptre and crown for his beloved to share.

Oh, favored one! all lesser loves forsaking
 (Frail must they seem to thee, and cold and dim),
Fly to thy king, nor falter, swiftly breaking
 The bonds that strive to hold thee back from him.

But thou art silent; love, perchance, doth still thee
 In trance ecstatic, deepening more and more;
Yet bliss diviner draweth near to thrill thee,—
 The King's bright heralds pass thy threshold o'er!

* * * * * *

Why, on thy marriage-day, in mourning languish?
 Lo, he is come at last, thy spouse, thy king!
Why look on him in white and wordless anguish?
 Why weep? Those tears are not love's welcoming.

His sad eyes meet thine own, in mercy heeding
 Thy soul's wild agony reflected there,
Shrink'st thou because his fair white brow is bleeding
 Under the royal crown his bride must share?

Shrink'st thou because his choice means pain unspoken,
 Shadows and tears, dread changes, bitter loss,
The sword unsheathed, sweet bonds forever broken,
 Shrink'st thou because his sceptre is a cross?

BIRTH OF PLANTS.

THE vegetable world bears inscribed upon its glorious front a threefold purpose. The first implies that which Emerson would delight to call the culinary use of plants. Under this aspect we regard the plant as ministering to the sustenance of the whole animal world, and above all, of mankind: not alone furnishing the basis of the existence of the human race, but affording the materials for boundless appliances of comfort and convenience. This material relation of the vegetable world, although most important, socially considered, æsthetically must be regarded as the meanest; since it ultimately concerns the animal requirements of each individual, however much these may be glossed over by refinement. Far more lofty is the part which the plant world plays in the regulation of the all-embracing operations of the universe. The scorched and rainless desolation of the Sahara and the overflowing wealth of vitality in the humid forests of the gorgeously clothed tropics, partly owe their characteristic peculiarities to the action of the plant creation. Varying states of climate, dry or humid atmosphere, parched or moist soil, scanty or abundant development of animal, and especially of human, life, in the mass, find their mastering conditions in the nature and extent of local vegetation. Herein the vegetable world is related to the well-being and actual existence of whole races, and the great physical features of entire regions.

But the most sublime and exalted mission of the vegetable creation is as the material interpreter of the spiritual; the veil which conceals but yet declares the mighty Author and Sustainer—the gorgeous tapestry of God's great temple; the emblem of the Eternal, teaching us to look for the permanent through the mutable and fleeting. The spiritual ordinance of eternal being is nobly symbolized to us in the immutable law of vegetable nature, which decrees that death shall proceed out of life, and life out of death; that the living animal shall feed its vitality upon the dead plant; and the living plant upon the dead animal; that decomposition shall be but the commencement of recomposition; and putrefaction but the symbol of renewed production.

"For though to every draught of vital breath,
Renewed throughout the bounds of earth or ocean,
The melancholy gates of death
Respond with sympathetic motion:
Though all that feeds on nether air,
Howe'er magnificent or fair,
Grows but to perish and intrust
Its ruins to their kindred dust;
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care
Her procreant vigils nature keeps
Amid the unfathomable deeps,
And saves the peopled fields of earth
From dread of emptiness or dearth."

The inexhaustible fertility of the vegetable world affords matter for profound wonder and admiration to the naturalist. Does a volcanic island rise from the ocean, bare and devoid of aught that can allure man to take up his habitation on its soil, or that can furnish food for his sustenance or implements for his use, yet when years have rolled on, it will be covered by a peculiar form of vegetation, to which will succeed others more perfect; and the sun that glared upon a smoking rocky mass may smile upon an earthly paradise. What have been the weapons which nature has here employed to battle against want and desolation, to cast out death and implant the germs of life? The waves have wafted the seeds of vegetation, and the winds have carried them on their wings. Strangely fashioned insects and brilliantly plumed birds have paused in their flight to wonder or to rest, and, pursuing their careless way, have left

precious traces of their visit—the seeds of a teeming host of plants.

"Thus in the earth, in water, and in air,
In moisture and in drought, in heat and cold,
Thousands of germs their energies unfold."

To us, then, it is of the deepest interest to investigate the means by which the limits of the vegetable kingdom are extended, and the multiplication of plants is effected. And even if the relation which this all-important process bears to the life of the universe were less lofty than we have seen it to be, the phenomena accompanying it might well arrest our attention. The function of reproduction is performed in all flowering plants, by the aid of the blossom. In nature everything has a meaning and a purpose; nothing which is superfluous or useless finds a place in its economy; even the flowers—that calm race, all loveliness and tranquillity, without passion or pain, desire or disappointment, whose life is beauty and whose breath is perfume—are destined to play no idle part in the workshop of nature. To them is committed the task of perpetuating vegetable existence; upon their active industry depends the life of every bird that soars in air, of every beast that stalks across the plain, of every insect that crawls over the surface of the earth; the life of man himself; the very existence of the universe as at present constituted. Well may we ask with Tennyson,

"Who is it that could live an hour
If nature put not forth her power
About the opening of a flower?"

Displaying in their form and essence a union of the sweetest utilitarianism with the most ideal beauty, the flowers preside over the birth of the plants under conditions giving rise to fancies that have fed the imagination of generations of poets, and have inspired the gravest botanical philosophers of former ages with pleasant thoughts. Many hundred years have passed since it was first noticed that in several species of plants two differing forms are developed, and that the one plant never perfects its seed, unless an individual of the other kind flowers simultaneously in its vicinity. Thus, Pliny and Theophrastus relate that the country people hung flowering branches of one kind of date on two boughs of the other, in order to secure full crops; and Kœmpfer recounts that an inroad of Turks into Bassora was checked by the felling of all the date trees of one kind; when the others refused to bear fruit. Yet more romantic is the account furnished us by the Italian Micheli, of the Vallisneria spiralis, an inhabitant of the rivers. Here the flowers of the one kind float on the water, those of the other are bound to the bottom of the river, until at the period of flowering they burst from their bondage, float up to the object of their affection, exchange a gentle kiss of love, and are borne away by the rippling wavelet soon to breathe out their life—fit emblems of the ardent lover, consumed by inward flame, and expiring even at the moment when he has attained the consummation of his vows. Alas, that earnest truth-loving science should step in to crush this graceful fabric of the imagination, to strip this history of all its glowing passion, and all its mystery of almost human love! And yet we have no real cause for lamentation. The highest truth is in itself the highest poetry. The simple but eternal and therefore sublime truths which science substitutes for the visionary beauties of the human imagination, far transcend the inventions of the greatest masters of poetry. In the place of isolated and mysterious facts, without visible connection or harmony, it has given us all-embracing principles, and has furnished us with a mastery which will unlock the secret chambers of Nature, and enable us to behold all her operations, regulated by a universal frame of laws.

The minute vegetable cell, artificer of the world of plants, here again comes before us, as the agent by

which the marvels of reproduction are effected. Not only is every increase of mass the result of the development of one cell from another; but, in propagation, as we here understand it, consisting in the separation of new forms of individual life, the cell is equally the efficient instrument. Within those beautiful threadlike structures in the flower which delight us by their endless wealth of form and color, are developed a definite number of single free and unconnected cells, invested with an almost indestructible yellow substance which assumes the most elegant forms. By the influence of each one of these cells—hollow cells they are called—a perfect individual is to be produced, a new plant is to arise. In the centre, either of the same flower, or of another flower on the same, or a different plant, and on the variations in this particular, the Linnæan system of classification was founded, is seen a little pear-like body, from which a funnel-shaped tube is prolonged upward. In the cavity of this pear, the germen of botanists, are developed little seed-buds, each containing one large cell, the embryo sac, which itself produces the germ-cells; the elements of future plants. At the period of flowering, the globular pollen cells fall upon the orifice of the tube, but they cannot pass through, for the tube is wondrous small, and now they may be seen to elongate into a long thread, pierce the seed-bud, arrive at the embryonal sac, and by their magic touch arouse the germ-cell to active life, inducing in it a further cell-formation by which a seed is produced that becomes capable of carrying on a separate existence. Thus the poets may still retain their ideal fictions if they are so minded. They may sing of the triumph of the plant-cell over material nature, a mere contact becoming dynamic and suffering for the production of a new germ of separate being. They may still fable the flower-bearing plant as celebrating by a kiss the most beautiful act of its renewal.

The scientific value of the discovery of vegetable reproduction by a peculiar cell-formation can hardly be estimated by one unacquainted with the previous state of vegetable and animal physiology. The establishment of this great law has explained what was incomprehensible; it has made brilliant with the light of truth, regions of science formerly dark with doubt; it has imposed order upon a shapeless chaos of confusedly observed phenomena. By its aid we are enabled to distinguish between the reproduction of individuals and what may be called their continuation. For the former is requisite, as we have seen, the dynamizing influence of a cell of one kind, over a cell of another kind, of the sperm-cell over the germ-cell; the latter process, consisting in the multiplication of the original cell by division—a realization of the old paradox—occurs when we break off a slip from a tree, and from this develop a perfect plant. Here, growth takes place solely in virtue of the characteristic power which the individual cell possesses of forming new cells in its interior, which grow and arrange themselves conformably to the vesicle from which they originate. The gardener, in grafting and budding, avails himself practically of this attribute of the cell, otherwise essential as the means of growth in every plant. We especially wish to distinguish this function from the propagation; it is of the highest importance to the student that he should perceive the radical difference between the two processes; and we insist on it the more here, in the hope that some readers of these pages may be led to pursue the subject, and knowing that some of the greatest physiologists, while acknowledging the vast importance of the distinction, have not so stated it as to arrest the student's attention. Continuation of the in-

dividual can occur by the action of one cell only, which exhausts its vitality in developing other cells, as it were offshoots of itself and supplementary of its vital power. For reproduction the confluence of two cells is essential, the one of which acts upon the other so as to give rise to new and separate individual existence (in itself whole) entire and distinct. It is in the first instance by establishing the universal agency of cells in the performance of these great natural functions, and afterwards by distinguishing between the modes in which they acted, and the differing laws by which they were regulated, that physiologists have succeeded in throwing light upon the sacred mysteries of nature. For the application of these principles is far from being confined to the vegetable world; the egg of the chick obeys the same laws as the seed of the plant, and thus a sublime harmony is established throughout the organic world, such as was never before dreamed of in our philosophy.

Marvellously beautiful are the provisions by which the seed is fitted to play its part in the history of the world, where it appears as at once the parent and sustainer of life, the author of vegetable, the support of animal life. So perfect, though withal so simply, is this provision, that seeds have been known to retain their vitality upwards of three thousand years, and, when planted in the earth, to germinate and bring forth. The process of germination itself is attended with special phenomena of the most impressive interest. The cells of the embryo plant require all their energy for the rapid development of its tissues by the formation of new cells; if they were diverted from their active employment in promoting growth in bulk, in order to separate and prepare their own food, it would be at the expense of the rapid development of the plant, which is the great object in view. A most beautiful provision is therefore made for the supply of food to the embryo. The seed is supplied with a coating of albumen and starch; part of this resolves itself by a process of decomposition into a nutritive fluid, which offers to the embryo cells all the materials of growth already elaborated and prepared for use; while a part, absorbing oxygen, which combines with its carbon, creates an artificial atmosphere of carbonic acid gas, the natural food of the plant, thus at once accustoming the embryo to look forward to an independent life, and, as it were, emancipate itself from a future necessity for foreign help. The interest attaching to this peculiar function of the albumen of the seed will hardly be diminished by the reflection that it is this also which gives the seed its value to man as an article of food, and places all kinds of grain so high in the dietetic scale. Nowhere, perhaps, is the aphorism of Malpighi more applicable: *Tota natura existit in minimis*—nature's highest powers are seen in pigmy forms.

The fertility of resource which these powers can display, appears almost exhaustless; they overcome all material difficulties and are baffled by no physical obstacle. In the process of reproduction, not only is it necessary that the pollen-cells and the germ-cells be relieved simultaneously, so that, at the moment of effusion of the one, the other are ready to receive them, but provision must be made for those cases in which the relative position of stamen and germen is such as to apparently preclude the possibility of their being brought into contact. In many flowers, the stamens are placed at a distance around the germen, and here they may be seen to contract their circle of distance, curve over, and shed their golden shower of pollen-cells. In others the lofty pistil towers above the stamens, and then the flower gracefully droops its head, so that the pollen, in falling, will

reach its destination, or the pistil itself gently bends until it touches the stamen, and forthwith returns to its former position, instinct with animal life. But, sometimes, as in the orchids and other families of plants, the complicated structure of the organs and their irregular position seem to defy the efforts of vegetable nature and set her powers at nought. Foreign forces then come to her aid, and, while revolving in undisturbed vicissitude in the performance of their own natural duties, exert so powerful and essential an influence over the development of the plant world, that it is difficult to believe that this is not their peculiar task. For, if it be land-plants that require this foreign aid, the breeze will carry far and wide the showers of pollen-cells, and scatter, at least, a part of them over the productive plant; if it be water-plants that require this foreign aid, then the waves wash over the germens, and the pollen is conveyed to them. The part which the insect world takes in increasing the fertility of the plant is no less important. The bee that sucks in many a flower, flies off with a mass of pollen-cells glued to its thighs; and, upon its avidity in seeking nectar, depends the propagation of many a tribe of plants. We may be told that a glutinous substance adheres necessarily to the bee, and that this pollen is deposited in its right place accidentally. That the hot winds of the Sahara, loaded with sand, should carry about the pollen of the date-tree, or that the rivulet should play in little ripples, are, according to the same reasoning, but simple and natural events dependent upon fixed laws of nature. What consciousness has the beetle, which in the wilds of Kamschatka, facilitates by its thefts, the increase of the lily, that on its activity depend the life of nearly the whole population of Greenland, and their sustenance through winter? What has the wind in common with the date harvest and the sustenance of millions, or the wave with the diffusion of the human race, for which it paves the way by wafting the cocoanut to distant shores? But the greater consideration will arise in most minds. If all this be but the result of natural laws, whence this marvellous combination of unintelligent forces to bring about events which have so deep an influence over the history of mankind?

THE ONYX AND THE CAMEO.

FEW productions of art are more delicately beautiful than *cameos*, or, as some writers give the plural, *camei*. It is sometimes thought that a medal or medallion, or a similarly engraved article in relievo, is necessarily a cameo; but there is a needless confusion of terms here. Cameo has a special meaning, and a very pretty meaning too. It is understood that, in a good cameo, the ground shall be of a different tint from the raised device; and the difficulty is, to find a substance which presents this difference. It will not suffice to paint the cameo, as a means of producing the diversity; this would be a sham, a factitious and imitative affair, having no value in the eyes of a person of taste.

In olden times, the cameo engravers always employed gems or valuable stones, selected with especial reference to variations in tint; but the

cheap cameos of modern days are made of shell, and the still cheaper imitations of glass. The *onyx* appears to have been more generally selected than any other gem—obviously in consequence of the very remarkable tints which it presents. The true onyx of the mineralogist does not mark the limit of application; for the engravers give the same name to other stones, which, though mineralogically different, are, in structure and appearance, very similar. The two chief kinds employed are the sardonyx and the carnelian onyx. The use of such stones for such a purpose is of so high antiquity, that no one can safely name the period of its introduction. There may be truth in the supposition that the art was invented in India, thence introduced into Egypt, and thence copied by the Jews, who practiced it after the Exodus from Egypt. Be that as it may, the numerous passages in the Bible relating to engraved stones and jewels are well known, and point to the existence of the art among the Israelites. "Onyx stones and stones to be set in the Ephod, and in the breastplate of the highpriest," are among the gifts which the people were commanded to bring to the tabernacle. Moses was also commanded to take two onyx stones, and engrave on them the names of the children of Israel, or rather of the twelve tribes, six on the one, and six on the other. The instructions are very precise, for they relate to the "work of an engraver in stone, like the engravings on a signet." It is true that this does not necessarily imply a production analogous to a cameo, since it may have been engraved in intaglio or sunken lines, instead of in relief. So far as can at present be judged, the Hindoos, Egyptians, Hebrews, and Persians, chiefly valued their engraved stones for the written or hieroglyphic characters wrought on them; but the more refined Greeks aimed at higher results; they sought to render their engraved stones works of art, and it was then only, properly speaking, that true cameos were produced. When heads and figures were introduced upon the gems, the fancy of the Greeks had at once a wide field opened for its exercise. The Romans, likewise, practiced the art with great skill, and some of their productions, still extant, are truly wonderful. The Italians, who derived their knowledge of the art from their predecessors the Romans, are at the present day the most skilful cameo engravers; the productions of France and England in this art being less striking.

It appears that Oberstein, a small town in Prussian Saxony, furnishes the chief supply of onyxes for the cameo engravers. Some are brought from the Brazils and from the East Indies, but the European artists depend chiefly upon Oberstein. The onyx occurs in detached pieces in the ground, in rows, all separated like the nodules of flint in chalk. The value of each specimen depends mainly on the character of its markings or tints. Sometimes chalcedony and carnelian are stained to imitate real onyx; and this, indeed, forms one of the arts carried on at Oberstein. There are layers or strata in chalcedony, which, though presenting the same tint to the eye, differ in texture and compactness. The stone is capable of absorbing fluids in the direction of the strata; but this power differs in the different strata, some of which will absorb more than others. Hence it follows that one single stone, treated with one single liquid, may be made to present as many gradations of tint as there are layers or strata, owing to their difference in absorptive power. This fact renders clear a statement in Pliny, which was long a matter of puzzlement. He speaks of the Roman artists boiling the onyx stones with honey for seven or eight days. This statement, once discredited, is now believed, for there are dealers in

agate, onyx, chalcedony, and carnelian, at Oberstein and Idar, who have manufactories in which analogous processes are carried on.

This onyx dyeing is very curious. It was for many years a secret in the hands of one person at Idar, who is supposed to have derived it from Italy; but the art seems now to be regularly practiced in the two towns above named. Suppose the artist to have a piece of chalcedony, or of red or yellow carnelian, which he wishes to convert into an onyx for the cameo engraver; he proceeds as follows: The stone is carefully washed and dried; it is placed in a clean vessel containing honey and water, and is there maintained at nearly a boiling heat for a period of two or three weeks; the watered honey being renewed as fast as it evaporates. This done, the stone is transferred to a vessel containing strong sulphuric acid; it is covered over with a piece of slate, and the acid is heated to 350 or 400 degrees Fahrenheit. If the stone be soft, a few hours of this powerful ordeal will suffice; but a harder specimen may require immersion in the hot acid for a whole day. The stone is then washed and dried in a kind of oven, it is polished, and it is steeped for some days in oil. The oil is afterwards removed by rubbing the stone gently with bran. Sulphuric acid is used only in the cases when a dark or onyx ground is required; if a red or carnelian ground be sought, the acid is nitric instead of sulphuric. We have spoken of one stone only, but several are operated upon at once. Now, the conjoint action of the honey, the acid, and the oil appears to be this: the honey gradually penetrates into the porous layers of the stone, and is rapidly carbonized in the pores by the acid; this carbonization deepens the tints of the dark layers in the onyx specimens, and of the red layers in the carnelian specimens; while the heat [redacted] opacity of the white layers, thus rendering the contrast more striking.

There are mechanical processes carried on at Oberstein, besides this chemical treatment of a particular kind of stone for a particular purpose. Besides onyx, agate, chalcedony, and carnelian, the Oberstein lapidaries work upon amethysts and other stones and gems. The rough chalcedony or onyx stones are ground upon small mills formed of very hard sandstone, mounted on horizontal axes, and worked by water-power. The stones are generally ground until some particular layer or tint comes conspicuously to the surface; and then a polishing process succeeds. It is after this grinding that the singular chemical coloring operation is conducted, in those specimens which, whether onyx, or sard-onyx, or carnelian, are to be used for cameos. A method very strange to all but those familiar with its adoption is employed for determining the value of the stones. A small fragment is broken off, and is moistened with the tongue; the buyer carefully notes the rate at which the moisture dries away; he examines to see whether it be absorbed by the stone quickly or slowly, and whether in equal or different degrees by the different layers. According to the greater or lesser rapidity of absorption, and to the equality or inequality of the absorption in different parts, so does he judge the susceptibility of the stone to receive the peculiar coloring action by means of honey, on which its fitness as a cameo material so much depends. The cameo-stones prepared at Oberstein and Idar are estimated at about $15,000 annual value.

When a suitable piece of stone reaches the hands of the cameo engraver, he has many matters to take into consideration before he can commence his artistic labors. He has to determine what his design shall be, and how far the layers of the stone will be suitable for that

design. Supposing him to select a head or bust on a dark ground, he would wish that the line of division between the light and dark layers of the onyx should be clearly defined, so as to coincide with the line of division between the device and the ground. When the stone consists of several layers of color, considerable scope is afforded for the exercise of judgment in selecting a design, in which the whole of the colors can be rendered available consistently with true artistic effect. In reality, therefore, the cameo engraver does not resolve upon his design, and then search about for an onyx suitable for it; he rather takes an onyx, studies its layers and tints, and adapts a design to it. He may, it is true, have beforehand a general notion of the sort of cameo which he wishes to produce, but leaves himself open to modifications of plan according to the character and qualities of the onyx.

These preliminary matters being settled, the artist proceeds with his delicate labors. He makes a drawing and a model: the drawing is much larger than the stone, but the model is the exact size of the stone. The wax-model is gradually wrought so as to represent the exact device which he wishes to produce in relievo on the cameo; and this serves him as a pattern or authority during his work. The outline is sketched on the surface of the stone, and is cut in with a sharp instrument; after which, the whole of the white portion of the onyx, beyond the limits of the design, is cut away, leaving the dark portion as a background. The interior portion of the design is then worked, by gradually cutting away the parts that are to be sunken: the wax-model serving as a guide in respect to the depth to which the various points of the cutting are to be carried. This process of engraving is not effected, as some might suppose, by sharp chisels and gravers; the implements used are small revolving wheels made of soft iron. A sort of lathe is worked by a treadle; the little wheels are made to rotate rapidly; the onyx is held to the edge of a wheel; and the rapid revolutions cause the wheel to cut away or grade the surface of the onyx. It might perhaps be supposed that, as the onyx is harder than the soft iron, the latter would wear away rather than the former; but the stillness of the one and the rapid movement of the other reverse this effect. A tallow candle fired from a gun, will penetrate a deal board, from an analogous cause. The little wheels employed vary in size and shape: some have edges as thin as a knife, while others have the edges more rounded; the largest are seldom more than a fifth or a sixth of an inch in diameter, while the smallest appear little more than mere points, although a magnifier shows them to possess the true circular or disk form. It is not the actual iron of the wheel which cuts the onyx, but a little diamond dust which, moistened with oil, is applied to it. Thus does the artist proceed with his slow and tedious work, cutting away the white part of the onyx until he has realized the full idea of his design. And when this is done, other little wheels of copper and of boxwood are employed to polish the dainty work.

It is little matter for wonder that cameos which require so much patience, skill, and taste, should be costly. A well-executed cameo, with the head of a single figure upon it, costs even at the present day from $50 to $150. Nor need we express any surprise that attempts should be made to lessen the expense by employing some cheaper material than prepared onyx. Of all substitutes which have been tried, shells have been found most suitable; and hence has been introduced a new candidate to public favor—*shell cameos*. Some sorts of shell have the advantage of being soft enough to work upon with ease, while they afford the necessary

variety in color. Among other kinds, the shell called the "Bull's Mouth," from Madagascar and Ceylon, has a red or sardonyx inner coat or ground; the "Black Helmet," from Jamaica, Nassau, and New Providence, has a blackish or onyx inner coat; while the "Queen Conch" has a pink ground. These shells are formed of three distinct layers of calcareous matter, deposited one after the other in the formation of the shell. For cameos, the central layer forms the body of the bas relief, the inner layer being the ground; while the third or external layer is rendered available to give a varied appearance to the surface of the design. If the three layers are of different tints, the power of producing beautiful results is greatly increased; but if the layers be not well compacted together, a durable cameo could not result; and the artist has therefore many requirements to guide his selection. The shell called the "Black Helmet" is large enough to yield two or three brooch cameos. The shell cameos are not wrought by revolving wheels, but by sharp cutting tools held in the hand—such as gravers, hardened wire sharpened at the point, and darning-needles. This pretty art-manufacture is said to have been introduced in Sicily about half a century ago, and to have been confined to Italy for twenty years or so; but an Italian then began to make shell cameos at Paris, where the art has ever since been carried on more extensively than anywhere else.

Besides the cameos made of onyx and of shell, others are now made of glass. It has been found that some kinds of glass, if exposed for any considerable time to a high degree of heat, but below their point of fusion, are so far changed in their properties and texture as to become opaque, fibrous, tough, and extremely hard. It has also been found that two or more layers of glass, of different colors, may be cemented together into one whole. These two facts have rendered it easy to produce a material out of which cameos might be engraved by means similar to those which the flint-glass engraver employs in adorning decanters and table-glass generally. If done quickly and roughly, they are very cheap; if done carefully, they are very beautiful; so that it is not improbable that glass cameos may be produced extensively as illustrations of the finest specimens of ancient art.

It need perhaps scarcely be said, that seal engraving is, in principle, simply the reverse of cameo engraving. The seal is engraved, to use the artistic expression, in intaglio, while the cameo is engraved in relievo. The mode of cutting an onyx or carnelian seal would be by small revolving disks or cutters, as in the case of cutting a cameo in the same materials.

REFLECTIONS OF A NERVOUS MAN.

I DON'T know what the proper name of the malady is, but I think I shall feel a little better if you will let me make a few growls before a heedless public. I am not ill, in the vulgar sense of the word. My limbs are not broken, my lungs are sound, my skin is clear, my appetite good. I eat, drink, and sleep heartily. I enjoy my breakfast after eight hours of slumber so profound, that, when reading in bed, I put my fingers into the book as I feel the wings of the dream-god gently floating over me, and next morning I find my thumb upon the passage on which it rested

overnight. I sleep without turning over, or moving a muscle; and when I dream, I dream pleasantly. I am tall, strong, and healthy. My friends congratulate me on my looks; and sometimes I think that there is no such thing as kindly perception. They see me gad about. They know that I have a good deal of work to do, and I have the credit of doing it with energy. And yet, honestly, sometimes I have not force enough in me to open a letter. If my fellows could know how acutely I suffer from the mysterious invisible imperative monster which, for lack of knowing better, I call "Nervousness," I should, I know, rejoice in their compassion.

As it is, I marvel at their blindness. Surely I am not the only big-bearded man who has suffered as I do. There must be some who know a phase of physical distress which has no gross outward claim for sympathy. If I lost my appetite, or my hand shook, or my head ached, or if I were little and weak, I might get an entrance into that charming atmosphere of kindliness which is supposed to characterize affectionate social converse. If I could catch a cold, it might do; but I am inaccessible to chills. I can't cough. Even a corn would be something. Don't suppose, however, that I am a sulky, cheerless companion. I like conversation. Children and animals are fond of me. I enjoy the social chat and pipe. I have dear friends. I am merry too, at times. I can laugh heartily. When, however, I try to hint to some confidant or chum who appears to exhibit a special mood of perceptive kindliness, that I am not so sturdy as I seem, it becomes at once difficult for him to conceal from me that he thinks I am an impostor, or that I am deceived. I am ashamed to plead individually and directly that I am nervous. I can't explain myself. I have even tried to do so to a doctor, but I can see that he misdoubts me; and yet I know that many a man for whom his friends feel regard as a sufferer that claims their cheerful help, is less in need of it than I am. Not that I want to plead sickness, and risk the pity that borders on contempt; I only wish that others knew with how great an effort I sometimes do my work, and how little I am to be blamed when I fail to do it. But who can see the cloud which sometimes rises and wraps me in distressful irresolution? It often comes an hour or two before noon. I have thought that I can feel for those who fly to the brandy-bottle in the morning. I never do; I feel sure that I never shall. I have a horror of this inspiration; but all the same I know that mysterious dissolution of energy, that creeping approach of the alien power which steals away my force, and makes me look with blank despair at the array of the duties of my life. It comes and goes. Sometimes with teeth shut and spur in side, I charge it, and conquer. Again, I yield. I *cannot* do this, I *cannot* do that. I say to myself: "Let others think me lazy, neglectful. I know I am neither. I am fighting dragons. I must pause. I will rest." I wrote this when I had gone down into the country for a holiday. I had rested some time, and I felt none the better for it. I had been much worn, and the kind influence, not only sleep, but all that is associated with real rest, had not begun to do me good. But as it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, so the tail of a holiday suddenly fulfils itself, and brings to bear the accumulated powers of repose. Thus the end of my vacation gave force to the whole of it. I became better. My thoughts began to travel back towards my work without distaste. I began to find myself making plans, and thinking of what I should like to do. I am quite sure that I shall take a new lease of work. I am somehow conscious of a replenishment of mental energy, which is the spring out of

which whatever I do—be it wise or foolish—rises. The little pond which holds my store of life is no longer shrunk. I don't know what has filled it; possibly drains, but it has got itself, if not full, yet in a way towards such fulfilment as makes the domestic geese of my brain paddle therein with cackle, pleasure, and apparent promise of fat.

The nervous patient, and his name is Legion, is most effectually relieved by genuine rest. I question whether change brings to him what rest conveys. Change involves, almost necessarily travel; and travel brings fuss. I don't give the name of "change" to the one move from the town to the country, or the country to the town. I understand by it the shifting from place to place. Now, sometimes this is very wearisome. You have no time to settle; you give no time for the mental sores and raws to heal. The dust which you have in yourself, in your mortal mixture, has no time to precipitate itself, or "pitch," as housemaids say.

Whereas in rest, in the idlest dawdling, which resents the trouble of drawing a cork or filling a pipe, which dawdles thus without shame or reflection, the obscuring particles that float in the brain begin slowly to settle down. The turf begins to grow again upon the trodden paths of what would be verdant thought. The skin forms over intellectual sores. The head is as empty as a college lecture-room in September. The patient's chief exhibition of vitality is a sulky refusal to exert himself. And in so far as he triumphs in repudiating exertion, he is in the way of life.

That was the case with me. I was urged to travel, and I refused. I was urged to amuse myself, say in shooting, but I refused. I did nothing—mind you, though I say it myself, I have had hard, anxious work for many years—and on this occasion I did nothing. I hardly cared to read the paper. I went to sleep after breakfast, I went to sleep after lunch, I went to sleep after dinner; and I slept all night. Meanwhile, I was too lazy to feed my tame ducks. My dearest friends, seeing me big, hearty at meals, and apparently free from sickness, began, I fancy, to waver in their allegiance. I really should, they thought, be all the better for doing something. But, happily, I was not upset by their intelligent and loving criticism. They knew nothing whatever about the matter. So I dozed, and dawdled, and sat, and gaped about, until the charming morning twilight of returning interest in the work of life began to flush my soul.

Next time I get a holiday I shall do the same. And I advise all whose nerves have been worn threadbare with the daily fuss of life to resent all proposals that they should seek relief in change. Rest is what they want, and they can get that sitting on a gate in the dullest flat where there is not an excrescence bigger than a snail-shell for miles around, just as well as they could among the grandest ranges of the Alps. Mind you, I don't mean that mere monotony of work and some diseased depression had not best be cured by change, as lively and contrasting as possible; but when a man is overworked, and though not physically shrunk, exhibits, or rather perceives those phases of mental exhaustion which I have called "nervousness," let no man or woman, friend nor doctor, persuade him to travel. Let him rest. Let him do nothing, think of nothing; but dawdle through a period of sheer inaction.

That is what I did. And I found fresh life settle on me like dew—dew that not only descends upon the surface of the leaf, but sends its quickening influence back into the stores from which alone the leaf and fruit can spring.



A LENTEN LAUD.

O Sol Salutis, intimis,
Jesu, refulge mentibus,
Dum nœte pulsa gratior
Orbi dies renascetur.

Dans tempus acceptabile,
Da lacrymarum rivulis
Lavare cordis victimam,
Quam læta adurat caritas.

Quo fonte manavit nefas,
Fluent perennes lacrymæ
Si virga pœnitentiæ
Cordis rigorem conterat.

Dies venit, dies tua,
In qua reflorent omnia:
Lætemur et nos in viam
Tua reducti dextera.

Te mundi prona machina,
Clemens adoret, Trinitas,
Et nos novi per gratiam
Novum canamus canticum.

TRANSLATION.

O Jesus, Thou Salvation's Sun,
Shine through our souls with wakening ray,
While Winter's night begins to shun
The beauty of Spring's newborn day.

Who givest this Lenten time apart,
Give too a springtide flow of tears,
To lave therein our victim-heart
That on joy's altar love's flame sears.

If stricken that heart by the blow
Of chastening penitential pain,
That mercy fount's perennial flow
Shall bear away its every stain.

The day has come, Thine own sweet day,
When all the earth again shall bloom,
And we with joy our long-lost way,
Led back by thy right hand, resume.

Behold the world in penance prone,
Thee clement Trinity adores,
Renewed by grace, we seek thy throne
Where our new canticle upsoars.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

ond Sunday in Lent, 1877.

CARDINAL MANNING'S SAYINGS ON SUBJECTS OF THE DAY.

WHAT POLITICS REALLY ARE.

WE are told that religion has nothing to do with politics. I would ask, what are politics but the collective morals of men living together in society? The moral laws which govern man as an individual, govern him if he be the member of a community, whether it be the community of a household or the community of a state. I can find no distinction between morals and politics but this, that politics are morals upon a large scale, and that morals are politics on a narrow scale. If you cannot separate politics from morals, and cannot separate morals from religion, then it will be very difficult to separate politics from religion. In fact, they make one whole, and hence revelation and the divine law enter into the whole range of political science. I do not mean to say that revelation has to do immediately with questions of excise or with the penalties for smuggling. I am not speaking of politics in that minute sense, but of the great constructive laws by which human society is held together.

TRUE AND FALSE HISTORY.

For my part, I believe that there is no such things as what is called scientific history. I can understand the term science when it is applied to knowledge which is definite and certain, and can be resolved into its first principles, which are self-evident. This I believe to be the true definition of science. I can also understand science when it signifies such experimental, and therefore such tested knowledge, as the results of chemistry and the like; for though it cannot be resolved into first principles, self-evident in themselves, nevertheless it arrives at ultimate certainty. But when men tell [redacted] history of the Popes is scientific, because through five hundred pages the Popes are called forgers, deceivers, vicious, covetous, and I know not what besides, and all that can be raked together of the garbage and sewage of their enemies in history is collected into a muckheap—when I am told that this is scientific history, I say that the man who says so does not know what science is, or else, knowing it, is imposing on his readers. I know what true history is, and what adequate history is. It is history which is true and square to the documents upon which it is founded. But that is not science. I have been reported —I do not know by whom—to have said that the Vatican Council has "triumphed over history." I do not think that I need contradict such a statement; but I will tell you what I did say, and shall always say so long as I have the light of reason, that if there be in the world a Church divinely guided—if there be a Divine Person dwelling in that Church to preserve it from error, then, when that Church has decided, defined, or decreed, any man who appeals from that decision to any human history whatsoever is guilty of rejecting a Divine Teacher, and of the sin of unbelief, of which our Divine Lord said: "Whosoever believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and whosoever believeth not shall be damned."

REGENERATED REASON.

As Lord Beacon said, there is a hierarchy of sciences; but above all there is one, and that one is transcendent, and its jurisdiction is universal, and its sovereignty pervades all. The queen of all science is theology or the revelation of God in its scientific form, or in other words God is in all things, whether it be science or theology. God is the

Creator, and his law pervades all fields of light and life. In truth, the sunlight of revelation is like the sunlight of the noonday, and I know only two classes of creatures who have any reason to quarrel with it—owls and bats. I do not see what men gain in believing that there is no God. I do not believe that science will be advanced a step by a pure negation. The regenerated reason is lifted above itself, and being elevated by a higher light it has a wider horizon, and within the circuit of that horizon it sees new truths invisible before. By diligent self-culture the man who has two lights can see farther than the man who has only one. If he has the light of reason a man may be an Aristotle, a Whewell, or a Tyndall in philosophy, but if he has also the light of faith it is certain that the light of nature will not be diminished. As the Vatican Council declares, and the Holy Father has declared again and again, both philosophers and philosophy are subject to revelation, because God is the fountain of knowledge.

THE NEMESIS OF THE REFORMATION.

The other day I read a remarkable passage from the writings of Mr. Carlyle. He was speaking of the first great French Revolution, which was a mixture of three things—infidelity, paganism, and bloodshed. What do you think he calls it! If I had said it I should have been burned. He said it was the third and last act of the Protestant Reformation. I do not say that, but I will say that three hundred years ago perverted reason attacked faith, and in the last century the Nemesis of rationalism came to beat down perverted reason.

THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION.

Now I ask you, What reason has the Church to be afraid of the school? Where was the first school founded? In the house of the bishop! Where did it go next? Into the monastery. Where did it go afterwards but into the university; and who founded the university? Who covered the whole face of the country with the first germs of our grammar schools? Who has been laboring in these last ages to educate the poor? The mother of the poor—the Catholic Church. I believe I only speak the feelings of all Catholics when I say that if the Catholic Church had no fear of being ruined except from the school, it would live a long time. I know much more active powers of ruin which seem to be at work.

ECCLESIASTICAL UNITY.

St. Peter, the first Pontiff, was commissioned by his Divine Master to "confirm the brethren." Pius IX has confirmed the Catholic Church throughout the world by consolidating its unity by calling the brethren round about his own person again and again. Now it is a spiritual law of the Church that a bishop who does not obey the Sovereign Pontiff is not obeyed by his priests; and that a priest who does not obey his bishop is not obeyed by his people. Never has a bishop manifested insubordination against the Pontiff without being troubled by a manifestation of insubordination amongst the priests under his charge; and never has a priest manifested insubordination to his own spiritual pastor, but among his people, in like manner, the same spirit has arisen against himself. But when the bishops are united to the Church, the priests are united to the bishops, and the people are united to the priests. And never has any Pontiff done so much as Pius IX to consolidate the unity of the Church.

THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

I will now speak of the Vatican Council, which is another way in which Pius IX has confirmed the Church. Never did the world rise more tumultuously against the Church, and never had it such instruments of disturbance, as when

that Council was assembled. In the time of the Council of Trent there was hardly such a thing as a newspaper; but, in the time of the Council of the Vatican, the whole world was covered with them; and every morning, they came out in every land like a flight of birds, full of criticism and full of opposition. For eight months, through all this tumultuous opposition, and through an opposition far more subtle and far more dangerous—the conspiracy of diplomatists and the united intrigues of cabinets—the Vatican Council held on its way, because it was led by one who could never falter. Peter, who confirms his brethren, was at its head, and it made two great decrees. The first declared that the Divine Existence was proved by the light of reason; and the second was that when the Roman Pontiff, as the successor of Peter and Supreme Head of the Church makes any definition in matters of faith and morals, it is to be believed by the Universal Church.

PIUS IX.

And Pius IX has confirmed us by his own personal character. If there was ever a Pontiff of an unsullied name, of a spotless life, of a fraternal love, of unswerving justice, it is Pius IX. During thirty years he has attracted to himself all who teach his children; and you who are his children know how much you love him. His very name animates you. And his influence is not confined to his own children. I have known men of every nation—of England and America—who, being in Rome, have sought his presence; and, coming away, have declared that they have never been in a presence such as his. That character is our strength. The world knows it, and the world acknowledges it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Southern States have occupied a great deal of attention ever since the close of the war. It is sincerely to be hoped that the policy of reconciliation, justice, and non-interference which the President announced in his inaugural on March 5th, will be fairly carried out. The late contest was such a peculiar one, the present occupant of the presidential chair commences his term of office under such a cloud of doubt, with half the country believing he was not elected, that we should imagine every consideration would lead him to pursue such a course as would tend to conciliate those who believe they have been wronged, and to restore the real union of hearts and sympathies, such as existed in the early days of the Republic.

An immense, fertile and productive region, whose resources are even now hardly developed, awaits the era of peace and good government in order to prosper. To Catholics there is much that is interesting in the South. Louisiana and Florida were first discovered by Catholics, and in the former State they are very numerous. In the other Southern States Catholics are few and scattered, but we observe that many signs of life and activity have lately been exhibited in the Southern dioceses. Bishop Gross, of Savannah, is doing a great work, as witness Pio Nono College, the new Cathedral, and the establishment of a Catholic paper. Bishop Quinlan, of Mobile, who often visits the North, reports that in Alabama there is a good field for the Church. Charleston, associated with the immortal Bishop England of saintly memory, is recovering from its past troubles. Texas is attracting Catholic emigration, and is now divided into several dioceses. Bishop Gibbons, of Richmond, whose diocese extends over Virginia and North Carolina, by his zealous labors and his new work, *The Faith of our Fathers*, is doing much to dispel prejudice and foster Catholicity.

The Southern people, if it cannot truly be said that they are very religious, yet respect religion and have few prejudices against Catholicity. As regards the colored population, the English College at Mill Hill, London, has sent many devoted missioners to labor among them, and their labors have been crowned with much success.

Negroes are docile, capable of much

fidelity and attachment; they are impressed with ceremonial worship, and make very good Catholics. We should imagine that it only requires that the Catholic religion be placed well before them, in order to secure their adherence. There are negro students in the Propaganda, and negro priests in many parts of the world, and it is quite possible that before A.D. 1900, if proper means are taken and more vocations for this apostolate are found, that the majority of the negroes may become Catholics.

THE long agony is over, and the United States has a President.

For four months the public attention has been kept on the stretch, and the business interests of the country injured by the political suspense, and the result goes far to justify a criticism we have often seen in European journals as well as in our own, that the United States possesses a large number of able politicians but very few statesmen. No one will say that there has been much statesmanship exhibited. There has been any amount of legal dexterity, there has been any amount of ardent partisanship, there has been remarkable political ability exhibited on both sides, but there has been very little statesmanship; there has been no touch of that genius which exhibits itself in a masterly stroke. Half of the community will believe that the occupant of the presidential chair has not been fairly chosen. Two States have dual governments, and a whole host of important questions remain unsettled, to be disposed of by a President surrounded by advisers in whom the people have little confidence, and a Legislature, the two branches of which are in the control of opposite parties.

THERE is sometimes a good deal said about all Catholics belonging to the Democratic party. We believe it is true that the bulk of the Irish Catholic population is attached to this party.

But we do not know if the same can be said of the German Catholics, or of any other section of our cosmopolitan population, which includes persons of nearly every nationality. As regards the Irish, if the bulk of them *are* attached to the Democratic party, the fact is capable of a very simple explanation, and is very creditable to both. When the great immigration from Ireland to this country took place thirty years ago, the new arrivals found that one party, the Democratic, were in favor of granting to all who came to help and build up the country, all the privileges of American citizens on easy terms, and they found that the opposite party was more narrow-minded and not so generous, consequently they naturally attached themselves to the more generous and more liberal party, those who were their friends. Their descendants naturally have the same political affinities.

This is the real explanation; to imagine that the Holy Father or the Sacred College of Cardinals have anything to do with it, or that they care anything about Tilden or Hayes, would be the acme of absurdity. Yet, we believe that the famous Eugene Lawrence, in Harper's *Journal of* (Un-) *Civilisation*, draws dark pictures of gloomy plots, concocted at Rome, to destroy American liberty, and of alliances entered into with political parties, to obtain the control of American cities by a "foreign power," and similar rubbish too absurd to be believed in, we should think, even by old women, and yet these lucubrations are spread before the people, and swallowed by many who ought to be more intelligent.

COL. JOHN O'MAHONY, the ex-chieftain of the Fenians, whose death and funeral obsequies in New York and in Dublin have lately attracted attention, was a remarkable man in many respects. He loved Ireland well if not wisely, and the organization of which he was a leading spirit at one time threatened to cause a serious insurrection in Ireland. That it inspired alarm in Great Britain out of proportion to its apparent strength was very evident. The thief fears "each bush an officer," and "conscience doth make cowards of us all," are true proverbs, and England's consciousness that she had misgoverned Ireland by means of unjust and partial laws, and had been maintaining an established Church alien to the faith of the great majority of the population—the consciousness of this made England fear that the appearance of a Fenian army in Ireland, led by experienced men, would be the signal for the outbreak of a mutiny among the Irish soldiers in her army, and cause a formidable uprising of the people. Those regiments which contained many Irishmen were ordered off to India and other distant places; and simultaneously divisions occurred amongst the Fenians. The story is an old one now. O'Mahony was vindicated from the suspicions that were attached to him. His funeral obsequies were imposing, and he rests in his native land at peace. Cardinal Cullen refused to allow his remains to lay in state in Dublin Cathedral, a refusal which might have been anticipated and was doubtless wise, taking all the circumstances into consideration.

ONE of the most singular of the delusions which Protestantism has spread is that one effect of Catholicity is to discourage or repress mercantile enterprise and commercial

success. To disprove this fallacy an attentive consideration of some historical facts is all that is required.

Venice was the most Catholic of states at the time it was most wealthy, most enterprising, and most successful. The cities of the Hanseatic League were fervently and devotedly Catholic, and their mercantile success was as remarkable as their enterprise. The most daring navigators of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were Spanish and Portuguese Catholics, men who discovered America, doubled the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, voyaged to China and the East Indies, and circumnavigated the globe, and did all this in vessels which our most courageous and experienced seamen would be afraid to trust their lives in now.

Italy, the seat of the Popes, was also the country most advanced in all the arts of civilization, and abounded in wealthy and splendid cities when England and France were comparatively backward.

The traveller in Europe who visits any of the old Catholic cities, will always find that those which were most remarkable for their commercial activity abound most in splendid and costly churches.

The adversaries of the merchants were not the clergy, but the feudal nobles. It was these chieftains who prided themselves on their skill in arms, and looked down upon mercantile pursuits as low, that used to plunder the merchants, tax them and oppress them by vexatious exactions and tolls.

Wealthy merchants in Catholic times did not leave all their money to their heirs, as the Vanderbilts and Stewarts of our day do. None of these Catholic merchants ever possessed a hundredth part of the wealth of a Vanderbilt, yet Venice, Milan, Bremen, Genoa, Florence, Bologna, Brussels, Antwerp, Nuremburg, Frankfort, London, and other cities, even now, abound in hospitals, churches, town halls, and other magnificent works, the donations of these men.

These remarks may suffice for the past. As regards the present time, the one example of France proves conclusively that if England and America were Catholic countries to-morrow, their commercial importance and mercantile enterprise would not be diminished one iota. It is steam, coal, iron, and mechanical inventions that have caused the marvellous developments of modern times, not Protestantism.

THE following remarks, on "legitimacy" as a political doctrine, of the Holy Father to a Belgian gentleman, are so clearly and well expressed that we reproduce them here. [illegible] gentleman having expressed [illegible] this subject, the Pope replied:

"I am happy that on this occasion an opportunity is afforded to me to explain to you upon this theme the opinion of the Holy See. It is the wish of the Holy See that the governors of all nations should sincerely believe themselves installed by the will of Almighty God into their position of high authority, *The Holy See has never framed a dogma upon the subject of legitimacy.* The Holy See desires all nations to submit at all times to the dictates of the secular laws of their respective governments, provided their conscience and religious convictions should approve of the same, and urges also obedience to authorities. *The Holy See does not extend any preference to any particular form of government.* It rests content as long as religious education is imparted to the children, where no attempts are made in abolishing the holy sacraments, where no interference in dogmatical matters are caused. It desires that the rights of the Church be respected, and ecclesiastical authority be supported, in order to stimulate and strengthen in the hearts of men a veneration of Almighty God.

"Regents as well as Presidents of Republics can bring this to pass. It is, therefore, upon these grounds that the Holy See consented to the recognition of both these forms of government, and has so acted, not from any selfish motive, but convinced of discharging thereby an important duty. Reigning families are just as likely to die out as any other family. In such an event it would depend entirely upon chances and circumstances as to who may be placed upon the throne as successor. These events most assuredly do never occur without the permission of the King of kings, and it is then for his Vicar on earth to defend the righteous.

"How many legitimate reigning families have not lost, by the dispensation of Providence, their claim to their throne! The principle of legitimacy is not at all to be considered; but are we not falling into an error in imposing its vindication, under any circumstances, upon the Pope, even then, when it was forfeited by reason of the wrongs done by such families; or, is it presumed that the functions of the bishops and priests differ in one state, whether monarchy or republic, from another?"

IT is said that it has been agreed that in future conclaves a Pope of any nationality may be elected. Now, it is certain that in one sense this is nothing new, for there have been Popes of French, German, Spanish, and English birth before now. But precedent and custom have laid it down as a rule for the last three hundred years that an Italian should be chosen. This was very

natural under the circumstances of the case. To the faithful generally, it did not matter one way or another what nationality the Pope was. They received him as the Father of the faithful and as belonging to no particular nationality. At the same time it was natural also that the people of the Papal States should prefer a native as their king and temporal ruler. But now there is no obligation on the part of the Catholic world to consider the whims of the Roman people, who, to so great an extent have agreed to submit to the yoke of a sacrilegious tyrant and a usurping government. The presence of the Pope in Rome is a source of great pecuniary profit to the Romans, on account of the vast number of pilgrims and visitors it attracts; 300,000 visitors are expected on the 21st of May next; therefore it is no doubt proper that the choice of his Cardinals, in the event of the Pope's death, should not be restricted even by custom, and that they should be free to select a Pope of any nationality.

CATHOLIC writers and speakers continue to devote much time to the educational question. But, after all, the *workers* are those who take the most practical course. While the grass is growing the horse may starve, and while we are demonstrating that the public school system is wrong, thousands of persons have no recourse, but to avail themselves of it, in order to give their children some education.

The other alternative, which is to allow them to grow up ignorant, is not to be thought of. The times do not allow it.

We are therefore glad to see that some of the Catholic papers, eschewing mere argumentation, have gone to work to show what are the practical steps to be taken in order to secure good Catholic schools. They seem to come to the following conclusions:

First.—Every parish should have a parochial school. This school should not be held in the basement of a church, or in a building unfit for the purpose. If, however, necessity or economy compels the use of a basement, the schools should be clean, well fitted up, and attractive in appearance.

Second.—Endeavors should be made to establish good Normal Schools for the supply of teachers. Teaching is an art, and one which it is as necessary to learn as any other art.

Third.—A regular system of grading, good text-books, and careful pastoral supervision, are imperative.

PEACE has been concluded between Turkey and Servia on terms rather humiliating to the latter, but less so than the Turkish victories would have warranted in ordinary circumstances. The war has been a bloody one, and horrible cruelties have been perpetrated; but it was impossible for Servia, deprived of Russia, to continue a contest with Turkey. The only result of further hostilities would have been that the Turkish banners alone would have floated over Belgrade.

Russia appears to be waiting for the other European powers to reply to her last note. In the meanwhile she has 250,000 men on the Pruth, and ready to cross that river *en route* through Roumania to the Danube.

England is reported to have sent a note to St. Petersburg, in which she says that Turkey should be allowed time to carry out the reforms she has promised.

The first elections for the Turkish Parliament have taken place, and very singular results have occurred. We suppose that when the Turks become familiar with "Returning Boards," and decisions 8 to 7, they will become quite expert in constitutional practices. Perhaps after awhile they may have two Pashas, each with legislatures of their own, in Bulgaria and Bosnia, and send "Committees of Investigation" to Syria to see if a fair election has been had, and no "bulldozing" permitted!

THE late discoveries in Greece, on the site of Mycenæ, are extremely interesting. On the 28th of November Dr. Schliemann, with "unbounded joy," informed the King of Greece of the surprising success of his labors. He thinks he has discovered the monuments of the Grecian heroes of whom the traditions preserved by Pausanias make mention, and the palpable evidence sustains the truth of the stories so familiar to schoolboys. He has unearthed the tombs of Agamemnon, Cassandra, Eurymedon, and their companions, who were killed while banqueting at Mycenæ, by Clytemnestra, the faithless wife of Agamemnon, and her paramour and his cousin, Ægisthus. Agamemnon had just returned from his successful siege of Troy, whither he had gone to assist his brother Menelaus in rescuing his abducted wife, Helen, the sister of the corrupt and murderous Clytemnestra, when he met his predicted fate. These discoveries seem to show, first, that the ancient civilization was very much more complete than we have supposed; and secondly, that the accounts left us by the classic writers have been faithfully preserved to us by the industry of the monks, and that these authors themselves were faithful and accurate in their accounts.

WE notice, in the correspondence of the St. Louis *Globe*, some interesting statistics of the state of Catholicity in New York. It

says: "This is one of the great strongholds of Catholicism, being, it is said, the second largest Catholic city in all Christendom, Paris only exceeding it. When it is remembered that we have 40,000 German Catholics, 40,000 Irish, 25,000 French, 15,000 Italians, 10,000 Spanish, and several thousand Portuguese and other Europeans, nearly all of whom are at least nominal Catholics, the preponderance will not be wondered at. It is highly probable that New York contains more determined, downright Catholics than any other capital. The churches here number, it is said, nearly sixty of all kinds, many of them very ordinary, although it is expected that the new Cathedral, in upper Fifth Avenue, will, when finished, be the finest ecclesiastical edifice in the metropolis."

We have sometimes thought that numerous as are the churches and the masses celebrated in them, yet that still there is hardly room enough for all the Catholics of New York to hear mass. The Cathedral of Brooklyn has been commenced, and will cost $2,000,000.

WE believe we can say with truth that there is no country in the world that possesses such an active hierarchy and clergy as the United States. Just look at the Almanac, or at any one of the Catholic weekly newspapers, and the reader will be surprised to see the number of churches built or repaired, convents and schools erected, missions given and priests ordained. In every section of the country, from North to South and East to West, the work is everywhere the same. Immense sums are contributed by the faithful for these purposes, and everything is done that these sums may be well expended.

While this is the case as regards material progress, the spiritual condition of the people is also better than in many so-called Catholic countries. We believe that, in the number of Catholic communicants, in the vocations to a religious life, in the innumerable good and pious persons who live "in the world and not of it," and in the intelligent love of many for the Church, America has no reason to fear comparison with any country.

THE Conference of the great powers on the Eastern question has drawn up a set of proposals to the Turkish government in reference to the reforms they demand to be carried into execution without delay. What these reforms are does not seem very clearly stated. That they go to the root of the matter is tolerably certain; that they demand a virtual autonomy for Bulgaria and consid- [redacted] is evident from the resistance of the Turkish government to them, but that they go as far as Russia would desire is not the fact. War between Russia and Turkey still remains imminent, and that it will be a bloody and determined one may be predicted with certainty.

PROTESTANTS often point with pride, and with some justice also, to the daily press, and claim that the ability with which it is conducted, and the talent displayed in it is an indication that Protestantism is more conducive to intellectual advancement than Catholicity. But it may be news to many that a far larger proportion than some suppose, of the newspaper talent, both of England and America, is Catholic. The *London Times*, *Punch*, and many of the Manchester and Liverpool journals have Catholics on their staff. The *Saturday Review*, of London, has many Catholic writers; and here in America we venture to say that there is hardly any leading journal but what has Catholic writers on its staff.

BISHOP IRELAND says there is room in his colony in Minnesota for those who will work, but that there is no room for "Young Americans whose tastes and talents fit them to do anything that does not require hard labor." There is a very large number of these unfortunately, and we hope they will diminish. It is one of the evils of the day that the notion of "genteel employments," that curse and bane of English middle-class life, is becoming far too common in America. In England this notion causes young men to crowd the ranks of impecunious doctors, lawyers, etc., and it was unknown in the better and purer days of America. There is no such thing as a "respectable" employment. All honest work is respectable.

THE discovery of an inscription in the Osprian Catacombs of Rome by Signor Armellini, has forever set at rest a question which, indeed, had not been ever doubted, either by Catholics or by sincere Protestants, and that is the presence and residence of St. Peter in Rome. This inscription has even converted the *Saturday Review*, and henceforth that sarcastic journal will pour its vials of contempt on any one who ventures to doubt it.

A GRAND pilgrimage of Irish and Canadian Catholics will leave New York on April 21st, in order to be present in Rome on the Golden Jubilee of the Pope's Episcopate. American Catholics are freely invited to join this pilgrimage, and we already hear of many who intend going to Rome.

THE life of the venerable Father Keenan, the late Pastor of St. Mary's, Lancaster, Pa., which had extended to nearly a century, was marked by few events of note; but his pastorate of over fifty years covers a large portion of the history of the Catholic Church in America. He was a contemporary of Prince Gallitzin, of Bishop England, of Archbishops Hughes and Kenrick, as well as of many other saints and fathers of the Catholic Church in America.

It has often occurred to us that there must be a vast fund of information, and many interesting details of early Catholic history in America, rapidly passing away and being forgotten. The lives of Father Keenan and of the Venerable Father McElroy, S. J., should be written by some one well acquainted with their characteristics. The former was ordained in 1821; the latter in 1817.

A CONSISTORY of the Sacred College of Cardinals was held at Rome on Monday, 12th instant, at which twelve new cardinals were created, viz.: Monsignor Æneas Sbarretti, Secretary of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars; Monsignor Frederic de Falloux du Coudray, Regent of the Apostolic Chancery; Monsignor Howard, an English Prelate, one of the Pope's Domestic Chaplains; Monsignor Francesco Sayerio Apuzzo, Archbishop of Capua; Monsignor Luigi Serafini, Bishop of Viterbo, Italy; Monsignor Barnardi, Patriarch of the West Indies; Father Bernardina da Portogruaro, General of the Franciscan Order; Monsignor Lorenzo Nina, Assessor of the Holy Office; Monsignor Garcia Gil, Archbishop of Saragossa, Spain; Monsignor Payarico, Archbishop of Compostella; Monsignor Canova, Archbishop of Rheims; Monsignor Caverat, Archbishop of Lyons.

EVERY cloud has a silver lining, and among the compensations of the present position in Italy, we may notice the increase of devotion among the faithful and the whole world to the Pope.

Among the measures resolved upon regarding the future conclave, is one by which it is established that any Cardinal may be elected to succeed Pope Pius IX, irrespective of his nationality, thus setting on one side the previous rule by which Italians only could be chosen. There has been much discussion on this point between the Pope and some of the Cardinals, but the opinion prevailed that the choice ought to be absolutely free. This determination will be communicated to all the Cardinals.

THE British Parliament was opened by the Queen in person, but the royal speech gives no indications of any change in the English policy towards Ireland. We notice that a large number of bills on various questions are to be brought forward. The usual attempts will be made to settle the educational and the land questions, and Mr. Butt will bring forward Home Rule in the course of the session. The trouble, however, seems to be that the Home Rule party does not command the adherence either of the Nationalists proper, who look to force alone as capable of obtaining for Ireland legislative and national independence, or of the clergy. The party was certainly stronger in Ireland two years ago than it is now.

THE two following items of news are very interesting. The Rev. John Moore, D.D., pastor of St. Patrick's Church, of Charleston, S. C., has been appointed Bishop of St. Augustine, Fla., *vice* Bishop Verot, deceased; and the Rev. Vincent Vinye, O. P., prior of the Dominican convent at Benicia, Cal., Coadjutor of Bishop O'Connell of Grass Valley.

THE Rector of the American College, Mgr. Chatard, was lately attacked with fever, and his eyes suffered from a dangerous affection brought on by over study. He recovered from these ailments, but his physician ordered rest, and recommended a visit to his native land as the best means of perfectly restoring his health. He intends to return to his important duties in Rome in October next.

THERE are few signs more promising for the future of the Church in America, than the continued movement to and fro between us and Rome. To Rome go many of our ecclesiastical students, and it is generally remarked that those who study there have the "ecclesiastical spirit" strongly marked.

HURON is the name of a new territory which is to be formed in Dakota. It extends from Red River to the 104th meridian, with Minnesota to the east and Montana to the west. The territory is fertile, and forms a vast prairie, parts of which are adapted for the raising of stock, and parts for the cultivation of wheat.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF OUR LIFE. By Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. Two volumes. London: Burns & Oates, 1876.

This work is founded on the Latin *Harmony of the Gospels*, which was published by Father Coleridge several years ago.

The study of the Gospels, always important, has become specially so in this age. To reap fully, however, the fruits of such study, it is not enough to meditate upon separate parts of our Lord's life, but to endeavor to form an idea of it as a complete whole. For this a *Harmony of the Gospels* is highly necessary; and this, too, constitutes the most important use and object of a Harmony. The reconciling the seeming difficulties which infidels delight in ferreting out and exaggerating forms, it is true, one purpose of a harmony, but by no means its highest purpose.

The characteristic differences of the four Evangelists have long been known and pointed out by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, as have also the causes of these differences arising from the particular circumstances under which, and the special purposes for which, each Gospel was written. No one of them was intended, nor indeed the whole four, to be a complete history of our Divine Lord's life in the flesh. Each of the Evangelists had a special purpose in view, and composed his Gospel with that purpose constantly in his mind. One, St. Matthew, wrote specially for the instruction of the Christian converts in Judea; another for the Christians at Rome; another for the Gentile converts of Asia Minor; while the fourth and last had evidently as his purpose to suppplement the history of our Lord as to matters which had not fallen within the scope of the other three Evangelists, to bring out more fully some things which they had omitted or but slightly touched upon, and also to record more copiously than they the theological and sacramental teachings of our Saviour and his discourses to his disciples during Holy Week. The Evangelists may be likened, to use a simile of the writer of the work before us, to four different artists, each sketching, from different points of view, the same magnificent building. No two of the sketches will be alike, yet each, if the artists are all accurate, will truly represent the building. Persons unacquainted with the building may imagine that there are discrepancies in the sketches, but those who are acquainted with it will easily reconcile the seeming discrepancies, and be able to testify to the truthfulness of each of the sketches.

The following beautiful passage from the preface of the work shows the design of the author and the purpose he had in view:

"I shall not have labored in vain if I can help Catholics of all classes among us to become more and more practically familiar with the gospel history. The gospels are the inheritance of the Christian people in all ages, but an intelligent acquaintance with them would be a specially powerful protection against the sophistries and illusions of our own time. From the highest forms of Protestantism down to the lowest phases of opinion, hardly to be called Christianity, from the objections which are raised under the name of science and history to the most unsubstantial of subjective dreamings, theological error as well as sentimental wilfulness, Universalism, and immorality as well as sectarian obstinacy—all popular forms of falsehood and deception—drop off into dust before the true knowledge of our Lord. And, on the other hand, the Four Gospels contain all the heavenly lore which the Church has developed as to the practice of virtue, the path of perfection, union with God, the highest and most continued prayer. These are treasures which belong to all the children of God, and the shrine in which they are all stored up is the Life of Jesus Christ."

THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY WEEK, according to the *Roman Missal and Breviary*, in Latin and English. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street, 1877.

The passion, death, and resurrection of our Divine Lord, cannot but be subjects of the deepest interest to every devout Christian. The Church celebrates these great mysteries with special solemnity. Hence, while every part of her sacred liturgy is directed to the end of celebrating the passion and death of the Redeemer, the Church's offices are more solemn and more multiplied during Holy Week than during any other week in the whole year, and are most especially adapted to excite in the hearts of the faithful those sentiments of love and gratitude, of compassion for our Divine Lord, of sorrow and of detestation of sin, which Christians ought always to cherish, but especially in this holy time.

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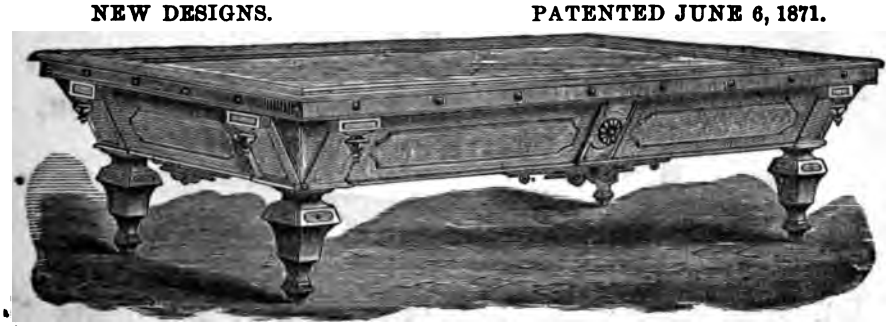
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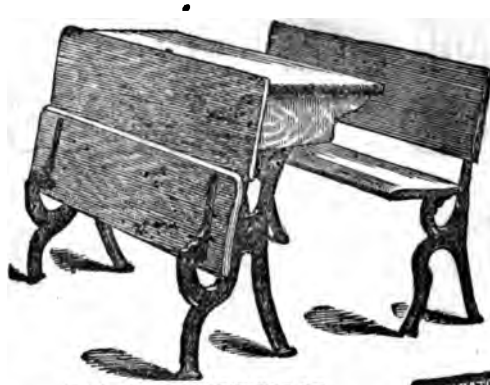
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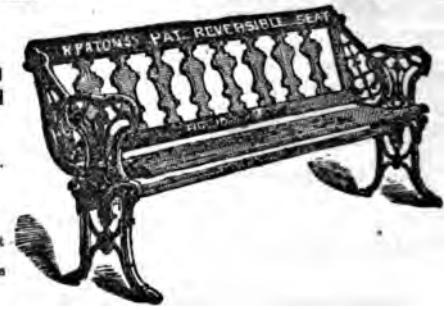
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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. XII.—APRIL, 1877.—No. 72.

SKETCH OF CATHOLICITY IN PENNSYLVANIA PRIOR TO 1800.

"ITE, DOCETE," Go and teach, was the command which fell from the lips of our Divine Lord, when he commissioned his disciples, who then constituted the teaching body of the Church, to "go forth and teach all nations." That divinely constituted teaching body, into whose custody were given the words of eternal truth, has never forgotten or neglected its high and holy commission. The Catholic missionary has gone into all parts of the world to carry the glad tidings of man's redemption, and his name may be read over and over again in the long catalogue of martyrs, who have given evidence of the faith that was in them, and of the truth and holiness of their commission by sacrificing their lives in the performance of its duties.

The very mention of the word martyr carries us back to the days of the persecution of the early Christians by the Roman emperors; and we are too apt to forget that there is scarcely a country in the world that has not its own *martyrologium*. Nor is our country an exception, for the soil of New Mexico, Florida, Virginia, Maine, New York, Illinois, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and California, has been dyed with the blood of many a pious priest and devoted religious. From the martyrdom of Father Juan de Padilla, O. S. F., in New Mexico, in 1541, down to the tragic death of Father Dias, another Franciscan, at Nacogdoches, La., in 1832, the *Martyrologium Americanum* includes 31 Franciscans, 20 Jesuits, 2 Dominicans, 1 Sulpitian, and 2 secular priests.* These are *known* to have fallen either at the stake, like Father John de Brebeuf; under the tomahawk, like the Saint Joques, in New York, or whilst ministering to his flock like Father Daniel. But who shall estimate the number of those who have fallen under the heat and burden of the day? The number of this heroic band is known only to God.

But it is not only from the fury of the "sons of the forest" that the Catholic missionary has had to suffer. The penal laws of Europe crossed the ocean with those who came to America for "conscience's sake," and when Protestant conscience persecuted Protestant conscience, it cannot be wondered at if Catholic conscience suffered likewise. It is

* See Dunigan's American Catholic Almanac for 1859, page 38.

from this kind of presentation, growing out of an ignorance of Catholic doctrines, that the early Catholics of Pennsylvania suffered most. The "tolerant spirit" of William Penn was not participated in by all the men who followed him to the colony he founded upon the banks of the Delaware. Hence it is that Father Creighton first came to Philadelphia in the garb of a Quaker,* and Father Schneider was sometimes obliged to travel *incognito*, under the name of *Dr.* Schneider.

The Catholics of Pennsylvania enjoyed comparative peace, however, until the breaking out of the war between France and England. Governor Morris, writing to Governor Dinwiddie, in January, 1775, for the purpose of taking precautionary measures for protecting the colonies against the French, and condemning the course of the Assembly in refusing to grant royal supplies in the particular manner in which he desired, gave as one reason for the conduct of the Assembly: "The majority of the electors here are Germans, unacquainted with our language and constitution, and *many of them are Roman Catholics.*"

Those fears were increased when, on November 18th, 1755, three vessels arrived in the Delaware, bringing *four hundred and fifty-four French Roman Catholics.* The absurdity of these fears will at once be seen when we remembers that these "French Neutrals," as they were called, were a part of those ill-fated Acadians, who had been shipped from the island of Nova Scotia by the infamous order of the British government and scattered all over the country. Of the above number scarcely one-third were able-bodied men; the others still longed for their beloved Acadia, for the friends and relatives from whom they had been ruthlessly separated. They thought of that awful moment, when without an instant's warning, they were summoned to the village church of Gran-Pré, and there told that this was to be their home no more, and that the ships were ready to bear them to their exile. They thought of their homes desolated by the torch of the cruel usurper; they thought of him who died broken-hearted on the sea-shore, and whose sad obsequies Longfellow describes as follows:

"Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Gran-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that far from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of day came, heaving and hurrying, landward.
Then commenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins." *

This little band of broken-hearted and dying Catholic Acadians was looked upon with great suspicion and even with fear. "Such was their treatment," says Mr. Walsh, in a note to "Walsh's Appeal," "which they had experienced that, notwithstanding the charitable attentions which they received after their arrival in Philadelphia, more than one-half of them died in a short time." From these particulars we may judge how far they were fitted "to strengthen the parties which hovered about the frontiers." Still, the fears entertained concerning Catholics, at that time groundless as they were, led to the adoption of very stringent measures against them, as we shall show further on.

But, in spite of all opposition, the Lord's husbandman had visited the soil of Pennsylvania, and had planted, with an open hand, the seed of that faith which never dies. The seed fell upon good soil, and fructified, and lo! a great tree has

* A tradition handed down by Archbishop Neale, given in full further on.

* Evangeline, close of Part I.

grown up which has borne abundant fruit.

The minutes of the proceedings of the Provincial Council of the Colony of Pennsylvania, held in Philadelphia in July, 1734, will give an idea of the difficulties and obstacles which surrounded the establishment and early career of Catholicity in this State. They are extracted from the *Colonial Records of Pennsylvania*, published by the State:

"The Governor then informed the board that he was under no small concern to hear that a house, lately built in Walnut Street, in this city (Philadelphia), had been set apart for the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, and is commonly called a Popish Chapel, where several persons, he understands, resort on Sunday, to hear mass openly celebrated by a Popish Priest; that he conceives the tolerating the public exercise of that religion to be contrary to the laws of England, etc., etc.; but those of that persuasion, imagining they have a right to it from some general expressions in the Charter of Privileges, granted to the inhabitants of this government by the late honorable proprietor, William Penn, he was desirous to know the sentiments of the board on the subject."

In consequence of the different views of the law, the matter was, after much discussion, "left to the Governor, if he thinks fit to represent the matter to our superiors at home for their advice and direction in it."

It is evident, therefore, that a number of Catholics must have settled in Pennsylvania at the very commencement of the colony, for, as early as 1686, William Penn makes allusion to "the old priest of Philadelphia." Bernard U. Campbell, in his *Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll*, says that the first chapel where divine worship was offered in 1686, was a wooden building, on the northeast corner of Front and Walnut Streets. Watson, in his *Annals of Philadelphia*, mentions a second chapel, built before 1736,* near the corner of Second and Chestnut Streets, which seems to have somewhat annoyed the non-Catholic people, on account of its being used as a "papal chapel in so public a place." Miss Elizabeth McGawley's chapel, on the Nicetown Road, was well known to Catholics in 1729. It was attended by the Rev. John Michael Brown, of whom we shall speak further on.

Among the earliest missionaries who labored in Pennsylvania may be mentioned the Rev. Josiah Creighton, S.J., the founder of St. Joseph's Church, who, "in 1733, was formally commissioned by the proper authority in Maryland to settle in Philadelphia. By him a lot was purchased near Fourth Street and south of Walnut Street, and a small chapel erected of one story. It was dedicated to St. Joseph, and afterwards enlarged to the dimensions of 40 x 40 feet as the society increased in numbers."† Besides Father Creighton we have Rev. William Wappelar, S.J., who founded the mission at Conewago; Rev. Theodore Schneider, S.J., the father of the mission at Goshenhoppen; the Rev. Robert Molineaux, S.J., and the Rev. James Pellentz, S.J., who, together with the Rev. Ferdinand Farmer, S.J., Rev. Luke Geisler, and the Rev. Joseph Ritter, S.J., appear to have attended all the stations comprised within the limits of the present Dioceses of Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and Newark, N. J. Father Farmer extended his excursions as far as New York.

The Rev. John Michael Brown (mentioned above) was one of the first priests of Philadelphia, and missionary to the earliest emigrants and Indians. He had a chapel, as already stated, on the Nicetown Road, about a mile and a half from the

* The late Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburg, in his Seminary Report for 1840, fixes this date at 1700.
† Mease's Picture of Philadelphia in 1811.

present St. Stephen's Church. William Penn and ex-Governors Logan and Dickinson claimed his lands by a grant from the Crown. This chapel, it is supposed, was built by Miss McGawley, and was "*connected* with her house, to enable Catholics to attend divine service under the protection which was afforded by a private residence,"* as "public mass-houses" were objectionable to most Protestants then in power. Father Brown died in 1750, and was buried near his chapel, which was still standing in 1864, in which year Rev. M. W. Gibson, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Nicetown, had the remains removed to the cemetery attached to his church. The original headstone over Father Brown's grave was broken by a band of fanatics during the memorable riots of 1844.

Among the oldest churches (missions) in that portion of the State now under consideration, we may mention St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, which was founded in 1733, forty-three years before the reading of the Declaration of Independence. The Church of the Sacred Heart at Conewago was founded in 1741, as was also the Church of the Blessed Sacrament at Goshenhoppen. This latter mission seems to have been a sort of mother-house for the country missions. It was founded by the Rev. Theodore Schneider, S.J., in 1741, and, four years later, he built the original chapel. Father Schneider was succeeded in 1764 by the Rev. Joseph Ritter, S.J., and he by Father Krakowski, a Livonian Jesuit, who was succeeded in 1836 by the present incumbent, the Rev. Augustine Bally, S.J., who is its *fourth* pastor, and has for over *forty* years ministered to the wants of the Catholics of that region. Goshenhoppen (now Churchville) appears to have been considered of more importance than all the others by those who had charge of the Pennsylvania missions in the infancy of the colony. From data at hand it appears that Philadelphia was attended by a clergyman from that place during several years. Within a few miles of Goshenhoppen there once stood, and perhaps still stands, a house, which was pointed out by the people of the neighborhood, where their ancestors told them that the first priests had resided.

Old St. Mary's Church, Lancaster,* was founded in 1745, and was attended by Rev. Father Wappeler, Father Geisler, and the Rev. Ferdinand Farmer, of holy memory.

In 1763 St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, was built on Fourth Street, above Spruce (then out of the built-up part of the city). It was worth about $50,000. The lot on which the church was built was granted to Rev. Robert Harding in 1760. It was given on condition that a church be erected there. The church was transferred by will from Father Harding to the Rev. John Lewis, by him to the Rev. Father Molineaux, and again by him to the Rev. Francis Neale. A body of trustees was recognized as a body politic by an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature, dated September 13th, 1788. These trustees were incorporated, to administer the finances of the church, and were the source of endless vexations, and sent the first two Bishops of Philadelphia prematurely to the grave. St. Mary's was enlarged in 1810.

In 1788 the number of German Catholics was sufficiently large to warrant their building a church for themselves. Accordingly Holy Trinity Church, corner of Sixth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, was erected in that year. It was quaint in shape, being what might be called half-hexagon. It was built of old-fashioned brick, and the roof was trussed and girded. Its original dimensions

* B. U. Campbell's Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll.

* There is a small church, about seven miles from Elizabethtown, Lancaster County, which the tradition of the neighborhood describes as the very oldest in the State.—*Bishop O'Connor's Seminary Report for* 1840.

was 100 x 61 feet, and was without galleries. It was considerably damaged by fire in June, 1860, but has since been very handsomely remodelled inside.

St. Peter's Church, Reading, was founded in 1791. Prior to this the Catholics of Reading worshipped in a little frame structure, erected by the early missionaries. In this year a brick building was erected near where the Reading Railroad now passes, and this was attended occasionally from Goshenhoppen, Lancaster, and Philadelphia. In 1844 a new brick church was erected by the Jesuit Fathers who then attended the mission. Rev. Terrence J. O'Donoghoe, founder of St. Michael's Church, Philadelphia, was also instrumental in the erection of this church.

In 1793 a small brick church known as Christ's Church, was built at West Chester, at the western end of Gay Street, near the brow of what was long known as "Chapel Hill." In 1853 it was replaced by a much larger and handsomer church dedicated to St. Agnes. In its early days, this mission like the one at Reading and others, looked to Goshenhoppen, Philadelphia, and later to Wilmington, Delaware, for its spiritual ministrations. The old baptismal registers bear the names of Rev. P. R. Kenrick (now Archbishop of St. Louis), Rev. Goerge A. Carrell, S.J. (late Bishop of Covington, Ky.), Rev. Peter Kenny, and Rev. Patrick Reiley, now the venerable and honored Vicar-General of the Diocese of Wilmington, Del.

In the year 1800 St. Augustine's Church was solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God. It was built by the Rev. Dr. Matthew Carr, a hermit of St. Augustine, who arrived in Philadelphia with a band of Augustinian Fathers in 1790. The erection of St. Augustine's Church was followed by the enlargement of St. Mary's in 1810, and by the addition of twenty-seven feet to the length of St. Joseph's in 1824. In 1828 St. John's was built in a style of splendor and magnificence that surpassed that of every other church then in Philadelphia. This was followed by the erection in rapid succession of St. Michael's (1831), St. Francis's, the present St. Joseph's, St. Philip's (1840), and St. Patrick's (1841), the last two being spacious and commodious, and built on the free-seat plan.

In the *Picture of Philadelphia* for 1811, it is stated that there were supported at St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum (incorporated 1807) fifteen orphans. In 1842 there were supported at the asylums of St. Joseph's and St. John's more than one hundred and sixty orphans. We might mention in this connection that the Sisters of Charity arrived in Philadelphia September 29th, 1814; this was the first colony sent out by Mother Seton from her budding community at Emmettsburg, Md. It consisted of Mother Rose White and three Sisters. They immediately took possession of an asylum which harbored thirteen ragged little children, and which was burdened with a debt of $4000. This asylum had been organized in 1797 by a charitable association, for the purpose of sheltering those poor little unfortunates whose parents had been carried off by the yellow fever. They were for a time domiciled in a house near the Church of the Holy Trinity. This institution eked out a precarious existence, and would have failed entirely more than once had it not been for the persevering efforts of Rev. Michael Henley, pastor of St. Augustine's (in 1807), and by the generous aid of Mr. Cornelius Thiers. The advent of the Sisters was most providential. In less than three years their many trials and privations were rewarded by seeing their asylum relieved from debt, and by having means at their disposal to extend their aid to many more poor children. The asylum still exists at the corner of Seventh and Spruce Streets, and is under the maternal care of that

most excellent *religieuse* Sister Mary Gonzaga.

The first Catholic free school in the United States was established at St. Joseph's Church in 1783. There is no doubt that some of the fathers in those places where there was a resident priest, commenced the religious and secular education of the children under their charge at a very early period; but this is the *first* free school opened that we have any record of.

It has been our endeavor not to extend this article beyond the period mentioned in its title, and we have therefore dwelt only on the *rise* and *progress* of Catholicity during the last century, and before Philadelphia had grown into sufficient importance to be elevated to the dignity of an Episcopal See. Much more could be written to illustrate the trials and difficulties overcome by the early missionaries in their efforts to plant the faith in Pennsylvania; nor was persecution the least of these. As an illustration of this we will give the following tradition, as related by the Rev. Leonard Meale (afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore), who in 1796 was pastor and vicar-general in Philadelphia.

"The superior of the Jesuits in Maryland," says Father Neale, "having been informed that there were many Catholics in the capital of Pennsylvania, resolved to endeavor to establish a mission there. The priest assigned for this duty had an acquaintance in Lancaster, of the name of Doyle, whom he visited, and requested to furnish him the name of some respectable Catholic in Philadelphia. Being referred to a respectable old lady remarkable for her attachment to the ancient faith, he waited on her in the garb of a Quaker, and after making inquiries about the various denominations of Christians in the city, asked first if there were any Catholics, and finally, if she were one; to which she answered in the affirmative. He informed her that he also was of the same communion. Being informed that the Catholics had no place of worship, he desired to know if they would wish to have a church. To which the lady replied that they most certainly would; but the great difficulty would be to find a clergyman; for, although there were priests in Maryland, it was impossible to procure one from thence. He then informed the lady that he was a priest and of the intention of his visit. Overjoyed at the sight of a priest after so many years' privation of that consolation, she communicated the intelligence to her Catholic acquaintances, and invited them to meet at her house. A considerable number assembled, most of whom were Germans. The priest explained to them the object of his visit, and a subscription was immediately commenced to procure the means to purchase ground and build a church. With the money raised they purchased the house and lot belonging to the lady, who also acted very generously in promoting the undertaking."*

Nor was this priest the only one who in those times was occasionally obliged to travel *incognito*. The Rev. Theodore Schneider, the indefatigable founder of Goshenhoppen and many other stations, visited New Jersey in 1744 to say Mass at Iron Furnace. He was subjected to persecutions of various kinds, and was several times shot at in New Jersey. His medical knowledge enabled him to cure many sick, so that he sometimes travelled under the name of *Doctor* Schneider. Bishop Kenrick, of holy memory, found the friendly garb of the Quaker very convenient, when he donned it in 1844 to make his escape to Ivy Mills from the murderous fanatics who then delighted in burning Catholic churches, and in exterminating so far as lay in their

* Mr. Bernard U. Campbell in his Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, supposes, and with much reason, that this priest must have been the Rev. Father Creighton.

power the Catholic clergy. The late Rev. Patrick Rafferty, who was pastor of St. Francis's Church, Fairmount (Philadelphia), during the riots, was seen and recognized more than once in the neghborhood of the State House wearing a blue dress-coat with brass buttons. But these days of persecution have happily passed away; they did the Church no harm, but, on the contrary, great good, for persecution is the life of the Catholic Church.

We have not yet referred to the Catholic population of Philadelphia and its environs, and this forms a very important item in estimating the progress of the faith. It appears that in 1733, when the whole population of Philadelphia was about 12,000, the number of Catholics was less than 500, that is, less than one in every 25 inhabitants. In 1757 Lord Loudon, commander of the British forces in America, at the command of his superiors, who were alarmed at the number of Catholics in the colony, especially after the "French neutrals" were brought to Philadelphia, asked that "a return of all the Catholics in Pennsylvania be made out and an enumeration of them also." It is unnecessary to say that these fears of a "Popish plot" were utterly groundless, nevertheless, no Catholic was allowed to possess arms or to do military duty, but he was not for that reason released from the *payment of militia tax*, which was quite a tax in those days. What a pity there were no public schools then! Our ancestors could have been taxed for their support *without being able to use them.*

In compliance with Lord Loudon's request, Rev. Father Harding prepared the following

LIST OF ALL THE ROMAN CATHOLICS IN PENNSYLVANIA IN 1757.

Under the care of Rev. Robert Harding.

	Men	Women
In and about Philadelphia, being all Irish or English,	72	78
" Chester County,	18	22

Under the care of the Rev Theodore Schneider, S. J.

	Men	Women
In and about Philadelphia, being all Germans,	107	121
" Philadelphia County, but up the country,	15	10
" Berks County,	62	55
" Northampton County,	68	62
" " " Irish,	17	12
" Bucks County,	14	12
" Chester County,	13	9
" " " Irish,	9	6

Under the care of Rev. Ferdinand Farmer, S. J.

In Lancaster County, Germans,	108	94
" " " Irish,	22	27
" Berks County, Germans,	41	39
" " " Irish,	5	3
" Chester County, Germans,	3	—
" " " Irish,	23	17
" Cumberland County, Irish,	6	6

Under the care of Rev. Mathias Manners.

In York County, Germans,	54	62
" " " Irish,	35	38
	692	673

Total number of Catholics, April 29th, 1757, 1365.

It is probable that there is a mistake in this statement, either as to the number of Catholics or as to the date, for Father George Hunter, who was Superior of the Jesuits in this country in 1765, estimates the Catholic population of Pennsylvania in that year (1765) at about 6000; these he divides nearly equally into two parts, communicants and non-communicants, including children.

In 1811, when the whole population of Philadelphia was 110,000, the number of Catholics was set down at 15,000, or 1 to every 7 inhabitants. In 1840 the population of Philadelphia was 250,000, and the Catholic population was estimated at 45,000, or 1 to every 5 inhabitants. In the thirty years, between 1811 and 1841, the whole population a little more than doubled, while the Catholic population more than trebled. And, to-day, with its population of over 700,000, Philadelphia has a Catholic population of nearly 200,000, with some 40 churches and

about 112 priests, to say nothing of its magnificent theological seminary, and its numerous colleges and schools, and its benevolent and charitable institutions.

There is, most undoubtedly, much more to be said about the rise and progress of Catholicity in the time and space we have gone over. There are many good priests whose heroic labors we could have mentioned, not the least among whom is the Very Rev. Leonard Neale, V. G., of Philadelphia, and afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore. His labors during the yellow fever in the former city in 1793, and again in 1797 and 1798, are enough to render his name immortal. Fathers Geissler and Fleming, who were stricken down by this dire disease while attending to the sick, are also worthy of a special chapter. We might likewise speak of the first confirmation ever administered in Philadelphia, by Father Carroll, in 1798, whilst he was only Prefect Apostolic. But all these things, and many more we could mention besides, would take us far beyond the space allotted to our present article. Suffice it to say that the labors of the early missionaries in and around Philadelphia have brought forth the most abundant fruits, and the little grain of mustard-seed has under God's providence developed into a mighty tree. *Laus Deo.*

SHADOWS.

OUT in the moonlight the shadows are lying
Sharply defined on the glittering snow.
Eerie and solemn the low wind is sighing,
Waking sad thoughts of the long, long ago.

Soft as the moonlight their footsteps are falling
Shadows that people my desolate room;
Voices long hushed through the stillness are calling,
Lips cold and white flush again in their bloom.

One, with the mournful eyes, gentle Evangel
Treading earth's paths, that were thorny and dark,
Tranquilly meeting the smile of Death's angel,
Mooring in waters calm, Life's troubled bark.

One with the boyish brow lit with the brightness,
Manhood soon dims in the world's weary strife,
Bartering for wealth and ambition the whiteness
Purity shed o'er a beautiful life.

Two, with the clasped hands, stand at the altar,
Breathing the vows that but death shall estrange,
Love that in pain or care never should falter,
Shadows, earth shadows, how quickly ye change.

Swept by the cold wind the light snow is drifting,
Robing the mounds with its tissue of white,
Memory softly her white veil is lifting
From the lone graves in the sad heart to-night.

IN GOD'S KEEPING.

I.

AT SEA.

ALL the last part of the afternoon there had been a yellow light on the sea, not the rich glow of an ordinary sunset, but a sickly glare which shone from the edges of the cloud-masses in the west.

A boy, who had slyly crept into the boat at the brig's side, looked up, singing the quaint old rhyme:

"Mackerel's scales and mare's tails,
Make lofty ships to carry low sails."

The mate, too, glanced upward, and, impatiently turning, drove the urchin from his "coign of vantage." This brig, the Hawk, was not young, and time does not toughen fowls of her species. Fifteen days had she been out from Liverpool; she bore a full cargo and a few passengers, mostly friends of the captain who were working their passage, or who had been taken aboard from holy charity. Among the latter, two or three in number, were Kathleen Bryant and her little girl. It was enough to make the hardest heart ache—if the hardest heart *could* know such things—to forecast what such a creature should have to suffer in the bustling new world, where even sympathy would take a form which her warm Irish heart could never understand. She was a widow, young, timid, gentle, poor, with no one akin to her except the little child.

The yellow light faded from the sky, leaving the sea a dark, undefinable color, throbbing as if it were the heart of the universe. Then sea and sky deepened in gloom, and the Hawk was dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern; a low moan came from all quarters of the sea, and the winds were let loose.

Kathleen, in the dark cabin, clasped her child tight, for a crash, the sound of rushing water, and many shouts and cries struck her ears. She shrank closer to the wall of the cabin, pulling her shawl around the girl.

Little Kathleen only opened her large blue eyes, and looked intently into her mother's face.

"Lord, have mercy on us!"

And when the mother got as far as "Holy Mary," the child answered as she had been taught, "Pray for us!"

"Kathleen," whispered the mother, aroused from the stupor by the little girl's voice, "keep near to me, shut your eyes, and keep sayin' your prayers; and here, Kathleen, darlin'," she said, with a touch of that prophetical inspiration which only mothers have, "take these, and if anything should separate us!"—

The ship shivered in every plank. Crash of timber, boom of thunder, and the weak voices of men! The world seems to be near its end. Kathleen and her child are dragged on deck. She feels a sharp pain in her arm which is bruised against the gangway; she faints, clutching the old plaid shawl that holds her darling.

The wild waves have not left much plumage on that poor old bird, the Hawk. Captain, mate, and crew, have done their duty. The two boats, with all the brig's load of human beings, are tossing to and fro like thistle-down on a windy day.

A voice sounds even above the shrillness of the wind.

"Kathleen! my child, my child!"

The men in the captain's boat look at one another.

"Too bad, too bad!" mutters the captain; "the girl is in the mate's boat!"

"Sure, she is in God's keeping, wherever she is," says an old woman, frightened by the stony look

that comes over the young mother's face.

"My child, my child!"

Is it the wind that answers, "Mother?" for the mate's boat is out of sight.

II.

IN "SOCIETY."

"I DON'T know much about religion," said Alice Wesley; "but I do know what 'good' style is."

She daintily held her tiny teacup of scarlet and gold, and glanced around the room. She was of the prevailing blonde type, with fuzzy light hair, pulled down under her hat; a nose "tip tilted," as the laureate has it, and large, blue eyes, which she held under fashionable control; a complexion which was perfect "pale roseate" in gaslight or semi-gloom, but which showed a few freckles in daylight. She was standing near a cabinet of *bric-a-brac*, in a costume, soft and dark, which seemed, like the pictures of Ingres, to be a study of form rather than of color.

"For instance, my dear—I always speak confidentially to girls, for they find out everything, anyhow—I am ritualistic, because it is fashionable to be ritualistic. It is quite as good style here in Washington to be Catholic, you know; but then there is something too *real* about you Catholics. Now, uncle declares that I am Irish (I am anyhow, you know) and haven't any ancestors, though I *do* put the Wesley crest on my note-paper; uncle picked me up somewhere; he never will tell me where, —and that I ought to be a Catholic; but, my dear, some of you Catholics, particularly the Irish, are in such *fearful* style."

She paused, to bow to a young man who had just entered the room.

"Felix Woodward, I declare! As I was saying, it's bad form to be a Methodist here, although the Administration is Methodist, and yet at home uncle knows so many young ministers, that one usually has to assume *soupçon* of Methodism."

"But when you were at Notre Dame you liked to go to chapel."

The speaker was the young lady into whose ears Alice Wesley had been pouring her "ideas." She was taller, more graceful, not as pretty as Alice. Her brown hair was plainly arranged in the simple Grecian mode; and her costume, while faultless, was not ultra-fashionable. Her complexion was not pale, but colorless, which, with the regularity of her features, and the calm, thoughtful look in her eyes, suggested a head of Juno on an old cameo.

"Excuse me; I was not listening. I was watching the French Minister. I don't understand what the President means by letting foreign governments send so many married men to this country. An ambassador *must* be unmarried, in order to give American girls a chance. What were you saying, Helen?"

Helen Winter repeated her sentence.

"Of course. It was quite the proper thing to go to Mass there. It pleased the Sisters. Some more tea? Have some, too. It's really a pleasure to use these delicious Chinese cups. I like this kind of thing," she said, turning to the cabinet; "here is a vase carved by Cellini, and there, at your elbow, some lovely amber Bohemian glass, and beyond a set of Sèvres—just look at that Cupid on the plates driving his flock of yellow butterflies; and this majolica cat!"

"A lot of useless *roba*," said Helen Winter, indifferently, "which costs money, and does nobody good. It is not like a fine painting. Everybody can understand a picture; but how many people here know whether the shape of that vase painted by Boucher is modern or antique."

"Well, Boucher vases and Minton ware means culture"—

"What is culture?"

Alice showed her white teeth in a quizzical little smile, and said, after a pause, "To know more odd things than anybody else, to believe yourself superior to the *canaille*, to quote Brahma and the Vedas, to admire Wagner, Swinburne, and Baudelaire, to find moral things immoral because they are *not* true art, and immoral things moral, because they *are* true art. I am a critic."

Both girls laughed, and Alice continued.

"Mrs. Houghton is asking Felix Woodward to sing. He has a fair tenor and sings rather nicely. I like the singing at a kettledrum; it relieves restraint; under cover of it you can talk in your natural tone, and you are not obliged to whisper as if you were at a funeral. He begins. Old Feoli (who has been *attaché* ever since Washington's time) plays the accompaniment."

"Let us listen."

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.
'Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands,
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man, and master of his fate.'"

Felix Woodward's voice was strong and clear; and he gave the words with an energy that seemed to bid defiance to Fortune. Helen looked at him with interest. He was young, not particularly handsome; there was an expression of reserved power about him that attracted her.

Alice betrayed a little amusement.

"You seem interested. He's only a bookkeeper, or something of that kind, out on a holiday. Mrs. Houghton invites him because he is a Southern relative—has seen better days, and that sort of thing. He'd be nice to flirt with, but, of course, no girl who respects herself will ever marry him."

"Why not."

"*Why not!* For the very sufficient reason that he has no money."

"But she might love him sufficiently"—

"Pardon me, my dear," interrupted Alice, with an air of patronage, "you are either very hypocritical or very unsophisticated. Love is bad form; but *you* haven't the slightest occasion to bother about the 'coming man.' Mr. Vincy"—

A flush reddened Helen's brow. Alice fortunately was enabled to retrieve her mistake. "Let me present Mr. Woodward."

Felix Woodward bowed, and said something about a pleasant afternoon. Alice chatted gaily, but with more reserve.

"We have been talking of religion," she said, with a determination to force her companion to talk; "Miss Winter is quite devout—*enfant de Marie*, and all that."

"An excellent thing in a woman. Men are religious nowadays because they are good, but no man is good because he is religious. Religion has lost its power."

"He is rude," thought Helen, "or too frank." Her eyes sparkled. She spoke. "If you were a Catholic, Mr. Woodward, you could daily see that religion has not lost its power."

"Ah, you are a Catholic, Miss Winter? I know some Catholics, poor and rich; the poor ones, I admit, are devout, because they are taught to be; with the rich and educated ones, religion is a mere æsthetic sentiment. They go to Mass, and like the music and pomp; but that does not prevent them from doing what they please. They are too 'superior' to mingle with the herd of their co-religionists. I admire your religion, Miss Winter; but I think that educated Catholics are generally supercilious to their brethren and apologetic to dissenters, and that the mass is uneducated and ill-bred."

Helen was surprised, and somewhat indignant. "He is ill-bred," she thought, "but there is, from his point of view, some truth in what he says."

"No doubt the crowds that fol-

lowed our Lord were uneducated, and I don't suppose they all knew the best-bred manner of eating their loaves and fishes," she said.

"Oh, Mr. Vincy!" Alice exclaimed. A gentleman, apparently about forty years of age, stood beside Helen's chair. He wore mutton-chop whiskers, and was attired in the most pronounced English fashion. His head was bald on the top; his face florid; there was no expression about him, except one of exalted self-satisfaction. He was Mr. Vincy, the millionaire. He had made his money by means of a natural aptitude for laying out railroads in Russia. He believed in himself; he wanted a foreign mission and a ladylike wife. You know all about him that is worth knowing, except that he was supposed to be the *parti* for whom Helen was destined by her parents.

Felix Woodward was not handsome; in fact, not as handsome as Mr. Vincy; but he looked like a gentleman, and wore no jewelry, while Mr. Vincy's malachite sleeve-buttons, studded each with a ruby, and his gorgeous ring and chain, made Alice curl her lip, while she admired the jewels themselves.

"Nice little party; nice little party! You should have seen the reception the Czar gave in my honor, though, after I had finished that railroad to Loutchinova. It was a stunner; no cakes and weak tea. Champagne, worth more than you'd make in four years, sir."

"Pardon me, but do you collect the income tax, sir?"

Alice held up her handkerchief to prevent giggling. "Permit me to introduce Mr. Woodward, Mr. Vincy?"

"Not necessary, not necessary," said Mr. Vincy in swelling tones; "we have met before, down town."

"I have forgotten you." And bowing to the ladies, Felix Woodward went to another part of the room.

A frown appeared on Mr. Vincy's pink forehead. "Clerk down town. How does he come here? Mrs. Houghton ought to be more careful."

"This is a republican country, Mr. Vincy," said Helen.

"Wrong principle—wrong principle entirely."

Alice's nonsense soon made Mr. Vincy regain his good humor. In a short time Mrs. Winter, who chaperoned Helen, came up, and the girls separated.

Helen rode home in a state of dissatisfaction. *Cui bono!* Alice made her sad, Mr. Vincy was vulgar and "horrid" (for the first time); the world was hollow. "I will be a nun," she thought. Before they reached her father's house, on Capitol Hill, she forgot this thought in the attempt to discover what interested her in Felix Woodward, who was certainly brusque and ill-bred, and yet there was something about him—

III.

"IPHIGENIA!"

MR. WINTER'S pampered London coachman was drunk on the day of Mrs. Houghton's kettledrum, consequently Helen and her chaperon had to wait some time in the hall at Mrs. Houghton's while Jehu clumsily manœuvred the carriage up to the sidewalk. The strength and chilliness of Washington wind is proverbial; and Mrs. Winter, who was delicate at all times, took cold. She was one of those delicate people who are always on the verge of death apparently, and when, in ten days' time, she died of pneumonia, everybody was surprised, although everybody had expected that sad event for the last ten years.

The dead woman and Helen had loved each other devotedly. They had been confidantes, friends, companions to an extent which is very rare nowadays between mothers and daughters.

Mrs. Winter had lived a gentle, harmless life, and she died in the Catholic faith.

Her husband was of the worldly order. There had been little sympathy between him and his wife, and none whatever between him and Helen. He paid her bills and admired her because other people congratulated him on having such a charming daughter. He was the owner of some very wealth-productive cotton mills in Massachusetts, and just at present he was much preoccupied in lobbying an important bill through Congress, consequently his wife's death was a matter of secondary interest, as she herself had been for a long time. Helen was the only real mourner, and the care and sorrow drove all other thoughts out of her mind. Her days were spent in religious reading and prayer. What is life? she asked herself, and answered, The vestibule of death. These days were bitter-sweet and solemn. It was a relief that her father never required her presence except at dinner, when she usually met Mr. Vincy, who talked of the value of his new cottage at Newport, his railroad to Loutchinova, and his contempt for all men who were not self-made, until his host nipped him with a touch of gentlemanly sarcasm, and reduced the conversation to a monologue on the prospects of his bill. After a time these quiet days grew long. Helen became restless. She was tired of Mr. Vincy. He laughed too loud, and jeered openly at everything he did not understand—religion, art, music.

"He is not a gentleman," she thought; "he despises poor people, and respects only those who are wealthy; he thinks that money is everything. I wonder if Mr. Woodward—but why Mr. Woodward? He is no better than anybody else"—

A knock at her door. Alice Wesley entered, bright, pretty, and voluble as usual.

"How well you look in black, dear—like a lady out of Dante Rossetti's poems—mediæval, you know; and you are a girl who need not trouble yourself about your looks either; your '*beau mon*' is secured; at the German the other night, Mr. Vincy posed for 'a forsaken swain,' you not being there."

"Alice!"

"What a queer girl you are! You don't seem at all delighted at the prospect of marrying a million. I would be wild with delight, although Mr. Vincy is the most detestably vulgar man I know; still a million"—

"*Alice!*"

"Oh, what's the use of girls being hypocritical to each other. By the way, I just ran in to borrow a pin for this lace at my neck. I'm in a dreadful hurry to promenade on the Avenue in this lovely sunshine; and I've lost my pin—that lovely one, with the figure of Œnone. Can't you lend me one?"

Helen produced a box of glittering trifles. Alice selected a large, carved cross of black bog-oak.

"This is odd and pretty. Ta! ta! ma belle! I wish you would come with me."

"I am going to Vespers. It is a holy day."

"Saint Agnes!"

It was just after luncheon. There were several hours to pass before dinner. Helen was in the mood for a long walk. She had it in her mind to ride to Georgetown, and cross the bridge to Arlington. She knew the road, and the sadness of the place harmonized with her melancholy. But she did not care to go through the Virginia woods alone. She finally took an aimless walk, and at vespertime found herself under the arches of St. Dominic's.

The majestic swell of the organ, the forms of the fathers in their black and white robes amid the haze of incense, and the atmosphere of prayer, were better for her than the sadness

of Arlington; and her mind, heart, and soul were satisfied.

Coming out, her eyes were full of the glory of the stained window over the organ, irradiated by golden light, and she did not notice a gentleman at the gate, until he spoke, half-involuntarily,

"Miss Winter!"

"Mr. Woodward! I have not seen you since Mrs. Houghton's afternoon."

There was a pause. Pauses are full of meaning, and this pause meant that one had been thinking of the other. In their thoughts they had become friends; and now it was necessary to go from the ideal to the real. They were both trying to do this.

"You have had a sad time since that afternoon."

"Very sad."

"You said a few chance words that afternoon which have been in my mind ever since. You said that Catholics were *governed* by their religion, and that they did not make it a thing of convenience."

"I meant to say that, whether I did or not," said Helen.

"Well, I thought I knew to the contrary, and I said so; but I have discovered that I judged from superficial premises."

"I *know* you did," she said, earnestly.

"I had heard of *your* charity and goodness"—

Helen's face reddened, partly from annoyance, partly from pleasure that he should praise her, even with second-hand praise.

"I do not like compliments."

"I did not mean to compliment you. I meant to show you what your example has led to; but you jumped at a conclusion. Do I look like a man who would pay compliments?"

Helen thought: "What a strange man! His apparent rudeness is only earnestness!"

"I have come to the conclusion that your religion is the only one that governs men's passions and impulses. All men need to be restrained and governed. In a few days I will be a Catholic. Pray for me!"

He bowed and turned the corner.

"He *is* rude!" thought Helen. "I wanted to talk to him."

And Helen thought of him until she reached Capitol Hill.

He had come back to the corner, and watched her until she reached the Avenue.

"A true woman," he said; "what a wife she would make for a good man! And yet I know so little of her!"

That evening, after dinner, Alice brought back the cross. There was a worried look on her face.

"I had an adventure," she said, in an agitated way. "I had not gone far to-day, when I noticed that I was followed by an old woman, with a basket on her arm; a withered, meanly-dressed old woman, Helen; she passed and repassed me, turned around, and looked sharply at me several times; at last, she cried out, as if she were about to have a fit, 'Kathleen, Kathleen, is it you, my child?' Her voice frightened me. I ran into a store, and somebody sent her away. Oh, Helen, if that common old woman should be my—my—MOTHER!"

Moisture came into Helen's eyes.

"It would be happiness"—

"*Happiness!*" cried Alice. "I am nearly wild with dread! That coarse, common thing *my* mother! I will go away and hide. I will deny her, even if she prove it! I will!"

"There is no fear," said Helen, trying to conquer a feeling of repulsion to this heartless Sybarite; "I heard your uncle telling papa that you are the daughter of his brother, who married a poor Irish girl"—

"I know! He says that; but I do not believe it. He will tell me nothing of my parents; and *she* may be my mother. I will *never* own her!"

Alice's culture and refinement had become weeds which had killed those flowers that spring from the heart and soul.

"Mr. Vincy will call to-morrow evening," said Mr. Winter, when Alice had gone. "He intends to propose. Of course, you will say yes."

The blood flew to Helen's brow.

"Papa, I do not love him."

"What has that to do with the matter? Don't be foolish, girl. He is worth a million."

"I don't care"—

"*I* do. My will has been defeated. I was so sure of its success that I mortgaged everything to push it. I must have this millionaire for my son-in-law, or I shall be ruined. You *must* marry Mr. Vincy." He said all this slowly, calmly, as was his wont.

Helen burst into tears.

"Iphigenia!" sneered Mr. Winter, "a modern young woman weeps at the thought of sacrificing herself for a million. 'Tis passing strange!"

She prayed for strength, for light. Marry Mr. Vincy! The thought filled her with horror. Be the means of ruining her father. She could not, she could not!

The next morning, after a sleepless night, she sought relief in one of her long walks. Again, fatigued, she knelt in St. Dominic's. The church seemed cold and empty. She prayed desperately. God could save her, if he would.

"Are there two of them?"

These whispered words made her turn.

There was an old woman, with pinched features, poorly clad, at the end of the pew.

"If you please, Miss," said the old woman, timidly, "an' I hope you'll not think it strange for me to be askin'. Is that cross you wear at your throat yours?"

"Certainly," answered Helen, amazed.

"Have you a rosary, Miss; an old one, of small white beads, and big black ones, with no crucifix, but only a broken sixpence, the first thing my husband gave me, on the chain?"

The woman ran over the words with such trembling eagerness that Helen scarcely understood her at first.

Helen hesitated. In a drawer at home lay an old black and white rosary, from which the crucifix had been broken; and to which was attached a broken sixpence. This was the first plaything that Helen remembered.

"I have such a rosary," said Helen, "but let us leave the church. We can talk elsewhere."

The woman did not heed her. Her wrinkled face turned pale, revealing very plainly the blue circles around her eyes, set there by years of suspense and tears. She staggered and fell against the side of the pew. Helen caught her hands.

"Thank you, acushla," said the woman, with a wistful look. "Sure you have her eyes clear as the sky at home! Do you go by the name of Winter?"

"I am Helen Winter."

"Not Kathleen?"

"No." Helen's self-possession was taking leave of her. This woman must be insane, and yet, as usual, Helen could feel, but not think.

"You are my girl! My Kathleen!"

Kathleen Bryant—aged by care and the hope that maketh the heart sick—prostrated herself in the aisle and said her Nunc Dimittis. After a silence which was eloquent, Kathleen arose, her face bathed in tears.

"If you're happier, my child, with your rich friends than you would be with me, stay; but oh, let me see you sometimes."

Helen was bewildered. She said, "Come home with me, and speak to Mr. Winter."

As they went along Kathleen Bry-

ant told how she had lost her child the night the Hawk was wrecked, nineteen years ago; that, after a long search, she found the mate of the brig in New York, and heard that he had given the child into the care of a rich lady, Mrs. Winter, who had promised to bring her up in the Catholic fath. Kathleen now ceased to seek her child. She worked hard and was thrifty. She wanted money, only that she might find her child; and she had amassed sufficient to allow her, with frugality, to search everywhere, from morning to night.

"Sure, I put that cross into the old shawl that was around you, and gave you that rosary the last thing, darlin'!"

Helen led her mother up to her luxuriously-furnished room.

"I can't take you away from all this, darlin'," cried poor Kathleen, with a heavy weight at her heart. "I am poor."

"I will go where you go, mother."

This broke the ice. Helen felt that she had found her mother. That withered old woman had suddenly become more precious than the whole world.

What scientist can explain the thing? It was not reasonable. Helen wanted no proof. This woman was her mother.

Mr. Winter did not come home to dinner. The mother and daughter dined together upstairs, much to the amazement of the servants.

Later, when Mr. Vincy came, Helen led Kathleen into the parlor.

"My mother, Mr. Vincy."

The millionaire opened his mouth until the gold plate of his false teeth showed. His face expressed surprise and disgust when he recovered himself. Then Helen explained.

Mr. Winter entered at this juncture.

"Look here, Winter, is this true?" And Mr. Vincy ran over the story.

"I suppose so," said Mr. Winter, indifferently; "Helen is not my daughter. Mrs. Winter found her somewhere. If she wants to go with her mother I have no objection; but I suppose you have, as you want to marry her."

"Winter, I say, you don't expect me to marry the daughter of that old hag!" the millionaire said, swelling with rage. "If Helen will give her up, and keep the thing quiet, I'll think about"—

"Never!" said Helen.

"You're a brute, Vincy!" said Mr. Winter, politely. "It's all for the best, Helen, for I intend to marry Mrs. Houghton in four months' time, and Mr. Vincy might not like a stepmother-in-law."

Mr. Winter could afford to be independent now. Mrs. Houghton had agreed to advance all the money he wanted.

"You can stay here, Helen," he said, "if you like, you have always behaved well, but I can't have the old lady here."

* * * *

In a little house in Philadelphia, Kathleen Bryant and her daughter live happily and contentedly. Peace and love dwell there.

"Frown, and we smile, the lords of our own hands."

Helen remembers those words. And the singer, whom she remembers too, has obtained a position in Philadelphia; when the "hard times" have passed Kathleen Bryant will again lose her daughter.

"Well, well," says Kathleen, between a smile and a tear, "sure, what's the difference? She's in God's keeping."

Alice Wesley, now Mrs. Vincy, tries to forget a longing for higher and better things in the dash and glitter of society, and sometimes she succeeds.



A VITAL QUESTION.*

WHILE the matter of public school education is attracting the marked attention of the people of the United States, and deeply affecting its future interests, it may not be amiss, nor foreign to this question and to these interests, to devote some careful attention to the lately published translation of M. l'Abbé Barnard's *Life of the Very Reverend Mother Barat.* Foundress of an order, the birth of which occurred in the present century, and which took for a prime object as regards active works, "the education of young girls, the gratuitous instruction of the poorer classes, and retreats for ladies of the world," the life of this noble woman introduces to us a method of instruction and education which may afford to Protestants in our own land some explanation of a Catholic's reasonable objection to the present system of public schools, and may also press home to their own minds a question of deep import, "Are our children being trained as they might be and as they should be?"

In the month of December, 1779, Sophie Madeleine Barat was born in Burgundy, the third child of Jacques Barat, an artisan, and of his wife, Madeleine. Endowed with intellect, wit, and good sense, she carried on her studies with her brother Louis, to the reading of the Latin classics and of Homer, the study of the natural sciences and of modern languages, and then to the reading and translating "of sacred and ecclesiastical authors, the most beautiful passages from the fathers, the doctors of the Church, and the masters of spiritual life." At ten years of age had occurred that sacred and marked event in a Catholic child's life, she had received her first communion. Three years afterwards she declared her resolution of giving herself entirely to God, apart from all worldly ties forever; a desire which had been in her heart so long that she could not tell when it first arose there; and during her youth, through stirring days in her country's life, that desire lasted. When but twenty-three she was chosen superior in a community as yet unrecognized by the Church at large, or by the world; a community which, small and obscure in its beginning, Mother Barat was to see, before her death, spread wide in Europe and America. She, who in her young womanhood shrank from the responsibility of even so slight a charge as was at first laid upon her, found herself, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, governing by the grace of God nearly ninety houses of her Institute.

Of the souls who were first united with her in her work, most had been through terrible trials connected with the French Revolution. This fact it is well for us to bear in mind, while considering this religious teaching order side by side with a public school system, elaborated by our nation, which passed at nearly the same period through the revolution that rendered it an independent government among the governments of the world.

We must note particularly the witness borne to these teachers even then by their pupils. One attests "that the tone of the school was serious and earnest, and that, with a very few exceptions, there was no worldliness in the girls." "Mother Deshayes speaks of the great consolation they derived from the goodness of the children and their affection for their teachers. It had the most powerful effect in stimulating

* The Life of the Very Reverend Mother Madeleine Louise Sophie Barat, by M. l'Abbé Barnard. Translated by Lady Fullerton. Two volumes.

them to excel. Not to be spoken to by the nuns was considered the greatest of punishments. One of the youngest children, thus in disgrace, exclaimed, 'Oh, Madame, say scolding words, but speak to me.' Mother Barat was the life and soul of this first school of the Sacred Heart. One of the children educated under her own eyes writes as follows: 'I feel as if I could see them still, those eyes beaming with heavenly brightness, and as if I heard those words, few in number but so full of unction, with which she spoke to us of the kingdom of God. She liked to come unexpectedly into the playground. Her appearance there was like a ray of sunshine. "Sing me my favorite cantique," she used to say, and we sang, "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O my God!" With what delight she listened, and then commented on some of the beautiful thoughts in that hymn. What happy moments those were! What serenity there was in her countenance! What humility in her manner and in her words, and with what maternal indulgence she corrected our faults!' "

The number of postulants increased speedily, and speedily were new houses opened in and about France. In Curgnières, where, at first, the nuns were obliged to live in great poverty and obscurity, we are told that the little school was filled with the children of the village. "The pension was very small, and the payments chiefly made in kind. Nuns and scholars led the same rural and domestic life, baking, washing, putting their hands to every sort of work, and sanctifying it by the spirit of the Holy Family at Nazareth, and this without interfering with the schooling. One of their pupils thus describes what was the presiding influence in that education. 'The thought contained in these words, *God sees us*, was enough to keep us in order and silent, even in the absence of our teachers.' "

We will not dwell on the trials which the Order underwent, the oppositions and scandals which helped to strengthen it as contrary winds hold up a ship, and to purify it as fire cleanses gold of its alloy. Our paths to-day lie elsewhere. In the years 1815 and 1820 occurred two general councils of the Order. Let us, always bearing in mind what we know of our public schools, their system, their training, and their effects as regards pupils and teachers both, notice at some length the method and purpose here.

The affection of the mistresses for their pupils is to be tender but without weakness, without familiarity, without personal preferences, pure, disinterested, and high-minded. What they strive to effect in the world by means of those children, who are to be the wives, the mothers of a future generation, is the promotion of religion and of faith, of Christ's reign, and that alone. Thus a school becomes a sanctuary, in which the soul is, as it were, surrounded by an atmosphere of piety.

Another remarkable characteristic of this plan of education is its solidity as regards the religious, the intellectual, and the industrial training of the pupils. In religion nothing vapid, sentimental, vague, or superficial is encouraged. Reason is opposed to mere feeling, prudent wisdom to religious excitement, a true and generous energy to a weak and languishing sentimentality.

In the secular studies, the same principle is inculcated. The pupils must be made to learn everything which is most important for them to know, as regards the life they are to lead and the society they are to mix in, but everything frivolous, useless, and superficial must be excluded, "Everything which is only calculated to feed vanity." From the schools are banished all those public displays, which turn a house of education into a gymnasium or an academy. Whatever tends only to excite sensibility and imagination is

discouraged; so also is the too sedulous cultivation of talents, which often over-excite the inferior faculties to the prejudice of the higher gifts of the soul. Not so the study of domestic economy and of needlework, which is valued as a privilege and a safeguard; a matter of necessity in some cases, and always an advantage and a merit.

At a later council, to obviate the possible reproach that in their schools what was strong was preferred to what was solid, the means were studied of forming the pupils to habits of simplicity, order, economy, and a taste for the useful. The system of studies was likewise revised and perfected, and nothing was neglected which could be considered as an improvement. "It is a mistake to cling too much to routine," says one of Mother Barat's letters; "it is a weakness. When souls are in question, what does God care for a pen or a pencil, a bit of wood, or a bit of paper? Souls, souls, at any cost."

Let us enter further into the details and methods of this system of teaching. It is not unworthy of our thought.

"If this work is to be a work of self-devotion, *education does not require mere mistresses*,"—a remark worth attention. Perhaps we shall say that this is an understood axiom of our public school system, but what more than mere mistresses does the order of which we are writing think?

They are to be "mothers," who will devote themselves to the work; and the constitution gives them that name. The mistress-general of the school especially, must consider herself as standing in the place of a mother to all the children intrusted to her care. She must have the heart of an affectionate mother in the care she takes of their bodies and their health, at the same time that she watches over their souls with the delicate vigilance of a religious.

The rule has a whole chapter on the duty of taking care of health, with a view to the work of education. It is for that reason, it says, that in the society the style of living is common and ordinary, the food wholesome and in sufficient quantity, the recreations obligatory, and seven hours and a half allotted to sleep. Madame Barat's maternal solicitude extended to the minutest details. Food, sleep, health, manners, were all attended to. Nothing seemed to be trifling where her dear children were concerned. "However poor you may be," she wrote to a superior, "your scholars must be well cared for; their age requires it, and their parents have a right to expect it." And again she says: "We have to answer for the bodies as well as the souls of our pupils." There were few faults which she reproved more severely than the least negligence in this respect.

Education in her eyes was not a thing that turned on petty contrivances, or even on great talents. She considered it to be a supernatural work. After the first duty of loving God, the second precept she impressed upon the sisters was that of loving the children committed to their care, and thus winning their affections. She founded this duty on the supernatural dignity and immortal destiny of those young souls, and that being the case, did not admit that their defects were to be an obstacle to that love. "Of course," she said, "they often come with bad dispositions, but God sends them to you on purpose that you may bring them back to him. There must be no prejudices, no dislikes, and no unfavorable comparisons. Begin by entertaining a good opinion of your pupils, and do not treat them with too much severity. You must make them love you."

"It is a terrible disadvantage in a mistress," so Mother Barat considered it, "to have a scolding and severe manner with her pupils. It

sets them against the house. A sort of weariness spreads over the school, and in consequence a dislike to piety." But there must, nevertheless, be firmness also. The nuns must be kind to the children, "as kind as possible; but they (the children) must not be allowed to flatter their teachers, or endeavor to get round them. The more real affection is, the less will it admit of flattery. It is by devoted care, and not by caresses, it must show itself. You must not be influenced by the charm of childhood, or by the efforts the children will make to captivate your hearts. What would happen, if you allowed yourself to be bound by those earthly trammels? You would become quite useless then, for passion would be your guide. But if, on the contrary, it is God, and God alone, you have in view, God will be with you. He will give you light and graces commensurate to your work. He will bless the seed which you sow, and will raise from it fruit never perhaps seen or known by yourselves, but which will ripen in the rays of his Sacred Heart; and when in after days, in the midst of the pleasures of the world, your scholars think of their convent teachers, they will bear in mind the expression of happiness in their faces, the happiness of self-sacrifice, and they will feel that there is joy in loving God alone. Come, let us be Christians and apostles; let us be manly in heart, and give up womanly weakness."

These lessons bore ample fruit in the Paris house, says the chronicler. There were gathered many wealthy and high-born pupils. It was wonderful to see the respect with which the distinterested virtues of the nuns and their union with God inspired the children. It seemed to surround their teachers with a sort of holy prestige. One of their scholars thus describes this feeling: "Even in the youngest of our mistresses we recognized the spouses of the Heart of Jesus. We knew the origin of their sanctity, and used to say to each other, *How much God must love them, and reveal himself to them in prayer.* We considered the nuns as our guardian angels; . . . but as to our mother-general, she seemed to us a faithful type of our Lord and his adorable heart. She was like a mother amidst her children. As soon as we caught sight of her in one of the alleys of the garden, a circle was immediately formed around her. We felt that she read our hearts, and they were opened to her without reserve. She made us play in her presence, and gave us prizes for our pains. If she told us a story, we hung on her lips, and then she used to speak to each of us in private, asking about our parents and our homes, and taking as much interest in our families as if they had all been her own relations."

The studies were an object of constant solicitude to Mother Barat. She valued a taste for literature when well directed as a means of elevating the soul, of opening to it an extended and higher range of thought, detaching it from material objects and awakening heavenly aspirations. But she urged that very strict regulations should be observed relative not alone to visits, to masters, to the *sorties* of the children, but also to the music and books used in the schools. She thought, like Fenelon, that ardent imaginations ought not to be excited, that the greatest precautions should be observed in this respect, and that writings which awaken impassioned feelings, are all the more dangerous when disguised under fair appearances. As regards needlework, she pointed out to her pupils how great an honor it is to be allowed to work for our Lord, whether for his altar or for his poor. She did not suffer any distinction of rank or of party in the school. It was ridiculous, she thought, to fill the heads of young girls with politics, and to let them enter into those divisions of opinion which rage

amongst men. Pride was the fault against which she incessantly waged war.

Tender and long-suffering towards the refractory, endowed with a sort of supernatural intuition of the latent qualities in a soul, which made her discern satisfactory symptoms where others did not perceive even any ground for hope, she could yet be severe when necessity bade her, and, if a child was found to be dangerous to her companions, the watchful Superior had no peace till she was sent away. "To protect the flock," she said, pithily, "the mangy sheep must be expelled." She tried in every way to preserve the purity of the young souls committed to her care; it was her constant study, and with that object she banished from the school theatrical representations, worldly toilettes, and everything that tends to excite too much the hearts and minds of imaginative children, so apt, she used to say, "to catch fire." As to the dress of her pupils she recommended that it should be as simple as possible, yet desired that due care should be paid to propriety, for "what is pleasing must be thought of as well as what is useful."

In respect to her feeling towards those who came to her schools with little or nothing to pay her, we quote from her letter to a nun who had written to her after having received a destitute orphan girl, who was also very sickly: "No, my dear daughter, I shall never blame an act of charity when it has been well considered. You were right to receive this young girl whom it has pleased Divine Providence to visit with so heavy a cross. It was becoming that you should adopt her as your child. I quite understand that, having no sick person in your house at this moment, the temptation to receive one was irresistible. I feel confident that this act of charity will avert many a sickness from your flock. God will reward your zeal."

The practical lessons in regard to self-sacrifice given to children in some of these schools were of a nature worthy of consideration. The beginning of the foundation in Quimper was exceedingly hard. The nuns had to live on such coarse bread that even the beggars complained of it. One poor man, looking at it with scorn, said to the portress, "You do not eat such bread as that?" "Indeed we do, my good friend," she answered; "it is only our children who eat white bread." The Superior was the first to suffer the inconveniences of poverty. She deprived herself of everything, and wore the oldest and shabbiest habit in the house. The children who saw her thus attired could not believe that she had been a countess, and had worn smart gowns at the Court of France. And in the establishment in Paris, once a princely residence, and so handsome that some who did not know its interior working found fault, the small low room in which the Sisters were lodged, bore the names of various domestic functionaries who had formerly occupied them, such as cooks, scullions, barbers, and grooms, and the stables were turned into community rooms. A poor school was established in connection with this Paris school, and the privilege of assisting and instructing those poor children became for the rich and noble ones among their highest and most coveted rewards. Thus they were trained to the practice of charity. Several of the scholars adopted poor children, and watched over them like little mothers.

So were educated in Paris alone a generation of women who, during the first half of this century, rendered immense service to the cause of religion, some of them exercising in a high position a powerful influence, and devoting their eminent talents to the establishment of institutions and the organization of good works, which are even now the strongest

support of the Church in France; others, in the secret privacy of home, belonged to that class of women of which the Scriptures say that their children rise up and call them blessed, and whose husbands praise them. Into those after-days Mother Barat's earnest soul pierced with a fruitful love. It was her ardent desire, and the thought which she was continually placing before her community, to follow souls through life, and, by means of congregations for the rich and for the poor, never to lose sight of the children educated in their schools. An association was formed "to assist young girls and young women in the world to persevere in faith, piety, charity, and Christian modesty; to encourage them in the performance of all the duties of their condition; to secure for them spiritual assistance amidst the difficulties, and consolation under the sorrows and trials of life."

The society had its exercises of piety, its meetings every month for work in common, and the relief of the poor. "Religion, clean and undefiled before God and the Father," says St. James, "is to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation, and to keep one's self unspotted from this world." Such was the spirit of the Association of the Children of Mary, an association of women under the patronage of the holiest of their sex, the Blessed Virgin.

In 1864 came the last general council at which the holy foundress was to preside. The society then numbered three thousand five hundred subjects in the Old and New World. A hundred and eleven houses had been established under the direction of the Mother General during the sixty-two years that she had been at the head of her institute, and eighty-six of them were still existing and prosperous in 1864, in spite of the wars and tumults which had raged in Europe and America. To these were added during the following year those of the Conception in Chili, of Bois l'Evêque at Liége, and then one at Seville, the foundation of which was the last object of Mother Barat's solicitude. The whole constitution of the Order was completed, its administration entirely organized, by the nomination of a vicar-general; the past was linked with the future. And what the foundress had not done, but still wished to do, was decided and described in documents which have left to her successors the simple task of carrying out her wishes. It is an almost unexampled occurrence that a foundress should have been enabled to put the finishing touch to her work. And so the end of the long, useful life on earth came at length, and the life long hoped for began.

"At the last hour of the Feast of the Ascension, 1865, with her crucifix in her hands, and surrounded by her community, which she had silently blessed in her last hour, blessed herself by Pius IX, by Rome, which she had so tenderly loved, visited on her deathbed by her Divine spouse, and on the same day on which he left this earth, Mother Barat went to that eternal place of rest where thirteen hundred and eighty-six nuns of the Sacred Heart were waiting to lead her to Jesus Christ, to whom she had so often said, like St. Theresa, 'It is time, Lord, that we should meet.'"

One figure among those thirteen hundred nuns has on us a special claim. Philippine Duchesne holds, next to Mother Barat, the most important place in the history of this Order. It was she who planted it in our land. She had received a superior education at one time, under the same masters, and in the same manner as her cousin, Casimir Périer, afterwards one of the most celebrated statesmen of France. She devoted herself to the acquisition not only of a solid knowledge of French literature, Latin, and foreign languages, but cultivated also the

fine arts with a zeal and perseverance which were accounted for by her settled purpose of employing every talent she possessed in the service of souls, and of consecrating herself to God in the religious life. She burned with a thirst for the conquest of souls, and craved a wider field than Europe.

She had long to wait, but at last, on the 21st of March, 1818, she set sail for America with five companions, and arrived at New Orleans on the 29th of May, to labor in the wide field of the good Bishop Dubourg, who, in conjunction with the holy Elizabeth Seton, had founded the Institute of the Sisters of Charity in America. Mgr. Dubourg's diocese extended from New Orleans to the region beyond St. Louis, and comprised all Louisiana and Missouri. His place was a barn, four planks made his bed, the cathedral was a hut. The sisters, first established at St. Charles, afterwards moved nearer to St. Louis. Before the death of Mother Barat in 1865, they had establishments in Long Island and Havana, in Chicago and Santiago, in Canada and in Pennsylvania; nay, so early as 1852, when the valiant Mother Duchesne died, she left on the soil where she and her four companions had silently landed in 1818, more than three hundred nuns of the Sacred Heart, and their convents and schools were disseminated all over the United States. Her holy ambition was never satisfied, and almost as soon as she had arrived in Louisiana, she wrote: "If God lets me live on, I feel as if I might set foot one day in Southern America, either at Lima under the protection of my patron St. Rosa, or at Carthagena under that of the blessed Peter Claver." What she could not accomplish another performed; and very near her end she had the consolation of seeing and blessing the sister in religion to whom God had assigned that work. She was eighty-four years of age when she died, had been a nun forty-eight years, and for thirty-four years had labored in the American missions.

"*If this work is to be a work of self-devotion, education does not require mere mistresses.*" Claim for our public school system what we may, shall we find there any systematic, holy, and entire self-devotion to match with what is shown in the pages from which this notice is for the most part a compilation? Remember that the Order does not stand alone. As the preface plainly remarks:

"Since the sixteenth century a multitude of religious orders and congregations had opened to children their monastic schools, recommended by Fenelon and celebrated by Bossuet. The Ursulines, the Benedictines, the Nuns of the Visitation, and many other religious societies had devoted themselves to that work. Mother Barat was the first to recognize and to extol their merits and their labors. Her own institute was not intended to supplant or to replace them. It offered itself in its day, and as the last of all, to serve the same cause."

We dwell upon this grand "last of all," to enforce a vital question at the end of our notice. Some public schools among us may claim earnest, self-denying teachers, but we need more than this. In the case of our children, who shall be by and by our nation, more than a fitful flame is needed to inspire the whole. This teaching and religious order of which we write is a flame from beginning to end, from the superior-general to the latest newcomer, with a fire that is divine. There is a constant, unfailing novitiate where each soul is prepared for its great work. "*Sacrifice was the essence of the founder's teaching.* Hence the joyousness which marks her direction, and the generous facility with which her daughters suffer and die. They ascend to the cross, those she has trained, and they fasten

themselves to the cross; 'for love,' says the Scripture, 'is strong as death.' They are ready, and will if necessary cross the ocean; they will courageously tread the steep paths of life." "You must forget yourself." So are they trained. "You must enter into every detail with regard to the souls and the bodies of your pupils; you must listen to them, comfort and encourage them. In fact, sacrifice everything for their sakes, except your own soul. You must become gentle, patient, indulgent; a real mother, only a more reasonable mother than those whose mistakes we have so often to repair." A sort of normal school was organized under the name of *Juvenat*, in which the nuns who were to be employed in teaching were to complete their studies and acquire the method of teaching; but this *Juvenat* was only a type of that careful novitiate where the whole nature was shaped in accordance with the sacred heart of Jesus, and taught to love him above all things, and all other things in him.

With such a system as this before them, ought any one to marvel that Catholics cannot be content with another system, where the spiritual standard is depressed and buried beneath mental and corporal requirements? Ah, Catholics claim that mind and body need to have the spirit considered with them, and above them, before true culture can be acquired.

The question presses home, calling for the earnest heed of parents and of guardians: Are we doing all we ought? There is talk, among our citizens, of women at the ballot-box; our girls are urged forward more and more to an education similar to, and carried on with that of the other sex; they are allowed to exhibit their proficiency upon the school platform before large audiences; and their keen imaginations and newly awakened reason are made familiar with an intellectual, historical, and philosophical world, where evils not a few lurk secretly, or lie in brilliant dress upon the very surface, and where they need—but, how often, alas! do they ever get?—the watchful guidance of teachers, who love God, and who fear God beyond any fear or loss of the world and its opinions.

Under the high pressure of our school system, the health of teachers and scholars is notoriously failing. Physicians know it well, and they warn us. There is a health which needs far more to be considered. During the working part of the week, who is taking care of the wellbeing of our children's immortal souls? What is becoming of the meekness and the modesty of the future mothers of our land? What manner of nation shall they make hereafter, who in their youth are taught by that strong teacher, Example, and are urged forward by those deeds that speak louder than any words, to leave God out of account in their chief and engrossing employments for six days in the week, and often—may he have mercy on us!—out of the entire seven?

LOOK AGAIN!

SAY not that thy soul is weary
 Of this world, so false and vain;
Say not 'tis a vexed and dreary
 Wilderness of crime and pain.
Much delight is in thy power,
Many a gem and many a flower;
 Look again!

Think not joy will ne'er forsake thee,
 Youth's quick ardors long remain;
That sorrow cannot overtake thee;
 Nothing evil ever stain.
Fear to lapse in such poor dreaming,
Trust not fortune nor all seeming;
 Look again!

When the voice of haughty Fashion
 Bids or woos thee to her chain;
When some too congenial passion
 Latent in thy breast would reign,
Firmly stand in self-denial,
Take no dogma without trial;
 Look again!

Leave unbreathed the harsh opinion,
 Lightly judge not nor disdain;
Check unquiet Fancy's pinion,
 Wit's sharp arrows oh restrain!
Ere a friend's misdeeds divulging,
Ere an envious mood indulging;
 Look again!

Outward look, and see creation
 Heaven's first fair stamp retain;
Then on human aberration
 Humbly look, and not in vain;
Virtue yet for thy discerning
There abounds; be ever learning
Pure to keep thine own light burning
 In its fragile fane.
Good evoking, ill suppressing,
That will make the world a blessing,
Win thee treasures worth possessing;
 Inward look again!

Early search out what is duty,
 Make the record full and plain;
Hand of Wealth, or eye of Beauty,
 Poet's magic strain;

Selfishness, thy heart to ice;
Love, to warm it into vice;
Tempting thee disdain;
When to sophists thou wouldst hearken,
While the rule of right they darken,
Look again!

Never let thy heart beat coldly,
Yet on impulse keep a rein;
Look o'er life's mixed chances boldly,
Join the busy working train;
Much enduring, much forgiving,
Learn and teach the task of living
Oft again.

THE CORPOREAL BEAUTY OF CHRIST.

"From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof," shall appear, "the loveliness of his beauty."—PSALM 49: 2.

THERE dawns upon every mind an ideal image of the one who is known and loved, though never seen, and even when an original transcript meets the eye, yet it can never altogether obliterate the lineaments our own hearts have embalmed. Thus as we follow the life of our Saviour while on earth, we trace the varied expressions that have lent these shadows of either joy, sorrow, or pain to his superhuman beauty; veiling, but never entirely marring, its effulgent loveliness. It is manifested in the extreme tenderness of paternity as he blesses the little children, in the pitying and sympathetic look he bestows upon the kneeling Magdalen; nor is it clouded by the blessed tears of human affection that fall like a consecrating unction upon the grave of Lazarus. When driving the money-changers out of the Temple, the dread majesty of omnipotence, for a moment, veils in its gleam the expression of humanity; but soon again the eyes are humid with emotion, and the voice tremulous with sympathy as he stands by the bier of the desolate widow's son. There are few phases of his life wherein our Lord is more graphically depicted than when talking to the woman at the well; for there his countenance not only radiates under the light of intellect, but of prophecy. Again, even when tear-dimmed and suffering, he pleads with his own worn and weary apostles: "Could you not watch one hour with me!" the beauty of pathos was still throned thereon; but at the appearance of the soldiers the transition was instantaneous; for, borrowing a gleam of his Father's splendor, with one dart, it struck them like dead men to the ground.

To concentrate into one focus the scattered lights we can find treating of this august theme is our present object, and we confess to approaching this Mecca with head uncovered and shoes left at the outer gates.

Centuries after the mountains had been melted away by the waters of the deluge, and the valleys had reapeared laden anew with the gems gathered in the coral caves of ocean,

in the flowering land of Gersen there lay upon his couch of furs, with the death-dews upon his brow, the once stalwart form of an old man, over whose life had passed the sunshine and shadow of more than one hundred years. With tremulous voice, and eyes dim with the mists of death, he raised his hands in a blessing upon his son who knelt by his side, and as the drops gathered and the shadow of the grave drew nearer, a sudden light gleamed from the sinking eyes, for *Judah's Lion, the desire of the everlasting hills*, beamed in a heavenly vision, and held the fast-expiring breath. The mystic ladder, reaching from heaven to earth, with its myriad white-robed angelic throng that had been given as a staff and guide to his youth, now paled into a misty radiance before this supernal vision of him, "whose eyes were more beautiful than wine, and his teeth whiter than milk," Gen. 49 : 12. The sands of life ran slowly, one by one, as the waving palm trees of Lebanon chanted mournfully the *Nunc Dimittis* of the first patriarch, whose sight had grown luminous under the vision of the promised one, the *Expectations of Nations.*

Throughout the subsequent progress of nations and events, this revelation from time to time of the Holy One was repeated and corroborated; and as the new era approached, voices from heathen oracles, dreams from sainted recluses, still enunciated the prophecy. Among these there has come down to us a legend, which we think worth transcribing here. Thus it runs: When the senate of Rome in their blind enthusiasm decreed that the Emperor Augustus should receive the worship of a divinity, a doubt arose in his mind as to the propriety of such a usurpation of omnipotence. Accordingly, he resolved to seek the celebrated sibyl Tiburtina, and consult her as to his final decision. She listened in silence to his case, then told him to return in a few days for her reply. These she spent in solitude and meditation, and upon his second visit she conducted him to a darkened chamber, in which was an altar, and as he gazed there arose from out the gloom a light from the opening heavens, and in a nimbus of glory he beheld a beautiful virgin holding an infant in her arms, while a voice was heard, saying, "This is the altar of the Son of the living God." "Whereupon," continues the legend, "Augustus caused an altar to be erected on the Capitoline Hill, with this inscription: *Ara primogeniti Dei.*"*

Dowered with the woe of a world, but enthroned in a nimbus of beauty and appealing helplessness, this prophetic vision breaks the darkened vista of ages as the Incarnate Word was made flesh. Every heart is touched, every soul thrills under the wonderful power of God that is proclaimed in the first wailing cry of a new-born child. The delicate features, the perfectly rounded limbs, the eyes lustrous with the soul's light, turned in mute appeal upon its new-found world, is a mystery that will never cease to be one of the strongest proofs of Omnipotent power. What then must have been the loveliness of that miraculously divine infant, in whose eyes was enthroned the effulgence of heaven, in whose little heart lay throbbing the loves and woes that were to redeem a world! Fair as a lily, tinted with the dew of the blossoming peach; soft and dimpled in the perfection of infantile loveliness; smiling a welcome alike upon the lowly shepherds and the mighty kings of the Orient, yet blending in that smile the pathos of that sorrow and suffering with which the cruel coming years even then curtained his lowly crib.

So marvellous was the beauty of this child that even the forest trees bend in reverential homage as the three holy exiles pass through these

* Legendary Art, Mrs. Jameson.

shadowed aisles when fleeing into Egypt; the murderous intent of the robbers melt into mercy and pity before it, whilst the heart of the chieftain's wife glows with the belief that in the water that laved the lovely form of this mysterious babe will she find a chrism of healing for the little leprous infant that lay upon her own breast.

Succeeding years serve but to develop these attractions into that dignity and semi-manliness that always give such a character to boyhood. Wondrously wise as were the lessons that fell from his lips, yet they alone, unsustained by some magnetic, personal grace, could never have held that assembly of learned men so entirely spellbound in the presence of a mere boy. But for the sheen of divinity that wrapt as a halo the loveliness of that golden-haired youth, they would have resented his presence in their privileged *sanctum sanctorum* as a sacrilegious innovation, even before the profundity of his doctrine had formed itself into words.

Awestruck, yet wondering, those venerable men watched this boy, so like yet so unlike the children of their own firesides; so calm and self-possessed, as if the sanctuary was more properly his province than their own; and as they pondered the miracle the days of Helio and the infant Samuel seemed returned to the Temple, and the light of the Star in the East illumined for the first time with the words of the supernal child their souls.

The passage in Isaias which says, "There is no beauty in him nor comeliness" (53 : 2) refers to him, not as he really was, but as the carnal eye and hardened hearts of the Jews alone could see him. Neither poverty nor lowliness could, in the view of that stiff-necked race, be associated with either beauty or worth. Looking upon Jesus as an impostor and a blasphemer, they determinedly ignored the presence of any quality that should contradict this charge. Their "eyes were held" in regard to his physical aspect, as they were also to the grandeur of his spiritual mission. These impressions seemed corroborated by subsequent events and actions in his life.

When his term of labor and submission to his parents was accomplished, he appeared among men lowly and of no repute. There must then have gleamed in his countenance and bearing some latent power which not only can draw, but hold in bondage the hearts of men. To imagine our Saviour in any respect coarse or homely, seems little short of profanation. As mortals assume the semblance of their progenitors, so must we naturally believe that the brow upon which the Godhead had set the signet of paternity, shone with a light that radiated on no other human countenance. How is it that always, when wandering in strange lands, bearing no distinctive mark in apparel, yet like a celestial magnet, intuitively the hearts of the people selected him alone from the band to confer the coveted boon of healing! What talisman was it that taught the poor woman following the crowd, to discern whose garment among the many could, by a mere touch, heal her infirmity; what drew the poor lepers from the dark deeps of their prison-homes, to lift their voices in supplication as the tender beauty of his countenance beamed upon their stricken forms! Some special seal, some halo of divine heritage must have exalted him far above and beyond his seeming earthly origin and position in life, to have attracted the notice and homage of such men as the centurion Nicodemus, and Nathaniel, apart from the general reports of his marvellous words and works. There must, indeed, have been some magic symbol that revealed the beauty and majesty of the hidden God, even to the eyes of the most stubborn and obtuse.

Whatever may have been the impression entertained by the early Christians as to our Saviour's personal appearance, they failed to idealize it, until the end of the third or the beginning of the fourth centuries. There was so much of sin and idolatry still associated in their minds with images, because they had been solely the exponent and suggesters of evil passions, that they were blind to the instructive and elevating influences to which such æsthetic impersonations might be turned, when hallowed by subjects which, stripped of the sensuousness of pantheism, should raise, in a perpetual *sursam corda*, their thoughts and aspirations toward heaven. Hence, under this influence, and partly to conceal from their persecutors a knowledge which only led their pagan enemies into sacrilege, the primitive worshippers of the true God executed all artistic illustrations of their faith under symbolic forms. These at first were confined to the Catacombs, and could be understood only by the initiated. The Redeemer was proclaimed in the cross, the Church by the allegory of a sailing ship, while the sacrament of baptism was symbolized by a fish. All the leading events in our Saviour's life were typified therein by representations from the Old or New Testament. The Resurrection was symbolized by the history of Jonas, of Lazarus, and by the fiery car of Elijah. The most prevalent form, however, as also the most appealing and suggestive, was the life-work of our Lord in the representation of the Good Shepherd. Every allegory and symbol, indeed, that could convey an idea of love, of sacrifice, or of the infinite grandeur and perpetuity of eternity, was clothed in these subterranean chambers in the vivifying and regenerating principles of the new and sacred mission of art.

When the long-contested conflict, baptized in blood and cemented by rack and fire, ended by the triumph of the Christian over the pagan, of the Church over the Pantheon, the Christian artist then found voice, and gathering the old materials, redeemed their former perversions by devoting them to subjects that should enthrone and hallow those divine truths so long hidden from the outer world. Like the *Labarum* of Constantine, ever floating under the sapphire sky from whence it came, the real and ideal representations of the new creed soon became familiar images, and lessons alike to the devout and the profane. Sorrow and secrecy now gave place to joy and beatitude. The favorite theme was the figure of our Lord, occupying the most conspicuous place above the sanctuary.* One of the favorite representations also was the form of Christ in some one of the most impressive epochs in his life, or attended by his apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, who, from the beginning, were ranked as the vanguard of the new faith.

One of the oldest portraitures of our Lord, its source entirely unknown, is said, by Mr. Rio, to have been found in the cemetery of St. Calixtus.† For many years it was the acknowledged type from which all subsequent heads were painted, and must have emanated from some traditional or verbal description of his person.

The letter, accredited to Pubililius Lentulus, President of Judea, addressed to the Roman Senate, by some considered apocryphal, by others a forgery of the third century, must, however, at an earlier period have been received by many as genuine; for the generic characteristics in feature and expression of our Re-

* "The figure of Christ was placed in all its majesty above the sanctuary, while at the same time it was engraved on the coin and medals, sometimes with the title of King of kings, or Light of the world."—*Christian Art*, Rio.

† "The face is of a slightly lengthened oval; the expression soft, serious, and melancholy; the hair, divided in the middle of the forehead, falls into two long masses on the shoulders." —*Emeric David, Discourse, etc., p. 67, par* F. A. Rio.

deemer bore, in all future delineations, a close resemblance to it. But even if only an imaginary picture, it is so graphic, and possesses such a harmonious tone, that we think it worth transcribing here for the benefit of those who may never have seen it. "There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him as their prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God.

"He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall, and elegantly shaped; his aspect amiable and reverent; his hair grows in those beauteous shades, which no united color can match, falling in graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head. His dress of the sect of Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and large; his cheeks without spot, save that of lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick, and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear, and serene. He rebukes with mildness, and invites with most tender and persuasive language; his whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has ever seen him laugh; but the whole world beholds him weep frequently, and so persuasive are his tears, that the whole multitude cannot withhold their tears from joining in sympathy with him. He is moderate, temperate, and wise. In short, whatever the phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present to be a man of excellent beauty and divine perfections, every way surpassing men."

The above description tallies with another said to have been taken from the lips of Pontius Pilate. There is also a tradition extant of an emerald, of large size, upon which was carved a perfect likeness of our Saviour, which is said to have been given or sold by a Roman dignitary to a Turkish sultan.

The napkin given by St. Veronica to our Lord on his way to Calvary, upon which he left the impression of his face, is still piously believed to be preserved in a chapel dedicated to her under the dome of St. Peter at Rome, and, during Holy Week, is shown with other precious relics to the faithful. This likeness has, from the earliest ages, been styled *Vera Icon*, that is, the true image; and from this, says Mrs. Jameson, the name was bestowed upon the pious woman who performed that compassionate act of mercy. We may form some idea of its expression from the fact that it was generally supposed to be the original type of the *Ecce Homo*, or other phases of the Divine countenance during the Passion.

Numerous portraits of undoubted antiquity of our Lord are still preserved in Rome, but, as many of them are held to be miraculous, they are very difficult of access, and are shown only to those pious seekers who, in looking upon them, are overcome by feelings too sacred and deep for words.

At the Church of St. Bartalomeo, in Genoa, there is said (by Mr. Thomas Heaphy, an English painter) to be a portrait of our Saviour, which is claimed to be the oldest in existence, having been executed from the presence of our Lord in person. It has an authenticated history, enforced by tradition, down to the second century. Next to this in antiquity may rank a likeness of our Lord which is still preserved in the reliquary of the Church of St. Prasside, in Rome.

When St. Peter arrived in Rome (A.D. 148), he is said to have lodged

in the house of Pudens, who was a Roman senator and the father of two daughters, Prasside and Pudentiana. The family under his guidance soon embraced the true faith, and Pudens, dying soon after, and leaving a handsome fortune to his daughters, they devoted their lives thenceforth to piety and works of mercy, and rank now in hagiology as the original Sisters of Charity. The likeness of our Lord, to which we have just referred, is said to have been painted by St. Peter from memory at the request of these sisters. Mr. Heaphy says: "Whatever may have been the origin of the picture, it is undoubtedly of very high antiquity, since, in the beginning of the fourth century, it was held in the same estimation as now, the Empress Helena having taken extraordinary measures for its preservation."

The generally received impression in the early ages of St. Luke being a painter, seems to have originated in Greece, and was transferred thence to the West. There still exist portraits both of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin that are accredited to him. In the Church of St. John of Lateran, in Rome, there is shown a picture of the child Jesus in the Temple, which is also ascribed to St. Luke.* Yet another of the primitive models, which served as a guide to the early masters, is the beautiful countenance and majestic figure of the Redeemer in the apsis of the Church of St. Cecilia. As she was martyred early in the third century, it is supposed to have been executed not very long thereafter.

Indeed, all of those pictures which belong to the Romano-Christian schools, are said to be eminently expressive of great beauty and majesty. Even the Veronica relic displays these attributes, although the deeper pathos of sorrow and suffering which must then have shadowed the brow was well calculated to mar the beauty of our Saviour's natural expression.

The importance of an elevated and suggestive type being given to these representations was sensibly felt in those ages, when the ignorant and wicked were more apt to be moved and instructed by such appealing voices, for to them they seemed real and genuine transcripts drawn from life, and their hearts were influenced according to the depth of the impression made.

In all the portraits in painting or sculpture that have been revealed of our Saviour up to the fifth century, there are revelations of corporeal beauty which exalt him above all the children of men. But about this time there arose a division in the Romano-Christian school of art upon the subject of the truthful representations in his likeness as man. There was a division even among the most illustrious Fathers of the Church, "some maintaining," says Rio, "with St. Cyril of Alexandria, that Jesus Christ was the least comely of the children of men, enforcing their argument by the authority of Tertullian and of St. Justin, who had declared that the abject form which the Redeemer had assumed only rendered the mystery of redemption more sublime." On the other side, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and St. Ambrose, of the Latin Church, and St. John Chrysostom, with St. Gregory of Nyssa, of the Eastern, affirmed "that our Lord only veiled so much of his divinity as to prevent its dazzling the eyes of men." This controversy continued at intervals up to the eighth century, at which epoch Christ was described by John of Damascus, and Pope Adrian I, as "a new Adam, and a model of perfection in form." This opinion, which was sustained by the three

* "In the legend of St. Luke we are assured that he carried with him everywhere two portraits painted by himself, one of our Saviour and one of the Virgin, and that by means of these he converted many of the heathens, for not only did they perform great miracles, but all who looked on those bright and benign faces, which bore a striking resemblance to each other, were moved to admiration and devotion."—*Sacred and Legendary Art*, MRS. JAMESON.

great Latin Fathers, settled the question, for the utterance of such men was deemed by the masses as only secondary to an apostolic dictum. This judgment was corroborated later by the oracular voice of St. Bernard, who declared that "the marvellous beauty of Christ surpasses that of the angels, and formed the joy and admiration of the celestial spirits."*

As dissension and schism were the encroaching elements at that time in the Greek Church, they also maintained their opposition on this point, so thenceforth only the hideous productions of Byzantine art dishonored the human semblance of our Lord.

It is indeed anomalous, as Rio remarks, "that the Greeks, the descendants of those who knew so well how to conceive *the beautiful*, who had so vividly felt it, and so magnificently realized it in their works of art, yet it is now this very people who reject *the beautiful*, when raised to the highest degree, by the incarnation of the Word."

It was the Byzantine school also that first fell under the temptation of borrowing suggestions from pagan art for Christian subjects. There is a legend of a painter, "who ventured to imitate a head of Jesus Christ, had the hand which was the instrument of this profanation suddenly withered."†

The genuine Christian adumbrations of art were developed by the Italians, while the Greek school was vitiated by an adherence to pagan forms, and also disgraced their vocation by dissolute habits. Their numerous profanations in the treatment of allegorized religious subjects, and especially in their portraiture of our Saviour, induced the Council of Constantinople (A.D. 691) to rebuke and place a check upon those abuses, declaring that in all representations of our Lord "Grace must be united with Truth."

At this early period an aversion to the old theogony, and every symbol associated with it, alone moved the heart of the Christian neophyte in Rome. The beauty of art lay buried for them in that effete polytheism of which those images were the oracle, though now indeed for the first time they realized their diabolical power, in the growl of the hydra as it grasped and mangled their bodies in the arena or tortured them upon the rack.

Up to the fifth century the Church, under the sagacious rule of the Papacy and clergy, had fostered and preserved both literature and art, but these were at length forced to succumb under the seething vortex of the northern barbarians. Rome, the conservatory of the arts, saw its countless gems of *virtu* crumble beneath the ruthless hands of the savage sons of Thor. The fearful conflicts, the sacrilegious crimes, the desolation and woe of the succeeding centuries, proved a maelstrom that ingulfed the labor and zeal of ages.

Charlemagne arose amid the gloom of this night, like a meteor of splendor, that gave promise of restoration and permanent progress. But again the clouds darken, and under the pressure of internecine revolutions, the dismemberment of kingdoms, and falling empires, the tocsin of the Norman and the blade of the Saracen at either extremity of the West, again was the continent plunged into a sea of gloom and a tempest of horrors that drowned almost every vestige of humanity in its abyss. Chaos alone threatened to bridge this chasm, over which there hovered the vultures of ignorance, infidelity, and dire woe.

But the Church, through the oracular voice of the Papacy, was the first, again, to recover strength and triumph over the horrors of this abysmal gloom, the advance-guard that sounded the signal note of a new dawn. Treasures of art, richly illuminated manuscripts of theology, science, and philosophy, supposed

* Poetry of Christian Art, A. F. Rio.
† Ibid.

to have been lost in the vortex of Goth and Vandal irruptions, now, at this magic summons, came forth from the precincts of Monte Casino and other religious tombs, wherein they had been affectionately fostered and enlarged, to illumine and fortify once more the cause of God and humanity.

During the impetus that had been given to general culture under the reign of Charlemagne, Italy had rather succumbed to the Germano-Christian school of art, but now, under the beams of this new auroral, following the lead of Guido of Sienna (thirteenth century), she reassumed her fallen mantle, and thenceforth wore her crown firm and untarnished against all competitors in the world of art. Simome Memmi and a host of others following the wake of Guido, displayed the highest conception of purity in tone and form in their illustrations of divine truths. The image of our Saviour and his Mother were themes that never failed to inspire the sublimest ideals of beauty. It is true that a few of those saintly artists were still under the influence of the vitiated and gaudy taste of the Byzantine school, but the advancement in a purer and loftier development was steady under the succeeding generations, until the example of the apostate monk Filippo Lippi led to the desecration of the former more elevating and spiritualized types, by a revival of the sensuous pagan models. Under the patronage of the Medici these innovators found numerous votaries. The most sacred and exalted sources of inspiration were hurled from their thrones, not only in the palace, but in the sanctuary, and the *sursum corda* of the devotee was met by the semblance of an Apollo or a Jupiter, instead of the glorified Saviour, whilst the countenance of a heathen goddess or public courtesan was clothed in the attributes of the Mother of God.

These were the sacrileges that aroused the religious zeal of the great reformer Savanarola, these the abuses which were combined with the corrupting influences in the education of the young (whom he so truly loved) to the exclusion of Christian models, in favor of immoral and obscene pagan authors, that won for him the persecution of the wicked, culminating in the bitter ordeal of martyrdom. But that fiery sacrifice was not alone a consuming one, for it illumined far and near the souls of men. Far away, amid the flowery plains and lofty heights of the Apennines, through the lowly Umbrian villages, the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi drew thereto the clean of heart. In the secluded cell and *quiet* of the monk's life, through the dim, hallowed lights of the "forest primeval," the glowing fervor of exalted souls was fast ripening into that lofty utterance which, under the name of *Mystic*, was destined to invigorate and restore the *prestige* of martyred saint and inspired prophet. Toward the realms of the Infinite soared their genius, until, like the burning coal upon the lips of the prophet, their work proclaims its celestial inspiration. Although the generally received scriptural and traditional types of our Saviour as man were well established at this period, yet each painter innovated or elaborated thereupon by transfusing some conception of his own genius to his canvas. In the sphere of adoration and love, and the tenderness of humanity, the Italian masters were supreme; this superiority was more marked when contrasted with the coarser and more material idealizations of the German school. The grand Crucifixion of Rubens, and the celebrated Ecce Homo of Rembrandt, are however among the few exceptions to this charge, for they seem like emanations of that divine afflatus which is ever the guerdon of love and praise. The English artist Fuseli, in describing the Ecce Homo, says: "We ascend to the sublime resignation of inno-

cence in Christ, and, regardless of the roar below, securely repose on his countenance. The Ecce Homo of Rembrandt, even unsupported by the magic of its light and shade, or his spell of colors, would have been an assemblage of superhuman powers."

Among the innumerable representations of our Lord, one which is the most moving and suggestive is the countenance of the Redeemer in the Cenacolo, or Last Supper, of Leonardo da Vinci. It has been perpetuated in so many forms that it is almost as familiar as the Madonnas of Raphael. The grand original, however, that occupied so many years of loving toil and study, owing to a series of casualties, stupidity, and barbarisms that were tolerated even in the home of the muse, by allowing this sublime work to be the object of so many experiments at the hands of charlatans, is now so mutilated that not a trace of its original beauty is left in the fragments.

In early childhood this face dawned upon us like the revelation of an apocalyptic vision. The seraphic lineaments, the soft-reflected light of heaven that beam so benignly from the eyes, seemed ever as potent and as thrilling as a spoken word.

"The intellectual elevation, the fineness of nature, the benign God-like dignity, suffused with the profoundest sorrow, in this divine head, surpassed all I could have conceived as possible in art; and faded as it is, the character there being stamped on it by the soul, not by the hand of the artist, will live, while a line or hue remains visible. It is a divine shadow, and until it fades into nothing, and disappears utterly, will have the lineaments of divinity."*

A cenatola also of Raphael's was discovered by accident during this century in the refectory of Sant Onofrio at Florence, which is supposed to have been painted in his twenty-third year. Like even his earliest conceptions, the face and figure of our Saviour bear the impress of divinity, which blends with the tenderness and sorrow of the man-God. But this was but as a clouded dream in comparison with the fulness of that effulgent vision that shone upon him, during his last years of life, in the Transfiguration.

How often as we turn the sibylline leaves of life do we feel oracularly drawn to perform some deed, some work that will symbolize the fate that even then stands on the threshold of eternity awaiting us. The celestial choral chants that ravished the soul of Mozart and found expression in his Requiem, may have been but the "melody divine" of the angel of death. So, too, may we not believe that a gleam of the Lord's beatified splendor glinted from amid the shadows of Thabor's mount upon the soul of the great artist, in this his culminating work, the icy hand of death being even then upon him.

Morales, who was a disciple of Raphael, devoted his pencil exclusively to religious subjects, and multiplied so many exquisite, lifelike heads of the crucified Saviour upon wood and copper, that he acquired the appellation of *El Divino.*

When the miracle plays were introduced in the middle ages, as a means of instructing the ignorant, the best talent of the Church was bestowed upon their construction and performances. Indeed the first one on record is said to have been written by no less a scholar than Gregory Nazianzen. It is certainly a remarkable fact, that the man who was chosen to represent the person of our Lord, always felt himself specially favored of heaven, and prepared his soul by fasting and prayer, as if for some solemn sacramental unction. Once thus appointed, the personation of the character remained through life, unless forfeited by bad conduct; but this rarely occurred, for the sacred influence extended not

* Sacred and Legendary Art, Mrs. Jameson.

only to the moral and social life of the man, but strange to say, even lent its influence to his personal appearance, by elevating him in some degree to the lofty standard of Him whose character and life-events he was so frequently called upon to delineate. Anna Maria Howitt, in her *Art Student in Munich*, when describing the celebrated miracle play, that is represented every ten years in Omer Ammagan, in the Tyrol, after alluding to the solemn and impressive feelings elicited by the scene, dwells particularly upon the countenance and general bearing of the man who had personified our Saviour for many years. He belonged to the poorer class, but owing to his high moral and religious character, the seclusion in which he lived, and an indefinable likeness to our Lord, he was regarded by his neighbors as a sacred person, and treated accordingly. He seemed to be thoroughly impressed and his whole life toned to the character with which he had been so long identified.

As Matthew and James sat thoughtfully by the lake, watching their nets that bright morning of early spring, hundreds were passing to and fro, many exchanging words of greeting. Presently one man, entirely unknown to them, poorly clad, void of any insignia of rank or wealth, approaches. Looking for a moment upon them, he speaks: "Come, follow me!" Surprised at the strange command they look into his face. Did he flash upon them a ray of the divine beauty, that these toilers should instantly, without parley, without a thought of their families, abandon their all to follow him?

Strive as we may to idealize the *personnel* of our Lord, yet the fruition can only be attained when we behold Him resplendent in the effulgence of Thabor, mingled with the pathos of Calvary and the glory of Olivet. Yet we might despair of recognizing Him even then, were it not for the golden link that in His loving mercy he has riveted with our humanity. But then we shall know "Who this is that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozra; this beautiful one in his robes, walking in the greatness of his strength." (Isaias 63: 1.) Then may we unite with the angels in chanting,

> Jesus, the gem of beauty,
> True God and man, they sing:
> The never-failing garden,
> The ever golden ring,
> The door, the pledge, the husband,
> The guardian of his court,
> The day-star of salvation,
> The porter of the port.—*Mediæval Hymn*, *"Celestial Country."*

O, LOST to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,
Who think it solitude to be alone!
Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our reason, guardian angel, and our God!
Then nearest these, when others most remote;
And all, ere long, shall be remote but these.
How dreadful *then* to meet them all alone;
A stranger, unacknowledged, unapproved!
Now woo them, wed them, bind them to thy breast;
To win thy wish, creation has no more.
Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend—
But friends how mortal! dangerous the desire.

THE VISION OF RELIGION ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

ON Sunday, October 8th, 1876, was celebrated the Centennial anniversary of the foundation of the Mission from which San Francisco has grown. The occasion suggested the poem that follows.

For its proper understanding it may be well to state that as early as 1601 a band of Franciscans arrived in Lower California; that in 1683 the Jesuits organized the Indian Mission there; that these were most successful, and nearly the whole peninsula was Christianized, when, in 1767, the venerable missionaries, in consequence of a decree from the mother country, were summoned before the Governor, and by him sent adrift; that the spiritual direction of Lower California was given to the Dominicans, and that of Upper California to the Franciscans. Then it was that the bay of San Francisco was discovered; then also was it that Padre Juniper Serra, with a few settlers from Soñora, founded the Mission from which San Francisco dates its origin. Afterwards the Missions were harassed by unscrupulous fortune-seekers, who objected to see the Indian taught that he had a soul to save, and the dignity of manhood to support; they were also interfered with by the Spanish and Mexican governments; in 1833 the latter deprived the Franciscans of all control over them, and from that date they dwindled into insignificance. The work of sixty years was undone; in nine years the Indian population reduced from thirty thousand to four thousand.

PART I.

Wherein is told of the Planting of the Harvest.

In chain of ignorance the Red Man lay,
His soul unused to love, his lips to say,
The God that gave to him his life's brief day.

And holy men bethought them of his state,
And yearned to loose the bonds of his dire fate,
And freeing, make his soul more great.

A heavenly feeling o'er their yearnings stole;
A heavenly voice spake in their inmost soul;
A heavenly message on a golden scroll

Received they: "Go, the Indian teach," it read:
With joy they on their heavenly mission sped;
Nor of the Red Man's fury had they dread.

Nor of the ocean's perils took they heed;
Nor how their hearts on quitting home did bleed—
So glad were they to sow the Gospel seed.

They reached the wished-for land; the Red Man heard
Their teachings; to its depths his soul was stirred;
And in his heart's fresh glebe-sank God's sweet word.

The lab'rers worked with all their main and might;
The harvest ripened to a goodly sight;
And all around was made a prospect bright.

The Red Man's ways were changed; his heart subdued;
His nature fierce with gentleness imbued;
The lab'rers daily thanks to God renewed.

But they this smiling harvest might not reap;
Nor of the soil of souls possession keep;
Nor might they lay their bones there in death's sleep.

These hoary-headed saints are sent adrift
Upon the ocean's tossing waves to shift;
To steer for other lands the sails they lift.

And other lab'rers come to glean the field
[illegible] good men left with such a heavy yield
[illegible] grace-laden and salvation-sealed.

E'en these might not the Red Man's harvest save,
Though all their life and strength and zeal they gave,
That they the desolating storm might stave.

PART II.

Wherein is told of the Scattering of the Harvest.

Lo! gath'reth a storm o'er the smiling plain;
Angry and black doth it loom;
It felleth the workman—scattereth the grain—
Bringeth to dolefullest doom,
All that in beauty did bloom
For God and for men:—now famine and blight
Incumber that plain once smilingly bright.

And whence came that storm so fierce in its might,
Sweeping away all before?
From evil men's hearts, more black than black night.
Hate deep in their souls they bore;
Crime on their faces they wore;
Crime-loving, peace-hating,—those good men to roam
They sent far away from their new-built home.

Their flint-hardened hearts, of Heaven bereft,
Raged with mad fierceness for gain;
Greed gnawed at their souls till naught else was left;
So into gold did they fain
Coin the poor Indian's pain,
As toiled he a slave with durance untold,
In sickness and health, through heat and through cold.

PART III.

Wherein is told of Fray Geronimo's Vision of a More Abiding Harvest.

Among the mission priests first sent away,
A monk there was with guileless heart,
Who ever and anon bemoaned the day,
When from that harvest he did part.

For he had heard a sailor speak of land
That northward lay, with harbor close,
And flowery meads by perfumed breezes fanned,
And men unknown to Spanish foes.

And his one dream was of that land unknown;
His waking thought was of it still;
He yearned to see the Gospel seed there sown,
E'en though his lifeblood he did spill.

And oft he prayed that God might intervene,
Nor leave his work rest thus undone;
But might send him to make dry wood the green,
And gather it in with his own.

Death came, and still his prayer was unfulfilled,
And much he grieved to find it so;
When God, to show him his designs, now willed
That his co-laborers might know.

And as they prayed with fervor round his bed,
His eyes in ecstasy did look:
His features brighter grew; he raised his head,
And spake as though he read in book:

God speed thee, bark!
In angels' watchful keeping,
May'st sail through wave-crests leaping,
While whirlwinds harmless sleeping,
Unheed thee, bark!

Be with her now!
Jesu, Maria, guiding;
She bears hearts strong, confiding,
Your every beck abiding;
O lead her prow!

Save them, O save!
The tempest-ridden ocean—
Its stormy dread commotion—
For your sweet names' promotion,
They boldly brave.

"Now, Fray Geronimo, what seest thou?"
"O brother, I see glorious views;
A mission-bearing bark hath turned her prow,
To bring the Red Man Gospel news.

"The harbor's found; the bark safe anchored rides;
By Christian feet the sands are trod;
While up the vale another band now glides,
To conquer precious souls to God.

"Assisi's sons now plant the Holy Cross,
Upon that land I yearned t'explore,
And they reap souls a thousandfold our loss
Upon its western golden shore.

"O God! times are thine own; all I behold
Is more than mortal ever dreams;
The dust these good men tread is turned to gold,
And glory o'er the country gleams.

"Another mighty people still I see;
Around the Holy Cross they stand;
Not red men those; but white, like you or me,
With generous heart and open hand.

"Rejoice, O brothers! for a harvest ripe
And rich God gathers to himself,
And golden peace I see, where now is strife
Of wicked men for power and pelf."

Exhausted on his pillow now reclines
Geron'mo with hard-heaving breath;
A peaceful smile upon his countenance shines,
As he lies still in the arms of death.

L'ENVOI.

O San Franciscans! be your hearts thrilled
With joy that the vision is fulfilled.
Remember, Assisi's name you bear;
Remember, that name is your welfare;
And that from his home beyond the sky,
He looks on you with a patron's eye.
Remember, that on your fertile soil
Did Juniper Serra fervent toil;
Bethink ye that just one hundred years
Have rolled around since with joyful tears
First he, with his zealous mission band,
In prayer knelt on your western land;
And from that day, the blessings of God
Bedew each spot of ground that they trod.

WHY THE CHURCH CONDEMNS FREEMASONRY.

IT needs no very acute observation to recognize the fact, that Freemasonry is struggling with a fiercer and a more determined energy than ever against the liberty, nay, against the very existence, of the Catholic Church. The old pretences with which the body sought to cheat the world as to the real purposes of the organization are being daily abandoned, and its chiefs make now but little effort to conceal what was all along felt by the Church to be a certainty, that its deadly warfare is with Catholicity—its doctrines and its morality—its spiritual head on earth—and those members of it who practice its precepts. There was a time, and not so long ago, when there were many who looked upon Masonry as a harmless, if a somewhat bibulous and nonsensical association, in which men met together for purely social purposes, and dressed themselves, on gala nights, in triangles, and aprons, and compasses, and squares, and yards of glaring silk, and constellations of glaring decorations. It is a matter of no small moment that such vain imaginings are fast disappearing from the minds of Catholics, and that our people have awakened to the stern, if somewhat painful, con-

viction, that Freemasonry, even amongst ourselves, where it does not dare to put itself forth in all its native deformity and abominations, means nothing less than a battle against Catholicity. The doings of the fraternity in Belgium, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Italy, in Brazil, have put beyond the possibility of doubt the nature and the end of the results at which it aims, and without travelling outside boundaries with which we are all of us more familiar, we may say that there are proofs and indications nearer home of the spirit and the principles that animate the sect.

That Masonry has lost nothing of its old spirit of active propagandism, is abundantly evidenced by the zeal, the earnestness, and the perseverance with which it is being spread throughout Great Britain and on the Continent. We learn that at the close of last year there were no less than eight millions of Freemasons in the world—acting in concert, as far as concert was needed—and leagued together by the fearfully blasphemous oath that enshrouds "the secret" of the organization. Of course, it is not to be assumed that each one of these eight millions is equally responsible for the infamies of the fraternity in the sense that each one of them is equally well instructed in the purposes, the proceedings, and the mode of action of the sect. To a certain extent they cannot, it is true, be held irresponsible for the anti-Catholic and anti-Christian excesses perpetrated in various countries by the agencies of Freemasonry. But the number of those to whom the secret, mysterious ordinances of the governing body, in movements connected with the revolutionary and infidel projects of the organization, are communicated, or whose co-operation in council or in execution is invited, is exceedingly small. In fact, one of their own recognized authorities, the *Monde Maconique*, of August, 1866, tells us that the number of "active members" is little more than five hundred thousand. And even of these, not all of them are admitted to a knowledge of, or a participation in, the hidden wire-pulling which sets in motion, checks, precipitates —in fact, governs the secret policy of the party of revolution in the world. This tremendous power for evil is confined to a very few, and the profoundest caution is exercised in the selection of agents for carrying it into effect. The eight millions of ordinary initiated members know but little of the doings of the chiefs of the organization; but they furnish a wide field out of which to choose the trusty, crafty, reckless, unprincipled, impious men who are to be elevated into the companionship of the five hundred thousand, from out of which again the ablest, the most daring, the most desperate, the most abandoned, and the most defiant of God and man are to be picked for the iniquitous and ruthless execution of the imperative obligations of the sect.

It is clear from what we have said, that every individual Mason is not to be accounted a bad or an unbelieving man. There are Masons who give themselves but slight concern as to the inner workings of the craft. There are men amongst them who would not be trusted with this knowledge, and who, if they were asked to have participation in the peculiar operations of Masonry, would shrink with horror from association in a body that could contemplate such ends, and use such means for their attainment. From men such as these (and of course we are now speaking of non-Catholics, whose religious code does not forbid, much less condemn, Freemasonry) the genuine leaders of the fraternity carefully conceal their projects and their plans, and humor them with feasting and merriment, and a specious show of benevolence and mutual good fellowship. But, at the same time,

it cannot be forgotten that even these men bind themselves in this alliance by the solemn taking of a fearful oath, which pledges them, by the invocation of God's holy name, to a blind obedience to an authority of which they know nothing, and to a mysterious secret which, for aught they know, may be the very incarnation of infamy or blasphemy. On what ground can they justify such conduct? Is there a single affair of their existence about which they would act in a similar manner? If about any conceivable business or engagement of life they were asked to thus blindly bind themselves to a (to them) irresponsible authority, or to a course of conduct of which not even the faintest outline was vouchsafed to them, they would look upon the man who would ask them to do so either as an idiot, or more likely as a rogue and a scoundrel, fit for the attentions and punitive administration of the nearest policeman. Yet this is precisely to what the oath of Masonry pledges every man who takes it. For what is that oath? Here it is: "I swear, in the name of the Supreme Architect of all worlds, never to reveal the secrets, the signs, the grips, the pass-words, the doctrines, or the customs of the Freemasons; and to preserve with reference to them an eternal silence. I promise and swear to God never to betray any of them either by writing, by word, or gesture; never to cause them to be written, lithographed, or printed; never to make public anything of that which has now been confided to me, or of that which shall be confided to me in the future. I pledge myself to this, and submit myself to the following penalties if I fail in keeping my word. They may burn my lips with a red-hot iron, they may cut off my hand, they may pluck out my tongue, they may cut my throat, they may hang up my dead body in a Lodge till the admission of a new brother, as a scourge for my faithlessness, and as a terrible warning to others. Then they may burn it, and cast its ashes to the winds, to the end that there may not remain a single trace of the memory of my treason. So help me God, and his holy Gospel. Amen."

Surely this is not such an oath as the heads of a harmless organization ought to exact of candidates seeking for admission to it; neither is it an oath which a candidate could seriously take without feeling that it meant either a hideous and revolting blasphemy, or a screen for some unholy mystery—an impious mummery, or a solemn surrender of his free will to a despotic conspiracy. We use the word "seriously," for we assume that no educated Christian is unaware that if an oath, such as that we have quoted above, be taken otherwise than seriously, it amounts to a criminal profanity; and, therefore, if he takes it seriously, he must take it with a full and present consciousness of the act he is doing. If "the secrets" which he swears he will never divulge, be, as Masons are fond of saying they are, no "secrets" at all, why is it that the name of the great God is dragged down to be polluted by contact with profane surroundings which mean nothing? If, on the other hand, the secret be a something which means nought but good, which aims at no purpose less praiseworthy than individual benevolence and social brotherhood, why is it that the sanction of an awful oath should be considered essential in order to guard its inviolability? Why need, or why should, a man be asked to swear that he will not reveal the working principle of a system that breathes and lives only for the common weal? It looks simply a gigantic juggle—the effort to persuade the world that Masonry and its secrets are only pleasant fictions, to keep alive and intensify the curiosity of those not enrolled upon its mysterious records.

We say again, that we do not hold

every individual Mason directly conscious of, and therefore directly responsible for, the irreligious and revolutionary excesses that have stamped with execration the doings of the craft throughout Europe and in portions of the Western Continent. We wish to guard ourselves against the imputation of such an exaggeration. But we maintain that these excesses, notorious as they now are, and admitted, as they are, to be the result of Masonic agencies, ought of themselves to be a sufficient indication of the real purposes of Freemasonry, and to make it clear that, shroud them as they may, the heads of the organization have but two grand objects ever steadily before their gaze—the annihilation of Catholicity, and the overthrow of legitimate authority. How else can we explain the operations of the secret societies, avowedly all in union with Freemasonry, in France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and Brazil? It is true that a Catholic may become a Mason, and the Masons will be glad to get him; but what is the meaning of a Catholic becoming a Mason? It means that he puts his Church at defiance; that he sets at nought its sacred ordinances; that he casts away from him the priceless gifts and blessings of grace it mercifully stretches out to him; that he laughs its infallible authority to scorn, and loads his soul with the infamy of an atrocious perjury. To be sure, a Catholic may become a Mason, and Masonry will rejoice; for, if we could by possibility suppose every Catholic to be a Mason, we might not be unwarranted in believing that God had proved faithless to his Church, and that, in truth, the gates of hell had prevailed against it. And in such a (thank God!) impossible event, would there not be exceeding exultation in Masondom, and would it not feel that it had accomplished at least one portion of its supremely malicious commission!

But it is idle to speak of the possibility of genuine Catholicity coexisting with Masonry, and therefore it is that Masonry, in every sphere and in every fashion that it can, places itself as a barrier to the growth and the influence of Catholicity. In fact, to all intents and purposes, directly on the Continent, directly as far as it can in these countries, but still more so indirectly by continued affiliation with the avowedly anti-Christian organizations in various parts of the eastern and western hemispheres—Freemasonry is a huge anti-Catholic association, striving for the enslavement, the degradation, and, if possible, the destruction of God's holy Church on earth.

Almost without any effort at concealment, or rather with a boastful parade of its atheism, the organs of Masonry put forth the rejection of a Divinity, such as all Christians are supposed to recognize, as almost the foundation of the Masonic Institute. It talks in an incoherent, jabbering, maundering sort of way of a "Supreme Architect," a "Jehovah," a "Great Being," and condescends, in its oaths and travesties of religion, to use the phrase "God;" but it is the "God" of the godlessness of Voltaire, of Rousseau, of Mazzini, of Strauss, and of Renan, not the God of the Christian's faith, the Christian's hope, and the Christian's love; not the God of all mercy, the beneficent and patient ruler who bears so enduringly the infamies of an infamous sect, and shortens his right arm, even though iniquity calls so loudly for its avenging stroke. Thus we find, according to the *Gazette des Francs Macons* of December 15th, 1866, that the German lodges agreed to the following declaration: "The Deist Freemasons are above religious divisions. Not only is it necessary to put ourselves away beyond the different religions, but even beyond belief in any God whatsoever." And the *Monde Maconnique*, of September,

1866, in the course of an article on the Masonic Statutes, expressly discusses that one in which there is mention made of the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul. "Is there nothing," asks the *Monde Maconnique*, "to be exacted of a man in order that he may be deemed worthy of being a Mason? Nothing, except that he be an honest man. Is he to reject the idea of a God? Give him such an idea as will satisfy his reason. Is he to doubt of a future life? Prove to him that annihilation is contradictory. Is he to despise the foundations of morality? Well, *what matter if he does, if he lives and acts as if he acknowledged them.*" Is it possible to conceive an ethical system more revolting than this; or is it hard to conceive the manner of men that will be moulded out of its adoption? With such principles for its guidance, it cannot astonish us to hear Proudhon, who was as high in Masonry as his congenial merits deserved from it, proclaiming that "Freemasonry is the very negation of the religious element." And so it is we find that the press organs of Masonry are steeped to their utmost capacity in the filth and hideousness of a downright Atheism, or a Deism that despises God. Any one who has taken the trouble of purchasing, in Brussels, in Liege, or some other of the towns of Belgium, or at some of the kiosques in Paris or Marseilles, the journals of the sect, will readily agree that we have not in the least exaggerated the impious character of their contents. And what does all this mean? It means simply that Masonry is the propagandist of infidelity, to the end that it may thereby destroy the Catholic Church. This is the passionate longing of the sect. "Down with Catholicity!" is its cry, not alone in effect, but in words—for Catholicity once gone, the name and the glory of its Divine Founder go with it. Down with the Catholic Church!—it is the only religious institution that dares to do deadly battle with Masonry. Protestantism has yielded in its presence—for is not the heir-apparent of the English throne the Grand Master of Masonry in England, and is not the representative of royalty its Grand Master in Ireland? Protestant Germany has fallen prostrate before Masonry—for is not its emperor its grand protector (to use the jargon of its pantomimic ritual) in his mighty empire, and his omnipotent Prince-Chancellor one of the grandest of its grand officers? Down with Catholicity! for whilst it stands erect, there will stand with it, as there stands to-day, a feeble old man in Rome to bid the Masonic hosts stand back, and to wither them into impotence with a curse little less than divine. But, with all its passionate longing, Masonry shall not be triumphant, for Catholicity has the assurance of its Founder that it will not go down in face of it, or of the gates of hell.

It is not our purpose just now to travel farther into the fields of Masonic operations or Masonic projects. We have written but a slight fraction of all that might be written about them. But we trust we have said enough to show, that Catholics are not unjustified in looking with aversion upon this huge Masonic organization. Even if they did not know what it is, what it aims at, and how it seeks the accomplishment of what it aims at, they would have more than ample reason for shrinking from the remotest contact with it, in the repeated and emphatic condemnations with which it has been visited by the Infallible Head of their Church.

Of these condemnations it may not be uninteresting that we should here recapitulate a few. In the first half of the last century, Masonry began to be openly propagated throughout Europe, and speedily made its mark for evil. Accordingly, we find the Pastor of the fold awake and

vigilant. On the 27th of April, 1738, Clement XII issued a Bull, *In eminenti*, condemning the association. "Reflecting," wrote his Holiness, "on the great evils which these secret societies give us reason for apprehending, as well for the tranquillity of states as for the safety of souls, after having taken counsel with our Venerable Brethren, the cardinals, of our own motion, and by the plenitude of the Apostolic power, we have resolved and decreed that the before-named societies, assemblies, or reunions of Freemasons, whatever name they may take, should be condemned and proscribed; therefore, we condemn and proscribe them by this present Constitution, whose effect is to last forever. Therefore, in virtue of holy obedience, we forbid all the Christian faithful, and each one of them in particular, of whatsoever age, dignity, or condition they may be, cleric or laic, secular or regular, to establish, propagate, or favor the aforesaid society of Freemasons, to join or assist at their reunions under pain of excommunication, to be incurred *ipso facto*, without any further declaration, and specially reserved to ourselves and our successors, so that no one can absolve them from it without our authorization, save only *in articulo mortis*."

During the Pontificate of Benedict XIV, an attempt was made to maintain that the Constitution of Clement XII had ceased to have effect, and that his condemnation of it was, therefore, null. Benedict XIV made a diligent examination of the matter, and soon resolved all doubts upon the subject. On the 18th of May, 1751, his Holiness issued a Bull, *Providas*, confirming in every particular the Constitution of his predecessor. "To the end," says the Bull, "that no one may accuse us of falling short in anything which prudence demands of us, we have resolved to renew the Constitution [redacted] predecessor, by inserting it word for word in the present letters; therefore, acting on certain knowledge, and in virtue of the plenitude of the Apostolic power, we confirm and renew it, and we will and decree that it shall from this day be put in force as if it had been just published for the first time."

Towards the early part of the present century, Masonry sent forth one of its pernicious offshoots in the infamous confederation known as the Italian Carbonari. The confederation was not long in existence until it made evident its vast capability for evil. As usual, the Head of the Church was wakeful against the new enemy, and so we find Pope Pius VII issuing his Bull, *Ecclesiam a Jesu Christo*, of the 17th September, 1821, denouncing the impious association—tracing its intimate alliance with Freemasonry, and visiting it with the Church's anathema. In this Constitution the illustrious Pontiff renews the penalty of a specially reserved excommunication against all the members of the confederation, and against those who in any way favored it. But the propagandists of the secret societies abated nothing of their unholy energy in their warfare against the Church; it appeared rather as if they had been only stirred up to more diabolical activity. Accordingly, it seemed fitting to the then Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XII, to warn the faithful anew against these iniquitous confederations, and he published, on March 3d, 1825, his Bull, *Quo graviora*, containing a republication of the Constitution we have already enumerated. In this Bull his Holiness reaffirmed the Apostolic condemnations of secret societies, declaring that their founders and their chiefs were the propagandists of indifference in matters of religion, and that they claimed for themselves and their organization a power of life and death over those who violated their secrets or refused obedience to whatsoever

ordinances the Lodges might send forth. In this Bull special mention is made of Freemasonry, and all the faithful are warned against association or participation of any sort in the Masonic organization. It renews the penalties of former Constitutions imposed on those who become members of it, and reserves the excommunication specially to the Holy See.

Scarcely had our present illustrious Pontiff ascended the Papal throne than he, too, hurled the anathemas of the Church against the secret societies. In his Encyclical, *Qui pluribus*, of November 9th, 1846, he re-enacted the preceding Constitutions, and made distinct mention of the Masonic brotherhood. Again, in 1865, in his Allocution of September 25th, he reaffirmed his previous condemnation, and earnestly implored of all the faithful who had had the misfortune to join the Masonic body to separate themselves from it, and return to the obedience of dutiful children.

From all this it is clear that the Church looks with horror upon the Masonic confederation, and she does so, because she holds that Masonry is working in direct antagonism to her teaching and to her interests. The struggle has reached to this: Which shall be triumphant, Masonry or Catholicity? There is no effort at concealment of the purposes of Masonry. In the *Monde Maconnique* of May, the issue is directly put: "One cannot," says that journal, "be at the same time a Mason and a Catholic." In such a struggle Catholics have no doubt of the result. They know what Christ has promised to his Church, and they know that Christ will not be wanting to his promises. But at such a time, and in face of such hostile forces ranged against her, it is not becoming that her children should be inactive. They must not cease to do battle for the cause and the interests so dear to her heart. They must be firm in their allegiance to her, and loyally obedient to all her commands. There must be no union of any sort whatever with organizations, whatever be their name, which aim at the overthrow of her authority. Companionship in secret associations must be avoided, and the children of the Church must not suffer themselves to be tempted into seeming acknowledgment of the lawfulness of such associations by sharing in any of their assemblages, whether of festivity or otherwise, remembering that by such participation they incur the anger and the punishment of their Church. Catholics have but to be earnest in their attachment to their creed, and let it struggle as it will, Masonry will be made to feel that it has encountered a foe which it is powerless to vanquish.

WHY all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What, though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies!"
And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

A RAMBLE IN SABINUM.

On the 1st of March, at sunrise, a great many years ago, two travellers, with their guide Domenico, passed out from Rome on the Via Salaria for an expedition into Sabinum. We had come chiefly for curiosity—the Englishman's occupation—to see what we could of Rome and its vicinity. A pair of light Roman horses took our vehicle at a fair pace towards Cures, now Correze; from that place we were to proceed on foot.

Our guide Domenico, a sinister-looking, servile fellow, wore an English shooting-jacket, was attended by a couple of dogs, and carried a good double-barrelled gun. He was one of those men who are spoiled and made venal by their intercourse with English and the touch of English gold. "We should, perhaps," he said, "pick up a woodcock, or some snipes, or at least some thrushes." He sought to please us by hinting a desire to get rid of religion and a priest for a king. He said that he had been, in time past, with Leo XII, who at times enjoyed the sight of a boar-hunt in Sabinum; but we did not always take Domenico's word for gospel. We soon crossed the Anio, which came down from our right, across the road—a rapid, turbid stream, with a considerable volume of water, the "Aniena fluenta," rushing on to join the Tiber. Near the confluence, and hard by the Tiber, stands Castel Giubileo—the ancient Fidenæ—on a strong hill commanding the road; it must have been a place of considerable military strength. Three miles on lies Crustumerium, now Marcigliano, on a long ridge, not of such height as the first, but strong and precipitous. We then passed several little streams running down to the Tiber, with steep banks, one of which was perhaps the Allia.

We soon saw before us the range of Mount Lucretilis, on the hither side of which lay Horace's farm, for he had from it a full view of Soracte, the top of which was visible on the other side of the Tiber, a beautiful peaked outline. It was Horace's signal for a larger supply of billets upon the hearth when the snow lay upon it—"*dum stet nive candidum.*" There was a little snow upon its further sides, but not much; while Lucretilis was considerably whitened with it in front of us. At half-past eleven we put up at Cures, some twenty or thirty miles from Rome; and here we dismissed our carriage to proceed on foot, with our knapsacks at our back. The remains of Numa's birthplace are but small—an osteria, with a few outhouses, form Correze. But the old village of Cures was in a flat somewhat further on; it must have been a hamlet of no military position or strength. A bright stream runs by it, with a gravelly bed, and, we are told, has trout of a pound weight in it. We followed the course of the pretty stream, across some fine meadows, and gradually entered a woodland scene; then, leaving the little river, turned away to the right under the hills which rose around us, and, as they opened, discovered to us our first sight of a Sabine valley, such a one as Horace had "*in votis.*" Right opposite stood Soracte, rising high in the distance towards Etruria. The valley consists of sunny slopes, or rather of glades running amid thickly-wooded slopes, over which the wild vine creeps and hangs.

We returned to Cures; and after a draught of "vile Sabinum"—which is far from despicable, being a good,

strong-bodied, and well-tasted dark wine, bearing some resemblance to Burgundy—we set out for Castel S. Pietro, a walk of some fifteen miles. We followed the rivulet, or "fosso," of Cures through a pleasant vale, and soon had peeps of the distant Sabine mountains, and the town of Farfar, on the summit of a hill. But I had not prepared myself for the pleasures of a three days' walk in Sabinum. Rocks rose from the valley like pictures in the old editions of Virgil, and the opposite side was clothed with hanging wood, like the fairy banks of the Wye. Crossing the rivulet and ascending the banks, we entered a wood upon a mountain side, and looked down on a valley through which the river Farfar was winding. Several cities upon the hills studded the vale, at the head of the valley Castel S. Pietro crowning a hilltop, and on similar heights Montopoli and Aspra. The wood was full of violets and a small, sweet bell-flower. The oaks still retained their brown leaves, and the olives and holm oaks gave an appearance of summer leafiness in the early spring. Woodmen were engaged in burning large quantities of wood for charcoal. Descending the mountain, and crossing a little stream at its foot, we gained a fresh view towards Castel Nuovo, rising on a picturesque, conical hill. The slopes around were covered with the gray olives, the black fruit of which was now ready for gathering. Evening was closing in as we crossed the bridge of the river Farfar. The stream runs clear and swift, and has trout of two and three pounds, which they spear like salmon by torchlight. Our path ascended a steep mountain side, through vineyards, to Castel S. Pietro. Short elms, with the tops and branches lopped, supported the vines. Higher upon the hill the olive trees covered the rocky ground, the soil of which was so scanty that it was a wonder they could grow so well and to such a size. A party of olive gatherers were shaking the trees or picking the black fruit, which was ripe and oily, but very bitter to the taste. A few cypress trees crowned the brow, and opposite these sat a knot of peasant girls, who had been engaged in the olive gathering. Our classical ideas were then uppermost, and the Georgics rushed to the mind:

> "Difficiles terræ, collesque maligni,
> Tenuis ubi argilla, et dumosis calculus arvis,
> Palladiâ gaudent silvâ vivacis olivæ."

We turned to look at the setting sun, which was going down behind Soracte and the Volsinian Mountains far away in Etruria; the whole valley beneath us, studded with its white cities upon the hilltops, was glowing crimson as it sank; and just as it went down we entered Castel S. Pietro. We could see the whole of our route as on a map, and St. Peter's on the horizon, though near forty miles distant. No doubt they can see distinctly from S. Pietro the glorious lighting of the dome upon Easter-eve.

There are, or were, no inns in Sabinum; so our guide Domenico took us to the parish priest, whom he highly praised as not one of your every-day men. He certainly was most hospitable, coming out to meet us with bread and wine and a basket of eggs, insisting on our eating immediately. His ejaculations of delight at seeing two strangers showed that he knew some little English, which he made us understand that he had learned in Malta. As our Italian was very scanty, we could not keep up much conversation, but made the best of our Lenten fare, and found the wine excellent. After our refreshment, the good *arciprête* took us to visit the pretty parish church, which was handsome, and had some good paintings. He rang the bell himself to summon the people for Benediction. On our return we received an invitation, through Domenico, to visit one of the chief families of the little town, and were shown into a room in a handsome

house, which our guide called the "Palazzo." The pictures and furniture bespoke wealth and station, and the party assembled was attractive in appearance, with fine classical features—the lady of the house in particular; their manners pleasing and well-bred. We retired to separate lodgings in the houses of some acquaintances of our guide; and in the morning, at five o'clock, the loud chorus of the birds awakened one scatterbrained fellow, who had planned an early bathe in the Farfar, and descended the hill to accomplish it. His purpose having been discovered, the astonishment of the early-stirring population was excessive; a glass was procured to watch him take his plunge. The water was warm for six in the morning on the 2d of March; but the act was imprudent, and was probably the cause of fever and ague on his return to Rome.

In his descent, he found the olive-gatherers already at their labor. They offered him some berries, and when he made a wry face at their bitter taste, they laughed, and, placing a few beneath the embers of a wood fire which smouldered beneath the tree, they let them roast a little space, and then gave them to him to eat. They were now agreeable, having lost their bitterness, and were soft and rich. "Have you any olives in your country?" was their question. "No, none." "O, what a country!" they exclaimed; "no olives!"

The thickets were still sounding with the chaffinch, *Acalanthide dumi*, as we started in the morning air for a tour among the hills. The morning song of birds in Italy is a shout rather than a song, so joyous and loud. The spring was just breaking, the air balmy and full of perfume, every bank and bush glancing and rustling with bright restless little lizards, playing in the sun, which was powerful enough, but not oppressive.

On our way we passed an olive-press. A mule was drawing round a heavy millstone, under which the fruit was crushed to a pulp; this is gathered into round cakes, which again are placed under a powerful press moved by a lever on a screw; the oil flows from it into a trough cut in the marble slab below, and is received in a vat beneath, from which sheepskins are filled and laid on asses, and so conveyed to Rome. The oil is as clear as the finest water, and so sweet, when it first issues, that we were invited to dip a piece of bread in it and taste it. We found it indeed sweet and pure, and delightful to the taste. After many ascents and descents through oak and hazel, we found ourselves in a new valley under Salesano, the town to which we were making our way. It is perched on a mountain-top, like the other cities of Sabinum. You would think it could have neither water nor access; but the white buildings crowning the crags are most picturesque. The view on every side was very beautiful; the hillsides covered with myrtles and evergreens full of birds and lizards, smelling of the myrtle leaf and flower, and every bud bursting under the influence of the sun, which was now hot and powerful. Low in the bottom of the vale, beneath three wild and wooded hills, on a strong, rocky, steep cone, lay a Gothic castle and town in ruins,—the "Rocca Buldesca," or Castle of Theobald, built in the feudal times; such as might have served the purpose of the Unknown in the *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni. Our road wound through deep gorges overhung with holm oak, by the little stream which springs from the mountain of Salesano.

A friend of Domenico's came down to meet us leading a donkey, if we wished to ride, kissed Domenico on the cheek, and bowed to us. A steep ascent but good road brought us up to Salesano by midday. We were

hospitably received, and found excellent provision of omelette, bread, fruit, and wine. Salesano, as its name implies, is so healthy a little town that, with a population of about 500, only three had died in the last two years, and these of old age. The houses are open to all, for wine, olives, figs, and cheese, are so cheap and abundant that they are next to nothing in value, and as for bread, "you can get it for nothing down at Rieti yonder." We entered the church, built in the best Roman style, adorned with marble and with excellent paintings. A little child plucked the stranger by the sleeve of his blouse, and, pointing to a beautiful picture, said, with an affectionate look and smile: "Yonder is our Lady della Rosea Valle." From Salesano you view to the right the valley of the Farfar, to the left the high ranges of the snow-clad Apennines, in the front Lucretilis. There was talk in the town of gold lately discovered in the mountain just by; but they said, and truly, "What do we want with it?" They said themselves, We are happy — we want nothing—we are content and free. The young men, with their gun, hat, and feathers, were the pictures of happy and rather idle mountaineers. The curse of revolution and impiety has fallen on that once happy Paradise, to blight and destroy.

But to return. We passed from Salesano after midday, with a guide, in his brigand hat and jacket, with his gun, for we had resolved to climb the nearest of the Apennines. The valley side through which we passed was filled with evergreens and stately cypress trees; but we soon gained the naked mountain-sides; and climbing hill upon hill, each commanding a nobler view, we found ourselves, after a toilsome and hot walk, wading in the snows of the Apennines, at first in patches and then continuous, until we arrived at the summit, on which stood a wooden cross.

From this lofty point, in clear weather, both seas can be seen; through the distant haze we could catch a glimpse of the Mare Inferum, towards the west; but mountains seemed to shut the Adriatic from our view. Around us were the snowy peaks of the Apennines; below, in the wide expanse of the valley, lay the city of Rieti, with the Velinus winding its way to join the Nar through the Velino and Lugo lakes, and the dewy fields of the Rosei Campi—the "Rosea rura Velina" (Virgil, *Æn.* vii). It was such a spot as in the fancy of Virgil Alecto takes her stand upon, when

> "De culmine summo
> Pastorale canit signum
> Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
> Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini."

To the left the Tiber, rolling like a serpent through the Campagna from Etruria and the Volsinian Mountains; behind us to the southward Lucretilis, on which the snow yet lingered.

Though we cooled our cup of wine with snow, the air on the mountain-top breathed mild and soft. The blouse was sufficiently warm, though sunset was coming on. The night closed in upon us with bright deep colors over the Etrurian mountains, as we stumbled our way over rough broken paths back to Castel S. Pietro. We were glad to arrive there, and to receive the hearty welcome of our kind host, who had been at the trouble, as it was a meat-day, to go to a neighboring town to procure us a "beefsteak." We found him in a great heat, after his evening "predicazione" of an hour.

In the morning, again so clear, and ushered in by the songs of birds, the wanderer strolled out early to look down upon the "paese" or village of Boccignali, lying in a hollow of the mountains, in the midst of the vineyards. The olive-gatherers were at their morning work. The Angelus was ringing from the campanelle of the towns; Soracte and the distant Etrurian mountains were tipped with the light of the morning sun.

Our kind old host came out to bid us good-by, and begged that we would bring the whole of the family party from Rome to visit him. Two of Domenico's friends accompanied us some way in their bandit hats and jackets, and then wished us farewell with the air of Rob Roy. We returned from S. Pietro on the right side of the valley, towards the north, in the direction of Poggio. Mirteto and Terni. The Farfar ran beside us some way, until we passed it by a singular natural bridge, where the river has forced itself through a projecting promontory of rock, and forms an arch, hung with ivy and evergreens, over the rapid river. Here the Farfar left us, continuing its course through hanging banks and woods. By our present route we neared Soracte, with its seven convents on its several peaks; a wood lay between us and it, the ancient "lucus Feroniæ." At length we arrived at Cures, which is now "Gabiis desertior."

While eating our omelette in the osteria, we heard loud voices below; Domenico informed us they were playing at the "Passatella," a game forbidden on account of the violence that often follows. By flinging out the fingers, as at the mora, they find a *magister vini*, who has full command for two rounds over the wine, either to make or forbid to drink, or to drink *ad libitum* himself. He then appoints a second master; and so the game proceeds, upon a fresh order of wine. The quarrel often arises when an unfortunate thirsty individual can get no compassion from the master. The occurrence was interesting from the classical antiquity of the game—"Nec regna vini sortiere talis." Again passing the Allia, and the lines of fallen masonry on the hill which mark the old site of Crustumerium, Marcigliano, we passed the Ponte Salaro over the Anio, and re-entered Rome, sunburnt by our walk, and considering that Domenico had redeemed his promise to show us some fine country and good people in Sabinum.

THE FAIREST FAIR.

(FROM ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.)

"My beloved is the mountains,
The solitary wooded valleys."
St. John of the Cross.

I.

MOUNTAINS, that upwards to the clouds arise,
Odorous with thyme, whereon the wild bees linger,
Jewelled with flowers of a thousand dyes,
Their petals tinted by no mortal finger;
How solemn in their gray-worn age they stand,
Hills piled on hills in silent majesty!
Lofty and strong, and beautiful and grand:
All this and more is my Beloved to me.

II.

Come forth into the woods,—in yonder valley,
Where rippling waters murmur through the glade;
There, 'neath the rustling boughs of some green alley,
We'll watch the golden light and quivering shade:

Or couched on mossy banks we'll lie and listen
To song-birds pouring forth their vernal glee.
Wave on, ye woods; ye faery fountains, glisten:
But more, far more is my Beloved to me.

III.

Know ye the land where fragrant winds awaken
In spicy forests hidden from the eye;
Where richest perfumes from the boughs are shaken,
And flowers unnoticed bloom and blush and die?
Sweet is th' eternal spring that there reposes
On wondrous isles that gem the sunny sea,
And sweet the gales that breathe o'er beds of roses:
But sweeter far is my Beloved to me.

IV.

The roaring torrents from the ice-cliffs leaping—
I see them foaming down the mountain side,
Through the green dells and valleys onwards sweeping,
They fill the hollows with their mighty tide:
Their voice is as the voice of many waters;
Onward they rush, exulting to be free;
But ah! their thunder fails, their music falters:
Far more than this is my Beloved to me.

V.

A gentler sound wakes in the hush of even,
The whisper of a light and cooling breeze;
It stirs when twilight shades are in the heaven,
And bows the tufted foliage of the trees;
It fans my cheek; its music softly stealing
Speaks to my heart in loving mystery.
Ah, gentle breeze! full well thou art revealing
The joy that my Beloved is to me.

VI.

Night comes at last, in mystic shadows folding
The nodding forest and the verdant lawn,
Till the day breaks, and Nature starts, beholding
The golden chariot of the coming dawn:
Then on each bough the feathered chanters, waking,
Pour forth their music over bush and tree.
Cease, cease your songs, ye birds; my heart-strings breaking
Lack words to say what Jesus is to me.

VII.

Yea, all the fairest forms that Nature scatters,
And all melodious sounds that greet the ear;
The murmuring music of the running waters,
The golden harvest-fields that crown the year,
The crimson morn, the calm and dewy even,
The tranquil moonlight on the slumbering sea,—
All are but shadows, forms of beauty given
To tell what my Beloved is to me.

RELIGION AND HEROISM.

PART THE SECOND.

"GOD has concealed in affliction a restorative and mysterious balsam," says Lacordaire, and this was in many ways the lesson taught by the invasion. The French people learned then, as never before, that the spirit of sacrifice is the first of all duties. Flushed with the glory of their victories and successes of every kind, they could not dream even that a time of sacrifice was rapidly approaching; still less could they dream that the *prestige*, which had so long surrounded the soldier's calling, was so soon to receive such a cruel blow. The time soon came, however, when every man was called upon to take a part, more or less active, in the war; when every Frenchman, without exception, was called upon to sacrifice himself to the good of his country. We desire only to recall here the sacrifices made by the village curés.

The Abbé Miroy, curé of the village of Cuchery, near Rheims, had just learned that his father and mother had perished in the conflagration of a neighboring hamlet, burned by the Prussians. A few days afterwards some inhabitants of the village begged their curé to allow several fowling-pieces to be concealed in a garret of the presbytery. Overwhelmed by grief, or perhaps wishing to aid them, the Abbé Miroy let them do as they wished. The next day the curé was arrested by the Prussians, carried to Rheims, thrown into a dungeon, judged by a council of war, and condemned to death. On Sunday morning, February 12th, 1871, at six o'clock, while the day was scarcely dawning, and sharp cold and silence reigned in the city of Rheims, the measured steps of many men resounded in one of the streets leading to the principal gate, and through half-opened windows the inhabitants of the city could see the gleam of bayonets. Twelve Prussian soldiers, armed and wrapped in their dark cloaks, were marching in two lines; between them walked silently a French Catholic priest, dressed in his cassock, his head, covered with a black velvet skull-cap, bowed slightly on his breast, his hands bound behind his back, so that he could not touch the rosary which hung around his neck. The end of the cord was held by a corporal. The Abbé Miroy was going to the gate of Rheims to be shot. Since his arrest he had been kept in a damp prison, and given only black bread and water; but in spite of bodily weakness his soul remained steadfast. The day before he had refused to sign a petition for pardon, saying: "I desire only to join my father and mother in a better world." The city clock struck six; a shot was heard, and the body of the Abbé Miroy rolled bleeding on the ground. He died with the resignation of a martyr and the courage of a soldier. This crime was committed during the armistice, four days after the general elections. Pious hands gave Christian burial to the martyr, his grave was covered with "immortelles," and on a monumental cross these words are inscribed: "Here rests the Abbé Charles Miroy, who died the victim of his patriotism."

The following episode of the war was gathered from French soldiers escaped from Montmédy:

We are from the Jura, soldiers of the fourth battalion of chasseurs; taken prisoners in the battle of Mouzon; fifty-three of us were guarded by a platoon of Prussian cavalry. On the fourth day we arrived in a little village of La Meuse, exhausted with

fatigue, as were also our conductors. In order to guard us more easily, the Prussians demanded from the curé the keys of the church, and we were confined there, the doors being strongly barricaded and watched by sentinels, so that we had no hope of escape. The curé had asked leave of the Prussians to remove the Blessed Sacrament. The church was ancient; there were chapels of feudal times, and walls pierced with holes looking toward the altar, exactly as in the church of Pesmes (Jura), which is near our home. We had made ourselves as comfortable as we could on the benches, and I think I had fallen asleep, when, about midnight, I heard a voice calling, "Chasseur, chasseur!" I rubbed my eyes, looked around, and saw the head of the curé projecting from a square hole in the wall, which I had taken for a cupboard to hold the cruets. "Do you want to escape from the Prussians?" asked the curé. "Indeed we do. How can we get away?" "Here; make your comrades leave the candles burning, which I have lighted on purpose, and make no noise, for the Prussians are close at hand." We were soon ready, and one after another we climbed into the opening in the wall. This opening led to an ancient chapel, in which were kept some church furniture. The window, which had no bars, was rather high, but the curé had placed a ladder, by which we descended to the garden of the presbytery, each man carrying his shoes in his hand. Thence a little gate let us out into the country, and the curé said, "Are you all here?" "Yes, Father," replied a sergeant. "Well, my friends, put on your shoes, and let us be off!" We followed the good curé in silence, no longer conscious of fatigue, for the idea of freedom gave us wings. When we had been walking two hours, the curé said, "My friends, you are out of danger from your guards. At dawn you will see three villages where there are no Prussians. You must separate and try to find clothes. And now, a pleasant journey, and may the good God guide you." "But you, Monsieur le Curé, what will become of you? The Prussians will be furious. If they find you, they will shoot you." "They will not find me, for I cannot go back." "But they will burn your house—your church." "Is it not worth while to risk my house and my church for the liberty of fifty-three such brave soldiers as you are?" We wept with emotion. The curé embraced us, and we set off. Oh, the brave man! And the rascals say the curés brought the war and the Prussians! Let them ask the fourth battalion of chasseurs.

On their entry into Sarreguemines, the Prussians demanded the keys of the church of the curé the Abbé Muller. The old man refused. "Monsieur le Curé," said an officer, "your resistance is tiresome. We are conquerors, everything belongs to us. If you do not instantly give up the keys of the church, we will take them by force, and you shall be"—

"I understand," interrupted the venerable priest. "In a military execution, how many balls do you fire upon the condemned man?" "Eight, and the *coup-de-grace*." "Well! before you enter my church to profane it, you may fire eight balls into me, and you may give me the *coup-de-grace*, then only shall you enter the church over my body."

The curé of Neuville, in the department of the Ardennes, was the Abbé Cor, more than eighty years old. Accused of having favored the march of the French, and retarded that of the Prussians, the old man was arrested. The Prussians fastened him to the tail of a horse, and in this manner dragged him over the roads and ploughed land. Often the old man fell, but a Prussian cavalier pulled him by a cord fastened to the leg of the curé; his hands and face were bleeding, his limbs bruised, his clothes in rags. Finally, the Prussians threw him into a ditch by the roadside. Seeing him thus covered with blood and mire, one of his parishioners said to him: "Monsieur le Curé, what a state you are in!" "Oh," replied the curé, "it is only my old cassock." Where in all history can we find a finer reply, or one so simple, so philosophical? "It is only my old cassock!" The body has nothing to do with it, and the soul still less.

After the battle of Forbach, the curé of Gunstatt was seized, and carried before a kind of Prussian court-martial. It is not known what was required of him, but he gave the most explicit refusal to the demands of the enemy. Some hours were given him for reflection, at the expiration of which he again refused. The council condemned him to death. A respite of two hours was still given, which the priest passed in prayer. When the Prussian soldiers came to lead him to execution, he

said in German, "I prefer death to the crime of treason to France." A few moments later he was shot.

At a great official dinner, given on the 26th of February, 1872, at Rome, by the Bavarian Ambassador, M. de Tauffkirchen, to the Prince Frederick Charles, the prince spoke these words, which find an appropriate place: "There is in France only one class upright and dignified, worthy and patriotic, this is the clergy. It was impossible not to admire their conduct on the battle-field."

At the beginning of the last war, a strong French column, escaping from the pursuit of the enemy, and trying to rejoin the *corps d'armée* to which it belonged, reached a village of Lorraine. The wooded and broken country, and lack of information about the strength and position of the Germans rendered the retreat difficult and dangerous. On entering the village the French General Camb—— halted his troops, and summoned the authorities. The mayor and most of the inhabitants were gone, but the curé remained at his post. When the curé appeared, the General, who was studying a small and very imperfect map, could not conceal his disappointment, for, indeed, the good priest seemed little fitted for the post to which the chances of war had destined him. More than seventy years old, below medium height, prodigiously stout, with head close upon his shoulders, face bloated, hands swollen, and feet in heavy *sabots*, the curé walked with difficulty, leaning on a staff. He told the General that he was tormented with gout, and that he was only a poor ignorant servant. The General, who was not stupid, discerned in the physiognomy of the priest great intelligence; his small gray eyes sparkled beneath thick eyebrows, his smile was full of expression, and under an air of rustic good nature, the General saw a quick wit, an energetic character, and the frankness of a brave and honest man. "Monsieur le Curé," said the General, "you and I must hold a little council of war." The curé took his snuff box, opened it slowly, and taking a pinch, said gayly, "I might remind you, General, that history has often shown us the Church enlightening the councils of sovereigns, and pointing out the best route for their armies. But let us come to the point. What is your aim, General? Where do you come from? Where are you going? Do you wish for fighting, or do you wish to avoid it?" The General replied to these questions with complete confidence. The curé took a pencil, and traced some lines on the map, then, after a moment's silence he said to the General: "The enemy is twenty or twenty-five kilometres from here, at a point which I have marked by an A; they will not come up with you before to-morrow morning. Your troops are weary, and must rest, but not in the village, which is commanded on all sides by hills. Three kilometres on, following the road, at the top of this little ascent, you will find a plateau, surrounded by the river, which forms a wooded peninsula, and there you will be in safety. To pursue you, the enemy will leave the highway, which is longer than the cross-road, and requires the passage of the bridge which you have seen; fearing that the bridge may be destroyed, the Prussians will come by the wood, following the line A B. They will come out, then, to-morrow morning at B, where we are; as soon as they appear, you will hear the bell of my church. The twenty or thirty soldiers, whom you will leave in the village, will withdraw without firing a shot, not by the road, that would indicate your direction, but by the little path B C. You will yourself leave the highway, and turn to the left, at the point D, where the inn of the Cheval Blanc is. Thus you will withdraw from the enemy, and put

between you the river E F, which has only one ford. Your march will be masked by hills. At evening you will have rejoined your *corps d' armée.* I will now point out to you the village houses where you will find what you need; I shall make a note of what you take, and you will sign me a receipt; but I beg of you, let there be no disorder, and respect the property of others. All the inhabitants will contribute in proportion to their means, for our defenders must live; besides," added the curé, taking another pinch of snuff, "as the Prussians are going to pillage us to-morrow, we need not be too miserly to-day."

After a moment's silence, the priest resumed: "General, you must give me four soldiers, two shall be stationed in the belfry to observe the distance, the two others shall lie in ambush with me, on the edge of the village, near the fountain. Choose two brave fellows, insensible to the cold of the night and the temptation to sleep—give me two tried soldiers, for I do not know what may await us." "Monsieur le Curé," cried the General, "you are a hero!" The merry laugh of the old priest brought on a violent cough, the snuff-box came to his aid, and he said: "The seminaries are full of heroes of my sort, and the barracks too. To love one's country is not heroism." The night was long and cold; under a thatch-covered shed three men were watching, crouched behind fagots of vine branches, listening to the least breath, and gazing intently into the darkness. They were listening for the enemy while the troops slept. Two among them were young and active grenadiers, the third was easily recognized by his cassock and white hair. The soldiers leaned upon their guns; the priest held in his hand a little altar-bell, which he was to ring when he saw the Prussians, and the men in the belfry were to sound the tocsin at the signal of the curé. All was silent except for the low tones of the old man, who prayed to God. Towards three o'clock in the morning, the curé laid his hand on the shoulder of one of the soldiers, and with his finger pointed out an object almost invisible in the depth of the forest. At a distance of a hundred metres from the shed, great trees formed a vast circle; the soldiers saw nothing but motionless trees, and shrubs stirred by the morning breeze. "See," whispered the curé, "they are creeping along behind the trunks of the oaks, they are stopping to listen." "I see nothing," said a grenadier. "Nor I," said the other. "They are assembling," resumed the old curé; "and are about to start—an officer is speaking to them in an undertone—it is time to ring. You, my friends, go quietly, and do not show yourselves. May God protect you." "We will not leave you, Monsieur le Curé; what will become of you?" "I, my children, am old and infirm; the good God will provide for me. The order of the General is for you to withdraw at the sound of the bell; obey! I give you my blessing." So saying, the priest sounded the little bell, and the tocsin responded from the belfry of the church. Shots resounded, the forest was illuminated with a thousand fires, a sudden clamor broke the stillness of the night, and clouds of smoke rose in the air. The curé knelt, made the sign of the cross, and had only time to repeat the words, "Our Father who art in heaven." A ball struck him, and he fell. The French column retreated without losing a single man, and in the evening rejoined the *corps d' armée.* The priest was not mortally wounded. Brought before a council of war, during his convalescence, he was condemned to death for treason to the German army, the sentence being commuted to imprisonment on account of his great age.

A terrible conflict was raging a few leagues from the village of Les Horties. The curé was at the altar, praying for his country, while around him the terror-stricken villagers besought God to protect them. A body of German reinforcements halted for a short rest at some distance from the scene of battle. In spite of the vigilance of the sentinels two young men crept noiselessly from bush to bush and fired four shots upon the Prussians, then bounded away and concealed themselves in a field of corn. Twenty balls whistled harmlessly about their ears, while three Prussians fell, struck in the breast, and a fourth ball grazed the eagle on an officer's helmet. A detachment of German soldiers marched immediately to the village, where they seized six inhabitants at random and carried them before the mayor. The leader of the detachment said to this functionary, "You are the first authority here; I come, therefore, in the name of my august sovereign, to tell you that the soldiers of his Majesty have been fired upon near your village. Being nearest to the scene of the crime you are responsible. You must give up to us the guilty men, or six of your inhabitants will be shot for the sake of the example. Make haste to decide; I will wait till eleven o'clock to-morrow. The execution must take place at noon, therefore you have no time to lose; meanwhile your village is under military occupation, and I keep the six prisoners." It would be useless to attempt to describe the despair of the poor villagers; with sobs and tears it was agreed that the victims should be chosen by lot. Those who had fired upon the Germans did not belong to the village; they came from a distance, and had followed the Prussian column, to choose a favorable moment for their vengeance. The day passed in discussion, in grief, and in despair. The mayor, the curé, M. Geri, and two old men more than eighty years old, vainly besought the Prussian officer for pardon, proving to him that the inhabitants were strangers to the attack. All in vain. The six unhappy men who had been chosen by lot were delivered to the Germans at five o'clock in the evening, and confined in the school-room, on the ground floor of the mayoralty. The Prussian officer authorized the curé to give them the consolations of religion. He found them in such a state of prostration that they hardly understood his words; two seemed to have fainted, and one was in the delirium of fever. At the end of the line, upright and apparently calm, was a man of forty, a widower and the only support of five young children. At first he seemed to listen with resignation to the words of the priest, but, overcome by despair, he gave way to the most fearful imprecations; then, passing from despair to tenderness, he bewailed the fate of his children, abandoned to poverty, perhaps to death. After vainly endeavoring to restore peace to this tortured soul, the curé left him and went to the headquarters of the officer; the latter, smoking calmly a great porcelain pipe, listened without interrupting. "Captain," said the curé, "we have given you six hostages, who will be shot in a few hours. None of them fired upon your troops, the guilty men having escaped. Your aim is not to punish those who attacked you, but to give an example to the inhabitants of other places. It matters little whether you shoot Peter or Paul, James or John—the better known the victim, the more salutary will be the example. I come then to ask that you will allow me to take the place of a poor father, whose death will plunge five little children into poverty. We are both innocent, but my death will be more profitable than his." "Very well," said the officer. Four soldiers led the curé to prison, where he was put in bonds with the other victims, and

the peasant returned to his home, congratulated by all. By daybreak the curé had revived the courage of his companions; the miserable men, stupefied by fear, had become, thanks to the words of the priest, glorious martyrs, sustained by Christian faith and the hope of a better life. At eleven o'clock the prisoners were led away, the curé walking at their head, reciting aloud the office of the dead. As they approached the place chosen for the execution, the attention of a Prussian major, who chanced to be passing, was attracted by the sight of the priest. The captain explained to him the affair, which seemed less a matter of course to the major than to his subordinate. He ordered the execution to be suspended, and sent a report to the General, who summoned the curé to his presence. The General was a man of courage, and after a short explanation understood the whole, saying to the curé: "Monsieur, I cannot make an exception in your favor, and yet I do not desire your death. Go, tell your parishioners that, for your sake, I pardon them all. Let it be the first and the last time." When the curé was gone, the Prussian General said to the officers who had witnessed the scene: "If all the French had the courage of this simple priest we should not be long on this side of the Rhine."

With one or two narratives of the devotion of the Sisters of Charity during the war, we must close, although our author gives many most striking and interesting instances of the noble work done by these Sisters, who were so often both nurses and mothers to the soldiers, recalling to them, when far removed from home and home influences, all that was best in their past lives. Indeed, General Ambert remarks that he has observed soldiers are cured of homesickness much sooner in hospitals served by the Sisters of Charity, than in those served by regular nurses. "The Sister alone has the secret of true charity; and homesickness is much more a mental than a bodily disease."

On the day of the battle of Reichshoffen, during the terrible retreat, a young Sister of Charity was seen making her way timidly among the crowd of disorderly soldiers, while shot and shells were cleaving the air and spreading havoc among the mass of men. Amid the tumult, she heard a cry hehind her; a soldier has just fallen. The Sister stopped, knelt beside the wounded man, and was tenderly caring for him, when a cannon-ball struck her, taking off both legs, and she fell near the soldier. M. Blandeau, who relates this incident, adds: "Who can tell her name? She had none—she was a Sister of Charity. Yes; a Sister of Charity, killed in battle, near a wounded soldier; she asked nothing of us, and she gave us her life."

At Paris, during the siege, forty-seven Sisters were nursing at Bicêtre the soldiers attacked by small-pox. Eleven Sisters were struck down by the disease in a few days. The remaining thirty-six, exhausted by fatigue, and suffering from the infected air, were insufficient for the service of the ambulance. Application was made for eleven more Sisters. Thirty-two presented themselves, from whom the required number were chosen by lot. Does not this seem like one of those heroic pages of history, where brave soldiers dispute the honor of leading an assault?

An officer relates the following incident:

"Near Chalons he met a Sister of Charity and a soldier, coming towards Paris. The soldier was blind, in consequence of a wound in the head. The Prussians had left him on the road, and his comrades, made prisoners, had been unable to help him; every door was closed to the wounded soldier, and this unhappy man, still wearing the French uniform, had been forced to beg a piece of bread to eat and a little straw to sleep upon. He would have perished by the roadside, but for the Sister of Charity. The soldier, who had passed a stormy career in Africa, had no relations and no property; ill-tem-

pered and violent, he seemed to repel all sympathy. The Sister of Charity took this man by the hand to lead him to the Invalides, where, she said, he would find an asylum. As they travelled along on foot, through rain and snow, often in want, and the soldier often complaining, the Sister sustained his courage, and made him blush for his weakness; she begged for him, giving him always the best, and making herself his servant. Little by little, she spoke to him of God, of another life, and he began to listen. One morning the blind man heard the song of a lark. He stopped to listen, and a ray of brightness seemed to come over his face. Then the Sister made him kneel down. On the highway, this man, bronzed by war, hardened by excesses, without belief, without faith, and almost without ideas, knelt: his face raised to heaven, his hands clasped, his staff and his 'képy' in the dust near his knapsack, and standing before him, the Sister of Charity made him repeat his first prayer: 'Our Father who art in heaven, ...' From that day the conscience of the old soldier awoke from its long sleep; he understood the act of the Sister, and from this act his thoughts rose to him who had inspired it—to God. One night the soldier slept upon the straw in a barn, while the Sister had been taken in by the housekeeper of a country curé. The Sister passed the night in prayer. Next day, as they were stopping for a short rest, the Sister said to the soldier, 'Your eyes were not directly affected by the wound. At the ambulance, the surgeons could only heal the wound in the head. I dare not give you hope, which perhaps is only a dream; but I have a plan; instead of leading you to the Invalides, I shall take you to the first surgeons, the best oculists in Paris, and I will pray them on my knees to give you their service for the love of God, and also for the sake of patriotism. If the good God restores your sight, be a good Christian for the rest of your life. Do you promise?' The veteran fell on his knees, and remained a long time prostrate without speaking a word, his whole frame shaken by sobs Three months later the miracle of charity was accomplished; the soldier had recovered his sight, and the Sister, having returned to her school, was teaching little peasant girls to read. If you go to the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, towards five o'clock in the evening, you will see a man kneeling by the altar-railing—it is the soldier, who is praying for the Sister of Charity."

HYPOCRISY AND CANDOR.

Tom says he always tells the truth,
 Though an unpleasant duty;
While Jack, a less punctilious youth,
 Would praise a Satyr's beauty.

But somehow, when you hear them both,
 Their diff'rent manners trying,
You take Jack's praises nothing loath,
 And hope that Tom is lying.

You know that Jack is not sincere,
 While Tom is full of virtue;
But one can *sometimes* please your ear,
 The other's *sure* to hurt you.

Jack's ready lie has such success,
 'Twill please you though you doubt it;
Tom never tells the truth, unless
 You'd rather be without it.

Falsehood a paltry vice may be—
 Plain-speaking may be grander—
But, though I hate Hypocrisy,
 I loathe too fulsome Candor.

CURIOUS CLOCKS.

It is probable that from the most remote times there have been methods of different kinds, and instruments of various forms and principles used to keep some kind of an account of time. Indeed the variation of lengths and different positions of the shadows cast by vertical objects (a phenomenon that was open to the observation of all) must have caused the morning, noon, and evening to have been readily distinguished. The "gnomon," which subsequent improvements converted into a "solaria" or sun-dial, was doubtless one of the first instruments employed in the measurement of time; the exact date of its invention is not clearly known, but it was evidently at a very remote period. The dial of Achaz, mentioned by Isaias, must have existed about 713 years before the birth of Christ; and it is a curious example of the scanty communication which then existed between the various nations of the earth that this instrument was unknown to the Greeks until about 80 years afterwards. The first sun-dial employed at Rome was placed near the Temple Quirinus by Papirius Cursor, the Roman general, 293 B.C.; prior to that period it appears that they had no mode of calculating the intermediate points of time which occurred in the calendar but what was furnished by the sun's rising and setting. Soon after this the sun-dial became so great a favorite with the Romans that they offered large sums of money for instruments of this description. But it will be apparent to all that the sun-dial would be useless to distinguish the hours at night and in cloudy weather. Accordingly we find that the "Clepsydra," or water-clock, was employed at a very early period; and Vitruvius states that it was much improved by Ctesibius of Alexandria. It was probably a mere float with a rod fixed upon it like a mast, and placed in a vessel with a hole in the bottom; as the water ran out the float descended, and figures marked on the rod, at proper intervals, showed the number of hours elapsed. It is evident, however, that these water-clocks would be far from perfect, for the water would not run equally, as a greater quantity must pass out in any given time when the vessel was full than after it was emptied of a portion of its contents. A reference to the nature of hydrostatic pressure will sufficiently account for this fact. The sand-glass, made like the modern minute-glass, was also used by the ancients, as appears from a bas-relief representing the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, in which a figure of Morpheus is represented holding a glass of this description.

Having glanced at the early history of time-measuring previous to the introduction of clock-work, or more properly wheel-work, we will pass at once to a brief description of two of the most curious of the clock-spheres of the ancients. The first of these is that mentioned by Eusebius, which belonged to Sapor, one of the Persian kings. According to Cardan, an illustrious mathematician of the middle of the sixteenth century, it appears to have been a large and peculiarly constructed sphere, and that Sapor could sit in the middle of it and see its stars rise and set, and that it was made of glass. But he does not state whether this curious machine was moved by wheel-work or not, but as he states that the stars in it appeared to rise and set we may therefore infer that it was.

The second, the most celebrated

of all the clock-spheres of the ancients, is that of Archimedes, unquestionably one of the greatest geniuses of the age in which he lived, and who, as his works now extant amply testify, was deeply versed in all the mechanism then known, and which his transcendent genius greatly improved. Both friend and foe bear testimony to his great mechanical skill, as more especially exemplified in his glorious but unfortunate defence of Syracuse, against the Roman legions under Marcellus.

With respect to this clock-sphere it is not a little remarkable that it is not mentioned by him in any of his works, and we are therefore compelled to resort to contemporary historians; and what is more to be regretted, these authors do not give any clear account of this celebrated clock-sphere, being in many instances nothing more than mere passing remarks; from which we gather that Archimedes constructed a sphere which combined in it the motion of the sun, the moon, and the planets. Though these brief and imperfect allusions are sufficient to let us know that such a machine had been made by Archimedes, yet they convey no satisfactory information with regard to the nature of its construction and the purposes to which it was applied. By far the most accurate description is that given by Claudian:

"When Jove espied in glass his heavens made,
He smiled, and to the other gods thus said:
'Tis strange that human art so far proceeds
To ape in brittle orbs my greatest deeds,
The heavenly motions, nature's constant course.
Lo, here old Archimede to art transfers
The inclosed spirit, here each star doth drive,
And to the living work some motions give.
The sun in counterfeit his year doth run,
And Cynthia to her monthly circle turn.
Since now bold man worlds of his own descried,
He joys, and the stars by human art can guide,
Why should we so admire proud Solomon's cheats,
When one poor hand nature's chief work repeats.''

And here again, although we have quoted at much length, we have derived but little information respecting the mechanism of the sphere; however, we have learned that in it the sun, moon, and stars had each of them their proper motions and positions given to them; and this motion curiously enough is assigned by Claudian as the work of some kind spirit, for he says: "*Inclusus variis famulator spiritus astris.*" What this inclosed spirit really was, will not take us much time to discover, for from the great mechanical celebrity of Archimedes we may assume it to have been neither more nor less than a well-contrived combination of wheels, weights, springs, pulleys, or some such kind of clockwork, which being artfully concealed from the public view, would in those times be readily accounted the agency of some spirit or divine power; but we must not suppose the poet to have been entirely ignorant of the action, for he states in effect the Archimedes stars "are governed by human art."

French historians describe a clock sent to Charlemagne in the year 807, by the famous Eastern caliph, Haroun al Raschid, which excited considerable attention at the French court. In the dial were twelve small doors, forming the divisions for the hours; each door opened at the hour marked by the index, and let out small brass balls, which falling on a bell struck the hour, a great novelty at that time. The doors continued open until the hour of twelve, when twelve mounted knights came out and paraded round the dial-plate, and afterwards went in at the open doors, which they closed after them. This clock must certainly have been furnished with some kind of wheel-work, although the motive power is said to have been water.

The earliest complete clock moved by weights, of which there is any certain record, was constructed early in the thirteenth century. It was the work of a Saracen mechanic, who received £2000 for his ingenuity. This clock, which is stated to have kept time very accurately, was presented to the Emperor Frederick II by the Sultan of Egypt, under whose direction it was made.

Striking clocks moved by wheels and weights are first mentioned by Dante, the Italian poet, who flourished during the early part of the fourteenth century. About the same time one was put up in the south transept of Glastonbury Abbey. It was constructed by Peter Lightfoot, one of the monks of that justly celebrated monastery, and by means of a communication tolled the hours on the great bell of the central tower, whilst the quarters were struck by automata on two small bells in the transept. The dial showed the hours and also the changes of the moon and other astronomical motions; on its summit there was a horizontal frame, which exhibited by aid of machinery eight knights on horseback, armed for a tournament, and pursuing each other with a rapid rotatory motion. At the dissolution of the monastery this clock was removed to Wells Cathedral. In 1835 the works were so worn away that they were replaced by new ones, the curious old dial and equestrian knights being still retained.

The famous astronomical clock made by Richard de Wallingford, Abbot of St. Albans, in the reign of Richard II, continued to go until the reign of Henry VIII, at which time it is mentioned in high terms of admiration by Leland, saying that all Europe could not produce such another. This celebrated piece of mechanism represented the motions of the sun, moon, and stars; the ebbing and flowing of the sea, and in short the figures, operations, and effects of all the heavenly bodies. The inventor of this curious clock was the son of a blacksmith, and was bereft of his parents at the early age of ten years. On which the Prior of Wallingford took him under his care and prepared him for the University of Oxford. He was elected Abbot of St. Albans on the 30th of October, 1326, succeeding his friend and patron, Hugo, the twenty-seventh abbot.

The clock in Exeter Cathedral was erected by Bishop Courtenay in the year 1480. It is on the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and of a curious construction for the age in which it was put up. The earth is represented by a globe in the centre; the sun by a *fleur-de-lis;* and the moon by a ball, painted half black and half white, which turns on its axis, and shows the different phases of that luminary.

Mr. Gainsborough, of Henley-on-Thames, who died October 27th, 1775, made a clock of peculiar construction. It told the hour by a little ball, and was kept in motion by a leaden bullet, which dropped from a spiral reservoir at the top of the clock into a little ivory bucket. This was was so contrived as to discharge it at the bottom, and by means of a counter weight was carried up to the top of the clock, where it received another bullet which was discharged as the former. This was evidently an attempt at perpetual motion. This clock was presented to Mr. Philip Thicknesse, who gave it to the British Museum, where it is now deposited.

In the year 1850 a most curious clock was exhibited in London. It was richly gilt and elaborately engraved; it stood about four feet high, independent of the pedestal. It was of architectural design, and divided into three stories having detached columns at each corner. The two lower stories contained the dials in the front; the upper story exhibited a group of moving silver figures, which struck the hours and quarters, and moved in procession during the playing of a tune by a chime of bells. The whole was surmounted by a dome whereon was placed a silver cock, which flapped its wings and crowed when the clock struck. It was made by Isaac Hahrecht (one of the artisans employed in the erection of the clock at Strasbourg Cathedral) in 1589. It performed all the feats of that celebrated clock,

which is regarded as one of the most curious in Europe. Its reputed history, as set forth in the printed account of it is, that it was made for Pope Sixtus V, and was for more than two hundred years in the Vatican. It subsequently came into the possession of the King of the Netherlands, and was afterwards purchased by Mr. O. Morgan, in whose valuable collection of curious clocks and watches it now is.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

No wonder that the Allocution delivered by the Pope, on March 12th, should have excited such universal attention in Europe. It is an arraignment of the crimes and hypocrisies of the Italian Government before the whole world. It pictures in forcible language the long series of outrages perpetrated since the hour when the misfortunes of France were so meanly taken advantage of by the nation she had liberated, and when Rome was sacrilegiously seized. He recites the various acts still perpetrated, the seizure and sale of the ecclesiastical property, the suppression of convents, the law by which the clergy were made subject to the conscription, the late law on so-called "clerical abuses," and the enforcement of the "Regnum Placitum."

It also speaks of the condition of Rome, of the outrages perpetrated on the clergy at large, and it exposes the hypocritical nature of the so-called guarantees. It rejects the idea of reconciliation being possible, and it again declares that the Pope is not free, that he never can be while Rome is held by the Italian Government. In conclusion, after thanking Catholics for their generosity under the sad circumstances of the case, he appeals to them to still further assist the Holy See in the midst of these trials, declaring that the aim and object of the revolution is to destroy every vestige of the Catholic religion in Italy.

BISMARCK has received leave of absence for a year, and it is supposed that this is the beginning of the end, and that this foremost "blood and iron" statesman, who attempted to build up and cement the unity of Germany and succeeded, and who attempted to create also a powerful "German National Catholic Church," distinct from the Papacy, and independent of the Holy See, and failed, will retire for good.

Will the retirement of the German Chancellor materially alleviate the position of the Church in Germany? We suppose it will, for Bismarck was the soul of the anti-Catholic movement, and his iron will, which brooked no opposition, was wellnigh irresistible, except when it attacked the Church. His history has to be written, but his epitaph might well be, "Here lies a strong statesman, who, undeterred by the lessons of experience, assailed the Church. He failed in this, although he could overthrow an empire."

Will his work last? Only time can show. Three things are, however, plain; first, that Alsace and Lorraine are still discontented with the German Empire; second, that the German Democratic Socialists are becoming more powerful; and, third, that Bavaria and the South German States are evidently ill at ease.

ON the Feast of St Benedict, the great Patriarch of Western Monasticism, the Right Rev. Innocent Wolf, D.D., O.S.B., first Mitred Abbot of St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas, was solemnly consecrated and installed. Right Rev. Louis M. Finck, D.D., O.S.B., of Leavenworth, Right Rev. J. J. Hogan, D.D., of St. Josephs, and Right Rev. James O'Connor, of Nebraska, were present and assisted, and Right Rev Rupert Seidenbent, D.D., O.S.B., Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Minnesota, preached the sermon.

Right Rev. Abbot Wimmer, O.S.B., of St. Vincent's, Pa., and Right Rev. Alexius Edelbrock, O.S.B., of St. Louis on the Lake, were present.

To the intelligent and thoughtful Catholic there is something very remarkable in the revival of the Benedictine Order in America, as indicated by the increase in the number of abbots and abbeys. The vitality of this grand old historic order is astonishing. Carry the mind back two centuries ago, and you will see the Benedictines writing learned treatises in such numbers that it was said "the shelves of Europe groan under the weight of the Benedictine folios." Look back for five centuries, and you see the members of the same order high in Church and State, assisting in the government of kingdoms by their wisdom, and aiding the Popes by their counsels, often themselves occupy-

ing St. Peter's chair. Look back a thousand or fourteen hundred years, and the members of the same order are seen cultivating the waste places of the earth and aiding in the civilization of desolated Europe.

And now, in the nineteenth century, and on a continent new to civilization, we see there is still work to be done by the Benedictines, and that still there are Benedictines to do it. They seem as imperishable as the Church itself.

WHY do Catholics, who are generally of the poorer class, build such fine and expensive churches? Is it not extravagance when there are so many poor? A very plain question this, and one which requires a very plain answer, as it may not have occurred to every one to consider the subject carefully.

In the first place, the very *genius and essence* of the Catholic religion requires it. The very centre of the Catholic faith is the belief that Jesus Christ is really present in our temples, as much so (although in a different manner) as he was in Judea and Galilee, eighteen hundred years ago. Consequently an ideal and perfect church edifice is nothing more nor less than a palace for a great King, a hymn of praise and adoration in stone, a petrified act of adoration, so to speak. This reason is of itself all-sufficient.

Secondly, "a liberal soul deviseth liberal things." If liberality is cultivated as a habit of mind by the custom of giving liberally to churches, then equal liberality will be shown in other matters.

Find a country where there is no liberality in erecting churches, and you will find a country where there is no liberality to the poor. Show us a parish where there is carelessness about the church, and there will be found carelessness about the school. Observe a parish where faith is so dead that "anything will do for the church" (if there is such a parish); and it will be found, also, that anything will do for the poor, or the schools, or the Pope, or the people. The principle is the same even in Protestant countries. In England, for a century, faith was dead in every form of religion, the people spent no money on their own churches, and the poor lived, suffered, and died in unspeakable misery, sin, and degradation. What was saved from the church was spent in selfishness, not on the poor. This is a rule with no exceptions.

The third point is the building of churches, economically considered, employs a whole host of persons—architects, painters, sculptors, builders, bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, stonecutters, roofers, plumbers. It gives occasion for the exhibit of every variety of talent, from the genius of a Michael Angelo, a Bramante, a Pugin, a Sir Christopher Wren, to the humbler forms of industry.

When Catholics were, heretofore, compelled to worship in small churches, in dingy corners, the fastidious were scornful. Now, when elegant and costly churches are erected, the croakers grumble. But there are, fortunately, few of them, and they of little influence.

THE Bishops of the Province of Quebec, in a recent pastoral, say: "Let us suppose a candidate or a party openly declaring an intention to destroy the Catholic Church, is it not evident that no Catholic may, without committing grave sin, vote in favor of such a candidate or such a party? And, in such a case, which we suppose here in order to make our thought more evident, in such case, we say, is it conformable with the most elementary notions of justice and reason that a priest should be condemned to keep silent, or only make himself understood by timid counsels, advice, recommendations or exhortations, instead of speaking out squarely what is the strict and religious duty of a child of the Catholic Church? This is, however, the consequence which appears to us to result from this passage of the judgment in question: 'I admit without the slightest hesitation, and with the sincerest conviction, the right of the Catholic priest to preach on the definition of religious dogma and every point of ecclesiastical discipline; I deny to him, in the present instance, as in every other analogous one, the right to indicate any individual or any political party, and to signalize or denote one or the other to public indignation in accusing them of Liberal Catholicism or any other religious error. And, above all, I deny to him the right of saying that he who contributes to the election of such a candidate commits a great sin.'"

This judgment lately given in a Canadian court touches very important issues, and to these we have before referred. The declaration of the Bishops of Quebec is plain and seems conclusive. Party lines seem broader in Canada than they do here, and perhaps that is why it seldom becomes necessary for such questions to be discussed here. But the day may not be far off when the issues will have to be met even in the United States.

THE Irish Land Bill was rejected by an overwhelming majority last month in the British Parliament. This is due partly to the fear of the landed proprietors that it would impair their rights, partly to the existing prejudice against all reforms, which is shown by the strength of the present Conservative Cabinet, and partly by the public attention being so exclusively fixed on affairs in the East.

MONSEIGNEUR NARDI deserves more than a passing notice. He is dead, but the influence of his exertions will be long felt in the Catholic press. He highly appreciated the importance of cultivating and increasing Catholic papers. He wrote for the *Voce della Verita* and other Catholic papers; he wrote also a number of plain religious tracts of great value in disabusing the minds of people in Italy who had been perverted by the revolutionists.

Catholic journalism is, nowadays, not merely a luxury but a necessity. Every one reads, every one is familiar with the events of the day, consequently if the Catholic side of these events is not placed before them, erroneous ideas and prejudices are confirmed. No ordinary talent is needed to make a good Catholic paper. It needs judgment, industry, perseverance, familiarity with, at least, English literature, loyalty to and acquaintance with Catholic faith and practice, a good share of brevity and good temper, and a capacity of stating *old* truths in a *fresh* manner. These qualities are not often found combined, and consequently we often see failures, and oftener still successes that ought to be failures. No doubt, however, the tone and style of Catholic periodical literature in this country is improving rapidly. It is in nearly every country, in Germany and Italy, as well as in America.

SINCE the happy death of the venerable Brother Philip, Superior-General of the Order, no Christian Brother has left, at his departure from this earthly scene, a greater void in its well-filled ranks than Brother Facile. He filled various offices of honor and trust in the Institute of the Christian Brothers during his long life in holy religion, amongst others that of Assistant Superior-General; but particularly Brother Visitor to the American Province, that is to say, the United States and British America.

Few persons really appreciate the sublime self-sacrifice of a Christian Brother. He gives up his name, his property, his free-will; he gives up all hope of enjoying the joys of domestic life; he devotes himself to a task irksome and full of trials, the teaching of wayward boys, who cannot appreciate his labors and trials, and who oftentimes vex his soul and try his temper. In some respects he has to give up more than a priest, for a priest retains his name, may acquire property, and is not under so much restraint. A priest may become a prelate, at all times he may have the consolation of having the affection and respect of a congregation. This, we suppose, is why vocations for the Christian Brothers is so rare. Too much respect cannot be paid to a Christian Brother; they are heroes greater than Alexander, Napoleon, or Cæsar.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA extends from Newfoundland northwest to the Pacific at Vancouver's Island, and northward to the farthest region yet reached by the Arctic explorers. The Dominion, including Newfoundland, contains 3,524,182 square miles, exclusive of Newfoundland, which has 146,536 inhabitants; the population of the Dominion in 1871 was 3,485,761, of whom 1,492,029, or about 43 per cent. were Catholics. There are five archiepiscopal provinces, Quebec, Halifax, Toronto, Boniface, and Oregon, containing twenty-two dioceses, some of them vicariates apostolic. Newfoundland has two dioceses, a prefecture apostolic, and about 120,000 Catholics, and is immediately subject to the Holy See. The Archbishop of Oregon, in the Republic of the United States, has spiritual jurisdiction of the suffragan See of Vancouver's Island, within the Dominion of Canada, while the French Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, within Canadian waters, are under a prefecture apostolic. These twenty-five or more dioceses present the most divergent features as to physical position and extent, population, race, civilization, foundation, and relation to government.

THE protocol is signed, and the horizon shows the dawn of peace. The Turks have a year's grace. Turkey and Russia will disarm gradually. England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Russia will have an eye on the Christians in Turkey, and hold the Turkish government responsible if outrages are perpetrated on them, and the Ottoman Parliament will apply itself to the settlement of the entangled affairs of the empire. Montenegro will get a seaport, and Servia remain a tributary of the Porte as formerly.

At least this was the case at first sight. But lo and behold, Turkey declines, according to later accounts, either to give a seaport to Montenegro, or to disarm, or to have anything to do with the protocol in any shape. The blood of the Ottomans is up, they have been buying enormous quantities of ammunition from America, and they seem determined to do and die sooner than surrender an inch of territory or submit to any foreign interference. So everything looks cloudy again, and all eyes are once more turned on the Czar to see what Russia will do now.

THIS is the Pope's *room* in the "Palace," as described by a visitor: "The room is not very large, and is almost devoid of ornament; there are but few articles of furniture, and these are of such simplicity as would suit the cell of a Capuchin. The bed, which is narrow and low, is without curtains or other ornaments, and very nearly resembles the

bed of a student in a seminary; there is not even a carpet on the floor, which is of brick, so worn as to be hollowed in parts." The Holy Father, knowing that this priest's sight was not of the best, told him to be careful how he should walk on the broken floor. The fact is that a janitor occupying a small apartment near the door of the British Museum could be said with as much truth to occupy that new establishment, as the Pope to occupy the Vatican Palace.

The Holy Father lives in the simplest style, and the Vatican is at once a large museum and a small town, for the accommodation of the attendants and officials.

THE counties of Schuylkill, Carbon, Columbia, and Northumberland, all in Pennsylvania, have been dissevered from the Ancient Order of Hibernians, as places where the societies of this Order were infected with Molly Maguireism.

The board of directors of the Ancient Order, recently appointed at the convention in New York, has published an address repudiating the Mollies, and declaring they condemn and renounce them, and desire to be in harmony with the rules of the Catholic Church.

Experience has, however, proved that no reliance is to be placed on these declarations. Bishop O'Hara declares that he was deceived, and his assertion is confirmed by that of others. No doubt the Order numbers many good and honest Irishmen in its ranks, but a cloud rests on it, and this cloud it will take a great deal more than mere assertion to dispel.

REV. E. MCQUIRK, of Wisconsin, Rev. Father Smith, S.J, of Philadelphia, and Father Titta, O.S.F., of St. Anthony's, New York, are among the good and holy priests lately deceased. The ordinations are, however, very numerous this year.

THE Catholic members of the British House of Commons met recently in the Conference Rooms of the Palace of the Legislature at Westminster, to take into consideration the most fitting way of commemorating the Golden Jubilee. The Chevalier O'Cleary moved a resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Owen Lewis, that a suitable address from the Irish Catholic members of Parliament should be presented to his Holiness Pope Pius IX, on the occasion of his approaching jubilee.

According to all appearances the forthcoming Golden Jubilee of the Episcopate of the Holy Father will be very appropriately celebrated. The celebration of the 21st of May, which is the anniversary of his nomination to the See of Spoleto, was gotten up by the Roman laity. That of the 3d of June, the anniversary of his consecration, is the proper ecclesiastical Jubilee, and the occasion on which the chief celebration will take place.

BISHOP-ELECT SPALDING will be consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, by Cardinal McCloskey, on May 1st, the feast of the Apostles, SS. Philip and James. Bishop Rosecrans of Columbus, O., will preach. After his consecration Bishop Spalding will preach at the dedication of St. Agnes's Church, New York, and will subsequently deliver a farewell address in the Church of St. Michael, Ninth Avenue and Thirty-first Street, previous to his departure for his Western See.

THERE are some changes to be noted in the Catholic press. The *Southern Cross* of Savannah has suspended, but on the other hand a new Irish paper, called the *Globe*, has been started in New York, and the semi-monthly temperance paper has been turned into a weekly. Another attempt is being made to start a daily in Montreal in place of the defunct *Sun*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE VARIOUS CONTRIVANCES BY WHICH ORCHIDS ARE FERTILIZED BY INSECTS. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., etc. Second Edition, revised. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1877.

Charles Darwin is known far and wide as the great supporter of a theory of life which bears his name. Every one familiar with his writings must be satisfied that he is an observer of the facts of material nature of no ordinary merit, that he is careful, honest, and sincere in his statements of the facts observed; but when it comes to the interpretation of facts thus faithfully recorded, differences of opinion necessarily arise. And though the opinions of Mr. Darwin have enlisted in their support many persons of unquestionable ability and scientific attainments, yet other scientists of equal ability

earnestly oppose the conclusions of Mr. Darwin and his followers. It may be well here to say, that many of the ideas that are commonly attributed to him, and for which in the popular mind he has been made responsible, are not really his, but are only inferences, often unwarranted and illogical, which others have deduced from his statements.

It is not of course our intention to attempt here a criticism, much less a discussion, either of Mr. Darwin's own views or of those that, rightly or wrongly, have been attributed to him. The limited space at our command renders this entirely impossible.

The book before us is a very clear exposition of ascertained facts of great interest to naturalists. It shows in a very conclusive manner, how, through the agency of insects, the propagation of certain species of Orchids is effected where self-propagation is impossible, and illustrates very beautifully the perfect adaptation of the organs of the flowers to the habits of the insects which visit them. The different species are visited by different insects, each species having peculiarities of structure which exactly adapt them to the peculiar habits of the particular insects which visit them. Thus some are fertilized by bees, others by flies, others by moths, etc.

While the subject of the work is of interest to scientists, the style in which it is written, and the manner in which its topics are treated, adapt it to the comprehension of intelligent readers generally.

TRANSFER OF ERIN: OR THE ACQUISITION OF IRELAND BY ENGLAND. By Thomas C. Amory. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1877.

This book has evidently cost its author much labor and reading. It contains a large amount of information that will be interesting to persons who are concerned in tracing out the feuds and contentions of native chieftains and English intruders into Ireland. But it starts with a false idea, which runs through it from beginning to end, and renders it valueless as a history.

The idea to which we refer may be gathered from the first few sentences of the preface:

"For a large portion of the period which elapsed from the Anglo-Norman invasion to the reign of Queen Anne, the history of Ireland was little else than a struggle to acquire or retain property and possession of the soil. Conflicts of race and creed modified or disguised the issues and the strife, but the root of Irish discontentment, resentment and resistance was the systematic spoliation which finally succeeded in divesting the descendants of the ancient proprietors of all interest in their native land."

The writer who can make this statement, and, in accordance with it, ignore and systematically omit all reference to the principles both of religion and of patriotism, which formed the very soul of the long and persistent struggle of the people of Ireland against England's aggressions and tyranny, is clearly unfitted, morally and intellectually, to give any fair and reliable account of that struggle. An examination of the work throughout fully bears us out in these remarks.

POPULAR LIFE OF OUR HOLY FATHER, POPE PIUS IX. Drawn from the most reliable Authorities. By the Rev. Richard Brennan, A.M, Pastor of "St. Rose's Church," New York. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers, Printers for the Holy See, 1877.

We are habitually inclined to distrust "popular" histories and biographies; composed not for the highly educated, but for the "masses" of the people, they are too frequently superficial, inaccurate, and sensational. But the work before us is free from all these faults. It is a popular biography of our Holy Father, not in the bad but in the good sense of the term. In other words it is a work which avoids all technicalities and questions of difficult comprehension, and is thus well adapted to the popular mind. At the same time persons of higher education and culture will read it with interest and profit. Its publication at the present juncture of affairs is timely. Among other wicked machinations of evil men to obscure and pervert truth, false representations of the facts and events in the life of our present Sovereign Pontiff have been resorted to; and since commencing to write this notice, we have seen a paragraph in a daily newspaper stating that a Liberalist, well known as a writer of sensational fictions, is engaged in "writing a life of Pope Pius IX." It needs no gift of prophecy to foretell that a biography of our Holy Father emanating from such a source, can be nothing else than a misrepresentation and a travesty from beginning to end.

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Forty-Seventh Semi-Annual Statement,

SHOWING THE CONDITION OF THE COMPANY ON THE FIRST DAY O

JANUARY, 1877.

CASH CAPITAL,	$3,000,000 0
Reserve for Re-Insurance,	1,856,464 6
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Dividends,	243,402 2
Net Surplus,	1,002,788 9
TOTAL ASSETS,	$6,104,650 8

Summary of Assets.

Cash in Banks,	$412,021 22
Bonds and Mortgages (being first lien on real estate worth $4,000,000),	2,041,533 00
United States Stocks (market value),	2,677,975 00
Bank Stocks,	200,000 00
State and City Bonds,	168,450 00
Loans on Stocks (market value deposited as collateral security, $700,875),	515,691 88
Interest due on 1st January, 1877,	$77,987
Balance in hands of Agents,	129,416
Real Estate,	6,500
Premiums due and unreported on Policies issued at this Office,	4,520
Total,	$6,104,650 8

J. H. WASHBURN, SECRETARY.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, PRESIDENT



